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THE

TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE;

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION

DEVOTED TO THE

ORDER OF THE TEMPLE OF HONOR.

J. WADSWORTH, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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THE

TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE.

CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER, 1851.

THE OLD COAT.

"THUNDER and lightning!" said my uncle, as he strode across the room in a towering passion, and struck the table, where I sat reading, violently with his fist. "Thunder and lightning; does the younker understand what I am saying?"

Now, I had a sort of indistinct consciousness of some humming noise, as of one talking rapidly and incessantly for some time in the apartment; but, as my brain was fully employed in endeavoring to comprehend one of the more abstruse passages in the Kantian system of philosophy, the sound had merely reached the ear, without proceeding any further on its journey toward the understanding. My uncle's fist upon the table, however, claimed some attention, and I accordingly transferred my eyes from the calm, philosophic page on which they had been dwelling, to the fiery visage of my relative.

"I tell you what, Master Augustus Von Schnediker," said the gentleman, with an emphasis such as might have been expected from the richest merchant in Hamburgh, in a fury—"I tell you what, sir, I will leave every guilder I possess in the world to your half-cousin, Slagenhausen, and cut you, sir, off with a copy of your adored Kant, and see what that will do for you!"

"Sir," said I, with the greatest simplicity in the world—for my uncle's communication had merely disturbed my previous ideas without dislodging them, or making room for others—let it be the new edition, published by Carl, of Leipsic.

Kant himself could not have puzzled my uncle more effectually than did this very moderate request. He expected to have struck me down as with a thunderbolt, and he saw that a feather had fallen upon me. He was a good deal of a humorist, and felt somewhat inclined to laugh; but then, again, he prided himself on being a man of substance, and it vexed him to the heart to see what he valued so highly treated so lightly; consequently, he felt rather inclined to swear. Between the two, he did neither. He sat down, lighted his pipe, and rang the bell for the servant.

"Step next door for Von Schaick, the attorney. Sister Annschen," continued he, "I will put up with this no longer. I will make my will this very night, and Slagenhausen shall be the man."

"He shall not have a stiver," said my aunt.

"We'll see," said my uncle.

"A poor, pitiful creature," said my aunt.

"He attends to business," said my uncle.

"A fellow that humors all your foolish whims for the sake of what you may leave him," said my aunt.

"True; but he attends to business," said my uncle.

"He will not care a puff of tobacco for you when you are gone," said my aunt.

"But he will care for the counting-house," said my uncle.

"Mr. Von Schnediker," said my aunt, in her very best argumentative tone, "do n't make a fool of yourself! Would you cast off the only son of your only brother?"

My uncle took his pipe from his mouth, uncrossed and recrossed his legs, and put it back again.

"Disinherit a Schnediker for a Slagenhausen!"

My uncle seemed mighty uncomfortable, and he puffed and smoked most fearfully.

"Your nephew—that has eat of your bread, and drank of your cup, and sat at your stove, for twenty years!"

"Pooh! pooh!" said my uncle, but visibly softening apace.

"And, moreover," continued my aunt, following up her advantage, "is he not the very model of your brother? I never saw two noses so much alike in my life!"

My uncle looked direct at my nose. So did my aunt.

"It's the handsomest nose in Hamburgh," quoth she.

"My uncle felt the full force of the compliment; and the extreme difficulty of disinheriting a nephew with a nose so like his own, became every moment more apparent.

"We'll do nothing rashly," said he; "Von Schaick can take a friendly glass, and we'll talk about the will another time."

"Make it now," said my Aunt; "Augustus shall inherit the estate, marry Amelia Spigelberg, and perpetuate the name of Schnediker."

To these propositions I expressed my unqualified assent; for, little as was my objection to inheriting the estate, I had still less to marrying Amelia Spigelberg, with whom I was, for a student in philosophy, I may say, most ridiculously in love.

"He'll take Kant to bed with him on his wedding night, and set fire to the curtains with sitting up to read him," said my uncle.

"Nonsense, brother; you talk of things you know nothing about," said my aunt.

"Humph!" said my uncle.

The door opened, and in walked Mr. Von Schaick. I laid aside my books and papers, and joined the two worthies over a social bottle. We became animated. Glass followed glass; and tobacco-smoke and wisdom issued from my uncle's lips in about equal quantities. To the latter I assented in monosyllables, or listened in respectful silence; upon which my uncle declared he had never heard me talk so sensibly in the whole course of his life. Among other matters, it was resolved to cure me of my bookish propensities by showing me a little more of the world; and, as I spoke the language of England like a native, and was well acquainted with her history and literature, it was resolved I should take a trip over in a British vessel which my uncle had chartered. The will was made that night: I knew not precisely how, but my aunt Annschen remarked, the next morning, "that my uncle generally acted sensibly enough when he only took the trouble of listening to good advice."

Accordingly, on the following week, amid an abundance of kisses and confectionery from my aunt, sighs and tears from Amelia, and cash and cordiality from my uncle, I embarked on board the British brig Swallow, for London. I pass over our interesting departure from the mist of the low German shores; I pass over, in elegant silence, the pleasure of being becalmed three days off the delightful Dogger Bank, famous for cod and fog. I pass over, in short, all the agreeable vicissitudes of the sea—storm and calm, sickness and unsavory scents, and all its accumulation of petty nuisances and petty substitutions for comfort. It is enough that, after twelve days' purgatory, I came on deck one delicious May morning, and found the Swallow skimming gracefully along the gentle bosom of the Thames, surrounded on all sides by an almost inconceivable number of vessels, sailing and tacking in every direction. The scene was lively and brilliant in the extreme, and awakened no inconsiderable portion of my dormant German enthusiasm.

My first seven days in London passed with unmingled satisfaction. Amply furnished with funds by my uncle, I went everywhere, saw every thing, and squandered my cash with the careless freedom of a young man. O, pleasant is it to be the medium through which cash flows briskly to the admiring public, softening the asperities and fertilizing the feelings of the grateful receivers! My letters furnished me with introductions to the houses of the first merchants, and every where was I received with the most unvarying civility and kindness. To the house of the worthy Mr. Simpkins, in particular, I was invited—

pressed and feasted to an almost uneasy sense of repletion, both with physical nutriment and intellectual condiments: for the six Misses Simpkins, though tolerably pretty, were most intolerably accomplished, and seemed to be afflicted with a perfect German mania. They danced German dances, sang German songs, admired German authors, and chatted about the Rhine and the Hartz Mountains for the hour together. Indeed, had I been a vain man, I might have been inclined to think their attentions personal; for Miss Lydia went so far as to remark that, "they might say what they pleased about Italian skies and Italian sunsets, but, for her part, she should prefer a permanent residence in Germany to that of any other country. It was a strangely interesting! such a divine mysticism hung over it! in fact, there was a fascination about it which she was utterly unable to account for!" All this was very gratifying to me; but, indeed, wherever I went, all was joy and sunshine; and, on the seventh night, I retired to bed firmly impressed with the conviction, that the English were the most cordial, civil, hospitable, kind-hearted people on the face of the globe.

The eighth morning brought a change. I sat dallying over my breakfast, deeply immersed in the study of my favorite author, when a neighboring clock reminded me that it was considerably past the time I had purposed waiting upon a gentleman to whom I had a letter, and who was absent from town on my first arrival. On becoming aware of the lateness of the hour, I hurriedly snatched up my hat, and rushed precipitately down stairs. In passing from the door, I had the misfortune to bring my body in very forcible contact with that of a staid, grave citizen, who was walking leisurely down the street. I apologized accordingly; but the old gentleman continuing to look as gloomy as a Walcheren fog, I proceeded to say "that, upon my honor, the untoward circumstance was perfectly accidental," when I was interrupted by a course laugh of vulgar derision from the old person, who insultingly asked "what the deuce such a fellow as I had to do with honor?" and furthermore expressed his opinion that the middle of the pavement was the fittest place for such an outcast from society! "An outcast from society?" What can he mean? thought I; and I felt mightily inclined to resent this insulting language. But, as I said before, he was a man far advanced in life, and I was in a great hurry; so I went onward without any further parley, leaving the uncivil piece of corpulency to recover its good humor at its leisure.

On arriving at my destination, I was shown by an astonished-looking servant into a splendidly-furnished apartment. Presently the door opened, and the master of the mansion entered with a smirk and a bow; but no sooner had he cast his eyes upon me than his face underwent all the changes from surprise to perplexity, from perplexity to coolness, from coolness to contempt, and from contempt to downright superciliousness. When it had settled at this last agreeable stage, he opened his lips, said "he should be happy to see me again before I left England, but that he was so much engaged at present that I must positively excuse him," rang the bell for the servant, and wished me a very good morning. I was petrified, but too indignant to speak; so I seized my hat and left the house, with all the blood of the Van Schnedikers burning in my face.

I cooled by degrees; and having no definite object in view, wandered listlessly about from place to place, ruminating on the unpleasant occurrences of the morning, when, to my agreeable surprise, I perceived the six Misses Simpkins ambling down the street in the direction in which I was advancing. When we had nearly met, they looked toward me, stopped abruptly, whispered, and then crossed suddenly to the other side. Surely, thought I, this is a mistake; they cannot have recognized me. Accordingly, I crossed likewise, met the young ladies full in the face, and, with the bland and pleased expression of countenance necessary on such occasions, I proceeded to address them in my very best style. Instantly six glasses were raised and leveled full at my person, and the physiognomies of the Simpkinses exhibited a curious combination of horror, vexation and chagrin, to me perfectly unaccountable.

"Really," lisped Miss S., "they were sorry to appear abrupt to Mr. Von Schnediker, but they had an engagement which unfortunately admitted of no delay." Two hackney-coaches were instantly beckoned to—the doors of the vehicles opened—in they fluttered with the precipitancy of disturbed wild fowl—drove off—and master Augustus Von Schnediker was left gazing after them with a visage that ought to have been seen to be properly appreciated.

"By day and night, but this is wondrous strange!" thought I, and no less strange than irritating and perplexing. Owing, perhaps, in a great degree, to not having mixed much with the world, an almost morbid sensibility formed a considerable item in my character; and a feverish anxiety took possession of me to account for the sudden change. It was but yesterday that I was allowed to be a handsome, intelligent, unprepossessing young man, whose conversation and company were courted by all; and, lo! to-day I was a scoundrel, "an outcast from society," and a being visibly contemned and shunned by every person with whom I came in contact! Yet I was conscious of no alteration in myself. I was still, as far as I knew, as handsome, intelligent and prepossessing as ever; but it was evident that the citizens of London had come to a very different conclusion. The collective wisdom of Gottengen could not have accounted for it; and I wandered about, till the shades of evening began to fall, in a state of hopeless bewilderment. I now found, to add to my stock of comforts, that I had lost my way. This, as a stranger, had frequently happened to me before, and I had invariably been courteously shown the right path; but, this unfortunate evening—in order to be in keeping, I suppose, with the unfortunate day—my inquiries were disregarded, and I was laughed at, or directed wrong, or told "to follow my nose." At length, fatigued and wearied, I staggered into the first reputable hotel that came in my way, seated myself in a vacant box, rang for the waiter, and ordered a pint of sherry.

"*Sherry!*" said the man, with a marked emphasis, and a most incredulous stare.

"Sherry," said I.

The waiter eyed me from top to toe.

"I *think* you said sherry, sir?" said he.

"Sherry, I said."

The waiter moved up to the top of the box and collected some silver spoons which were lying about; those he deposited in his pocket. He then went his way, and returned with a modicum of villanous *Cape.*

"I will trouble you for the money," said he, before setting it down.

I handed him a sovereign in payment. The waiter looked harder than ever. He deliberately chinked it three distinct times upon the table, took down a pair of scales, weighed it before my face, and then, as it appeared to me, reluctantly proceeded to count out the change upon the table. Between each particular shilling, he stole a furtive glance at me; and, when he had concluded, I heard him observe to a sort of under-waiter, on leaving the room, "I say, Jem! keep an eye on that 'ere fellow."

Jem's office was not of long duration; for, after tasting the delectable beverage set before me, I arose and took my departure.

"A bill of the play," cried a shrill voice in my ear; "only a penny; but you, sir," added the boy, as he surveyed me, "may have it for a half-penny!"

I took the bill, and gave the boy what loose copper I had in my pocket; upon which he stared, thanked me, and said, "I was very much of a gem'man, though I did not look like one." Thankful for even this equivocal compliment, I made my way into the pit of Drury Lane theatre, in order to lose, for an hour or two, my own uncomfortable identity in the fictitious joy and sorrows of others. It was rather crowded when I entered, and I had some difficulty in obtaining a seat; but I soon found myself at ease in regard to room. A large, vacant space was speedily formed around me, as if contamination was in my very touch; or as if every individual was afraid of being suspected of being in my company. This was singularly unpleasant; and, determined, if possible, to ascertain the cause, I moved along the seat toward my left-hand neighbor, a stout old gentleman, and commenced venturing a remark on the performances. But my left-hand neighbor, the stout old gentleman, moved still further from me with all possible expedition, transferred his silk handkerchief from his coat into his hat, put his watch into his waistcoat, buttoned up his trowsers pocket next to me, clapped his hand upon it, and exclaimed, "No you do n't!" after which he looked round, laughed knowingly, and winked with one eye. Presently all the people near him commenced buttoning up their pockets, laughing and winking with one eye. I looked behind—every one was so employed. I glanced one eye aside, and then the other—it was all the same. I sought relief by looking toward the stage, but every face before me was turned from it. They were all looking at me; and every individual man among them buttoned up his pockets, laughed, and winked with one eye! This was not to be borne. The perspiration started from my forehead. But what could I do? I could neither resist nor remonstrate; so I leaped up and made my way toward the door. No sooner had I commenced my retrograde movement than a simultaneous tittering took place among the people who had before winked and buttoned up their pockets; and cries of "Smoked!" and "Won't do!" "Too hot to hold him!" with similar equally mysterious ejaculations, saluted my ears from all quarters, as, perplexed, irritated and disgusted, I forced my way through the crowd.

I once more found myself in the open air, and the night chill fell gratefully on my feverish brow. "Why are these things?" thought I; and, as my indignation abated, the sickness of heart and sense of forlornness, which, in moments of misfortune, fall upon the wanderer in a foreign land, came over me. Wearied in mind and body, I proceeded to make the best of my way toward my lodgings, determined to forget, in sleep, the troubles and vexations of the day, when, in passing the end of a street, the cry of a young female struck upon my ear. This at once aroused me, and I hastened to the spot, where I found a girl struggling with a coxcombically-dressed fellow in a state of intoxication. I, of course, ordered him to desist; he refused. A struggle ensued—a crowd assembled—and, just as I was on the point of overpowering my antagonist, I was rudely seized by the collar by two men, who said I must go before a magistrate for creating a disturbance. I immediately explained that it was not I who was in the wrong; that I was "merely doing what every man, with the common feeling of his nature, must have done under the circumstances—assisting a helpless and unprotected woman;" upon which one of the men laid his finger on one side of his nose and gave a peculiar whistle, and the other burst into a coarse laugh, and exclaimed, "Precious blarney!" I then demanded to be taken before the magistrate, feeling assured that I should receive the thanks of the gentleman rather than punishment, when I explained how I had acted. The magistrate, however, would not allow me to speak, but said that my "disgraceful and ruffianly appearance was sufficient to justify the officers in what they had done;" and concluded, to my utter astonishment, by ordering me to be taken to prison. "Disgraceful and ruffianly appearance!" How was this? Was I indeed myself, or some one else? Surely, some extraordinary transformation must have taken place in my outward man, or surely this was most inappropriate language to address to a gentleman with the "finest nose in Hamburgh," and, as my aunt used partially to add, "a face to correspond." But I had little time for meditation or reflection; for I was immediately dragged like a criminal through the streets toward the prison. I had always entertained a high opinion of the jurisprudence of England, and a feeling of admiration toward her laws and institutions, which amounted almost to reverence; but surely, thought I, this is not justice; and, whatever physical obstacles might intervene, I felt there was no moral tie to prevent me from breaking from the officers the first opportunity. Accordingly, in turning a corner, by a sudden jerk, I succeeded in freeing myself from their grasp—knocked down the one who endeavored to regain his hold—and, amid shouts of "Stop thief!"

the barking of dogs, and the loud cries of men, women and children, managed, after many a devious turn, to elude pursuit, and reach my lodgings.

Spent and breathless, I threw myself into a chair. My landlady stood gazing upon me, apparently deprived of utterance by the excess of her amazement. In order to appease the good woman's anxious curiosity, I collected my remaining faculties, and detailed to her, as briefly as possible, the fatigue, insults, vexations and persecutions I had undergone in the course of the ill-fated day, expecting, as a matter of course, a large return of wonder and sorrowful sympathy. To my utter astonishment, however, my narrative appeared to create very little surprise; but, gazing at me more intently than ever, my landlady set down the candle, lifted up her hands, and exclaimed, "Why, la, sir, what else *could* you expect? YOU HAVE BEEN OUT ALL DAY WITH YOUR OLD COAT ON!"

Instantly, and for the first time, I looked at the sleeves. It was even so. The mystery was solved—the truth revealed. An old black coat, old when I went on shipboard, and which had been worn, torn and soiled on the passage, till it had sunk one hundred degrees below respectability, had been brought on shore and laid in my bedroom by an over-careful German servant. On this eventful morning, I had, somehow or other, found my way into it; and, deeply immersed in the Kantian system till a late hour, had, without further thought, started up, and proceeded to pay my visits with this piece of sin and degradation upon my back! It was plain now why I was a scoundrel, a vagabond and a suspected pickpocket. I said not a word, but, wishing my landlady a good night, went to bed and slept.

When I awoke the next morning, there hung the coat! My determination on the preceding evening had been to have it destroyed—burnt—rent into fragments—and scattered to the winds of heaven! but

> "A sadder and a wiser man
> I rose the morrow morn."

"Welcome, old friend!" said I, as I took it up; "I have seen deeper into the heart of things, I have learned more of the mysteries of civilization, of men and men's ways, by wearing thee one day, than years of superfine cloth and silken prosperity might have taught me." I spread it out on the table. It appeared to me a mere old coat no longer. It became a map of moral geography in my eyes, whereon were laid down all the sins and vices of society. What a want of principle the two holes in the elbows denoted! What atrocities lurked in the rent in the skirts! And what manifold shames and infamies lay clustered in the worn-out collar! Then the utter lack of refinement and intelligence evinced by the bare seams of the back! while the smaller spots and bald places, scattered plentifully over the surface, admirably typified the minor faults and follies of humanity. But yesterday, it was in my eyes a piece of old, useless cloth; to-day it seemed of greater potency than Prospero's wand, and endowed with more miraculous powers of transformation. Hang this coat, thought I, upon the back of Talent, and Talent fortwith degenerates into Mediocrity; transfer it to Mediocrity, and Mediocrity immediately sinks into something below contempt. Clothe Humor in it, and Humor becomes coarseness; put it on Wit, and Wit is Wit no longer, but straightway takes the name of forwardness, insolence and impertinence. How would a delicate flight of fancy be neutralized by that threadbare cuff! and what a world of playful satire would the uncovered edges of those two uncovered buttons annihilate! How pointless (continued I, pursuing my vein of speculation) would fall jests from the unfortunate proprietor of this, which, proceeding from the wearer of one of its unimpeachable brethren, would "set the table in a roar," and shake the sides of respectful and admiring listeners with inextinguishable laughter! Let even Genius itself throw off his mantle, and cover himself with this, and his most etherial flight would straightway be considered but the ravings of insanit, and his most profound thoughts but as the mysticisms of dullness. Or, if it were possible, let Shakspeare be forgotton, and send Genius in this garment, with Hamlet in his pocket, to the manager, and O, the exquisite criticism he would have to endure! the unchecked rudeness—the mock civility, the paltry condescension he would have to bear! How would such a coat obscure the divinity of the thought and heighten the improbabilities of the plot! and how would the insolent laugh, the small witticism and insolent sneer circulate round the greenroom! Why, even the sodden-headed supernumeraries would feel privileged to twit Genius in such a vestment! and back he would come, unrecompensed, with Hamlet in his pocket, to bear, as he best might,

> "The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The insolence of office, the spurns
> Which patient merit from the unworthy takes."

"There is more in this than natural," said I, "if Philosophy could find it out; and, grateful as I felt for the lesson I had received, never did I go forth again, during my residence in London, without instinctively glancing at the condition of the habiliments in which I had bestowed myself; being assured, by experience, that the man is little—the coat is much.

I spent two years in traveling in England and on the continent; but, amid all the varied calls upon the attention and fancy of a young man, never did I lose sight of the extreme difference in the behavior of the world to men wearing the two classes of coats. The one seemed invariably to be regarded as the outward and visible sign of all that was praiseworthy and respectable—the other, of all that was vile and despicable. When I have heard a number of people busy chorusing the virtues and good qualities of any man, I have been at no loss to guess the texture of the cloth that covered him; and when I have heard persons railed at as cynics or misanthropes, or stigmatized as reckless, careless, good-for-nothing fellows, I have generally found them to be some originally warm-hearted enthusiasts, who had trod the rough roads of existence in dilapidated and disreputable garments.

On my return to Hamburgh, I found a considerable portion of my uncle's estate settled upon me. The worthy gentleman was quite overjoyed to see me; a wife and a country seat on the banks of the Meuse were waiting my arrival, and my good aunt Annschen admired the formation of my nostrils as much as ever. I married, with as little delay as possible, Amelia Spigelberg—did not sit up in bed to read Kant—and the wedding-night, therefore, contrary to my uncle's prediction, passed off without any extraordinary incident.

Since that time I have also advanced considerably in my relative's estimation by abandoning, in a great measure, the Kantian and adopting the Coatian system of philosophy, which the good man is pleased to say has some sense in it; and though my dislike to the counting-house still continues, yet have I not been idle. During the four years I have been married, I have become an author in a double sense—having three children and finished five volumes of my great work on the "Coatian System," which, when complete, will, I trust, exemplify, in all its various, complex and mysterious bearing—moral, physical and intellectual—THE EXTREME DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MAN WALKING THROUGH THE WORLD IN A GOOD COAT AND A BAD ONE.—*Carpet Bag.*

HOW ARE WE PROSPERING?

BY ULYSSES.

The question at the head of this article is one that every Templar should ponder well. If we are engaged in a cause that has so many virtues, and that carries so much consolation and hope to distressed and suffering man—if the Temple, in short, is an organization doing so much good as to meet with the approbation of God, why are we not more prosperous? Certainly ours is a good cause—certainly ours is a noble end—certainly ours is an institution of beauty, virtue and morality; and if we do not prosper the fault must lie with the members, and not with the institution itself. Let us, therefore, endeavor to discover the cause why the Temple does not prosper everywhere.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident," that man is the subject of one greater than himself; that he owes allegiance to one whose approbation is necessary to carry out any aim or end of man; and that, if we disregard the claims which God has upon us, we cannot prosper.

And here appears to us the great secret of our apathy. We know that some Temples we could mention have members who openly oppose the reading of the Scriptures within the walls of the hall. In our mind's eye we have an instance which occurred not long since, where a proposition to read the Scriptures in the Social Degree was opposed vehemently, the fabulousness of the Bible openly asserted, the "Investigator" pointed to as authority, and upon the final vote, one *woman* raised her hand toward heaven and voted against the proposition! If such things are carried on within the precincts of a Temple whose every tenet and requirement profess to be based upon the Holy Bible, how, in the name of justice, can we expect that she shall flourish, and expand, and grow in beauty? No institution that was ever reared by the hands of man—no matter if its spires penetrated the clouds—has stood and flourished, if God and his Bible were not acknowledged as the rocks upon which it was built. Babel was broad in foundation, magnificent in proportions, and her tower was to stand in bold relief above the stars; but God disapproved of their foolish project, confounded the language of her builders, and Babel stood a monument of the folly of those who would discard the assistance and teachings of Almighty power.

But why should brethren oppose the reading of the Scriptures? If they believe them to be false, policy and deference to the large majority who do believe in them, would dictate that it was better to not object to their being read.

In the first place, it seems strange to us that infidels ever become members of our order, and in the next, still stranger, that, being admitted, they openly avow and advocate their contemptible doctrines. Surely, where every thing around takes its hue from the Bible, where every emblem and motto direct the mind to the Infinite, and where, above all, it is necessary that all should observe the purest, most virtuous, and unexceptionable course. Surely this is not the place to commence the open defense and promulgation of a doctrine that knows no curb to its wildest passions, and has stained a kingdom with human gore! The days of "the reign of Terror" should be an awful warning to modern infidelity.

The sooner Temples can get rid of those who are avowed infidels, and who openly proclaim it to the world, the better will it be for them. And investigating committees do not fulfill their duty to the Order, if they recommend persons whom they know to be infidels in belief.

In our next, some more reasons why Temples do not prosper.

Madison, June, 1851.

THE TEMPLE OF HONOR;

ITS ORIGIN, HISTORY AND OBJECTS, AND CLAIMS UPON TEMPERANCE MEN.

Prepared in accordance with a resolution passed by the National Temple of Honor, at the late session held in Nashville, June, 1851.

ORIGIN.

The Temple of Honor was brought into existence by prominent Sons of Temperance, and designed by them for a branch of their own Order. The objects proposed were: To strengthen the fraternal relations of the brotherhood; to afford additional benefits, without uniting with other organizations where total abstinence was not regarded as a fundamental principle; and to render the beneficial system progressive in moral and intellectual requirement. But, at the same time, *temperance* was the great distinguishing characteristic—the promotion of the temperance cause the leading, governing object of the institution. It was thought that such an addition would adapt the Order to the wants of all the friends of temperance, and give greater interest and permanency to the reformation.

HISTORY.

The first Temple was organized in New York city, December 5, 1845—the first Grand Temple (that of New York) February 21, 1846. The latter (then exercising supreme authority), in June, 1846, asked the National Division to incorporate the

Temple of Honor as an official branch of the order of Sons of Temperance. They "acknowledged the utility" of the Temple, but, from "prudential considerations," declined the proposition. This Order now assumed the position of an *unofficial* branch of the Sons of Temperance, requiring all applicants to be members of that order, and remain such, or forfeit their membership in the Temple. For some time the Temples increased rapidly. Several Grand Temples were instituted, and, on the 6th of November, 1846, a National Temple was organized. This success indicated that a desire existed among the Sons of Temperance for something more than was found in their Order. An unsuccessful effort was made at the second annual session of the National Temple, held at Baltimore, June, 1847, to sever the Temple from the Sons of Temperance. The Temples, from opposition and other causes, began to decline, and it became apparent that either a separation or a firm bond of union must soon take place. The former was confidently anticipated; but, in consequence of certain action of the National Division, was prevented. That body, which closed its session just before the third annual session of the National Temple, forwarded a communication, stating that they had appointed a committee "to *consider the propriety* of uniting the two branches," and asking the appointment of a similar committee. The Temple complied. Another year's delay was the consequence, which well nigh prostrated the Temple Order, as no hopes were entertained by the brethren of any such union. It was not till the Temple enterprise was almost totally dedestroyed, that *unofficial* information was received that the National Division had declared that the best interests of the cause demanded the entire separation of the two branches. The National Temple, then in session at Cincinnati, lost no time in declaring all connection dissolved, and making arrangements for the speedy preparation of new Rituals, etc. The weight which had borne down this Order was removed. Money was promptly advanced to complete the necessary arrangements, and the small, almost discouraged band, who still clung to the Order, began to rejoice. New difficulties, however, presented themselves. Owing to the arduous and pressing duties devolving upon him as M. W. S. of the Sons of Temperance, the M. W. R. for some time found it impossible to pay much attention to this Order. An assistant was appointed, who neglected the important duties assigned him. Finally, the office of M. W. R. was declared vacant, and a new appointment made. Notwithstanding all this—enough to have crushed any other Order—so strong was the attachment of the brethren to the Temple of Honor, that they patiently endured it all, anxiously expecting the time, when, free from its embarrassments, it would shine forth in all its beauty and sublimity. Soon after the distribution of the new Rituals, new life was infused into the Order, suspended Temples were revived, the membership increased, and new Temples were instituted in almost every part of the country. There are, at present, Grand Temples in fifteen states, and subordinate Temples in every state in the Union, except Vermont, South Carolina and California. They are also located in two British provinces.

OBJECTS.

As before stated, the great, governing object is *the promotion of the temperance cause.* The pledge taken by every brother is, that he will abstain from the use of all alcoholic beverages *during life;* and, in addition to this, use all honorable means in his power to *prevent their manufacture* or *use,* or *the traffic in them.* All our laws and ceremonies require a strict adherence to this pledge; and, although a brother may withdraw from the active duties of a member, the moment he violates this obligation, he is liable to *expulsion,* the only penalty for this offense.

To cement our fraternal bonds—to knit together by the strongest ties of love and friendship, all who compose this division of the temperance army—our pledges to each other are as strong as is consistent with justice and morality. That we may be able to recognize each other, whenever and wherever we chance to meet, we have adopted secret signs, grips and other tests, by which to secure the friendship and protection of the brethren.

Believing that virtue is the only true basis of friendship, all our ceremonies teach, and our laws require, the practice of a high morality. The belief in the existence of a God, and our accountability to him, are prerequisite conditions to membership. "Love to God, our country and our fellow man," are characteristics of every worthy Templar. These truths and principles are illustrated and enforced by pleasing and attractive ceremonies, and the most solemn requirements.

In addition to the initiatory Degree, three other Degrees are established, the object of which is to perfect the brethren in the principles, precepts and workings, of the Order—each successive Degree inculcating higher and still higher moral precepts.

The crowning grace of the Temple, however, is the Social Degree, where woman, whose province heretofore has been to "suffer and to wait," can join hands with us in our labor of love. Here father and mother, sister and brother, husband and wife, son and daughter, can all unite in one great family, having the same object in view, and consult together on the best means of attaining that object. All Templars in good standing, and all ladies of good moral character, are eligible to this Degree.

The Temple of Honor is also a beneficial organization. The receipts are ample, if properly cared for, to secure the promised benefits. The usual fees and dues of the Temples now in operation, are as follows: Initiation, $5; Dues, $4 per year; Degrees, including Social Degree, $9. The benefits are: in sickness, $3 per week; on the death of a brother $25 are appropriated as a funeral benefit; on the death of a brother's wife, $15. These are slightly varied, but are about the average rates.

CLAIMS UPON TEMPERANCE MEN.

It is impossible, in the space allotted, to detail all the claims of the Order. We present a few considerations only.

1. The history of all temperance organizations has been marked by instability. At one time we see the public mind aroused to the highest state of excitement; but a reaction soon takes place, and the fond hopes of the philanthropist are buried. This Order seeks to produce no excitement, but to enlist men for life, in such a manner that, should they weary in well doing, their solemn obligations will stare them in the face and rouse them from their lethargy.

2. The failure to secure united effort has greatly retarded the cause. The simple construction of our Order is such, that any measure contemplated can be rapidly communicated throughout our jurisdiction, and united effort or aid immediately secured. We desire to unite all lovers of the cause in one great family, whose motto shall be, "Each for all, and all for each."

3. The reformation of the inebriate is, to say the least, a difficult matter. The innumerable violations of the pledges of various organizations stand as evidence of this truth. We believe that something more than a mere pledge is necessary. The reformation must begin with the pledge, but not end there. The unyielding appetite, clouded intellect and debased heart, require cooling streams, fields of moral science and paths of duty, to cleanse, purify, elevate and refine. The whole man must be changed, remodeled, re-educated. For this purpose we place him in the society of the virtuous, and teach him, constantly, lessons of morality.

4. Intemperance is a social vice. In a large majority of instances the habit is formed in the society of youthful companions, and not unfrequently of young ladies, at the social party or around the social hearth. If we would succeed in removing this vice, we should endeavor to display the opposite virtue in its most attractive garb. For this the Social Degree is admirably calculated, by exhibiting true enjoyment and unalloyed pleasure without the use of stimulants. It is also infinitely valuable in bringing all the weight of female influence to bear in behalf of temperance, both in attracting the youth and middle-aged to virtue's path, and molding the character and shaping the destiny of the children of our land—teaching them to shun the unholy cup—for woman is the educator of our race. In no

cause is she more zealous—knowing, alas! too well, the bitter fruits of intemperance.

5. Vain is every effort at reform, if we strike not at the root of the evil—the manufacture and traffic. The supply, in a great measure, regulates the demand; and while the market is well stocked, extraordinary temptations are placed before purchasers. The supply must be cut off—war must be waged against the traffic. Our Order is designed promptly to enter this field. Our obligations to prevent, by all honorable means, the manufacture and traffic, are not less binding than our own pledge of total abstinence. It is the purpose and design of the Order to enlist only such as are willing to labor for life against the traffic.

We wish recruits, but they must not be milk-and-water men. The soldiers who fight under our banner must be bold, resolute, persevering. In view of the rapid strides intemperance is making in our land—in view of the suffering, disease and death, caused thereby—we believe it to be the duty of every good citizen to connect himself with some organization for the suppression of the vice. If the Temple of Honor is such a one as you desire, we gladly bid you welcome. If not, in God's name, we conjure you to unite with one where you will be content to labor. Stand idle no longer.

APPLICATION FOR CHARTERS

To open New Temples must be signed by at least twenty white male persons, of good moral character, of sound health, of the age of eighteen years and upward, and must contain satisfactory references, and be addressed to the G. W. R. of the Grand Temple, if one is in existence in the state where the new Temple is to be organized. In states and territories having no Grand Temples, charters can be legally granted only by the National Temple; and applications must be forwarded to the M. W. R. The following is the form:

"The undersigned, believing the Temple of Honor to be well calculated to cement more firmly our fraternal relations and add to the general prosperity of the cause of temperance, respectfully petition the Grand [or National] Temple of Honor of the state of ——— to grant them a charter to open a new Temple, to be called the ——— Temple of Honor, No. —, of the state of ———, to be located in ———, and under your jurisdiction. We pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to be governed by the rules and usages of the Grand Temple, and also by those of the Order at large."

Inclosed is the charter fee—$20.

The following is a list of the Officers of the National and Grand Temples, all of whom hold their offices till May, 1852. Any person desiring further information, can obtain it by addressing any of the gentlemen named below:

NATIONAL TEMPLE.—Wm. R. Stacy, M. W. T., Boston, Mass.; J. Wadsworth, M. W. R., Cincinnati, O.

NEW YORK.—Lloyd Mills, G. W. T., Oswego; Reuben C. Bull, G. W. R., New York city.

PENNSYLVANIA.—O. I. Search, G. W. T., Philadelphia; John P. Simons, G. W. R., Philadelphia.

MARYLAND.—James B. Manar, G. W. T., Baltimore; William H. Tarr, G. W. R., Baltimore.

MASSACHUSETTS.—James Warren, jr., G. W. T., Boston; George E. Russell, G. W. R., Boston.

OHIO.—H. Ambler, G. W. T., Salem; J. Wadsworth, G. W. R., Cincinnati.

TENNESSEE.—Anson Nelson, G. W. T., Nashville; Hugh Carroll, G. W. R., Nashville.

KENTUCKY.—J. C. Frost, G. W. T., Louisville; W. H. Johnston, sr., G. W. R., Louisville.

INDIANA.—George B. Jocelyn, G. W. T., New Albany; C. Woodward, G. W. R., Indianapolis.

ALABAMA.—J. R. John, G. W. T., Uniontown; W. J. Clopton, G. W. R., Montgomery.

LOUISIANA.—William Miller, G. W. T., New Orleans; Edwin G. Folger, G. W. R., New Orleans.

MICHIGAN.—T. H. Hinchman, G. W. T., Detroit; G. P. Chapin, G. W. R., Adrian.

CONNECTICUT.—Mulford Butts, G. W. T., Bridgeport; James Nichols, G. W. R., Bridgeport.

MISSISSIPPI.—C. T. Miles, G. W. T., Fayette; H. M. Youngblood, G. W. R., Fayette.

VIRGINIA.—N. A. Sturdivant, G. W. T., Richmond; James Gay, G. W. R., Portsmouth.

MAINE.—Halford Earle, G. W. T., Rockland; William H. Lord, G. W. R., Gardiner.

A. THOMSON, Ohio,
G. B. JOCELYN, Ind., } Com.
ISAAC LITTON, Tenn.,

WHAT SMALL HANDS MAY DO.

BY MRS. S. S. A.

EMILY FANNING and Lucy Dale lived opposite each other in the same street, in the little village of Elmington in Massachusetts. Emily lived in a pretty white house, with green blinds, and a little courtyard in front filled with lilac and syringa and rose bushes. There was a row of thrifty young trees before the house; and on the sunny side was a garden surrounded by a white paling, and filled in summer with long beds of vegetables, except the borders of the walks, which, from early Spring till late in the Autumn, presented a show of gay flowers. On the other side of the house was a long, low wing, with a separate door, and this was a store, for Emily's father was the store-keeper of the village. It was a neat, trim, pretty place, and Emily was the prettiest thing about it, neatly dressed as she always was, and as gay as a lark in doors and out.

Emily was out of doors a great deal. She had a love of flowers, which was almost a passion; and, as her mother kept a good servant and had but a small family, Emily had plenty of time allowed her to work in her garden; and it was she who arranged the flower borders with so much taste, and kept them in such beautiful order. From the first appearance of jonquils and daffodils and snowdrops till the last of the amaranths and marigolds and china-asters, no day ever saw the small china vases on the mantel in the parlor, or the glass goblet by the side of her father's plate on the breakfast-table, without its pretty boquet of flowers. It was a pleasure to gather them, but a still greater pleasure, if possible, to cultivate them. How quickly she cleared the breakfast-table, washed the cups and saucers, and put every thing in its place, that she might snatch her sun-bonnet and run to her flowers! How winningly, in a dry time, would she coax Nancy to fill an immence tub with water, that it might stand in the sun and be ready, when she came at evening with her brown gloves and nice green painted watering pot, to revive her drooping favorites with a shower of the precious liquid! One day, after she had finished transplanting a bed of double pinks, she sat down upon a rustic chair which her father had made and placed under a cherry-tree in one corner of the garden, to cool and rest herself. She looked over to Mr. Dale's. She saw Lucy going in and out. First it was for a pail of water, then for an armfull of wood, and after that for a basket of potatoes. Emily had a kind, good heart. Her mother was a cheerful, pious woman, and she had taught her daughter, both by precept and example, to follow the *Golden Rule*. "How sorry I am for Lucy Dale," thought Emily. "She is always neat and clean. Nancy says 'dirt won't stick to her;' but how poor her clothes are, and how hard she has to work, and how little time she gets to go to school or to cultivate flowers! And it is a shame, too; for she is so quick at every thing, and she loves whatever is nice and beautiful so much. And then that old weather-stained house, and that broken fence, and those sprawling bushes, and that lazy father who is the cause of it all. Now she takes her seat by that little garret window. I wonder what she does there with every leisure moment she can get?"

Let us step over to Mr. Dale's and see. Mrs. Dale was at work in the kitchen, as she generally was, for, having a husband and six children, and not being able to keep any help, the wants of her family kept her busy from morning till night. She was a thrifty farmer's daughter; and a gay, blooming girl she was at the time of her marriage with William Dale, the carpenter, the best dancer, the best singer, and the best storyteller in the village. Light-hearted and happy she was at that time, and very ambitious about her house and her person; but year by year she had been growing thinner and paler, and her house had been growing barer and poorer, till, at the end of fifteen years, the time at which we see her, she was a sad, dispirited woman, surrounded with discomfort, and looking forward with little hope to the future. Her daughter Lucy, now fourteen years old, was her greatest comfort, for she was a sweet, dutiful, affectionate child, who did all she could to lighten her mother's burthens; and yet it was a grief to the mother's heart to see her growing up with so few advantages and pleasures as the poor girl enjoyed. And why was all this unhappiness, all this discomfort in the family of an active, healthy man, still in the prime of life, with a good trade and a fair field for labor? Alas! his talent for pleasing, joined to an inordinate love of amusement, had been his bane. Wherever there was any public spectacle, any horse-racing, any military parade, any gathering of the idle for any purpose, in his own or the neighboring towns, there Dale was sure to be, making merriment for the surrounding crowd, and forgetting home, wife and children, in the enjoyment of the present time. The more he indulged in this kind of excitement the more reckless he became; the simple pleasures of home lost their relish to him. He spent scarcely one-half of his time at work; and the money he earned, instead of being applied to make his family comfortable, was spent in gambling, betting in a small way, and drinking. Not that William Dale was a drunkard. No; he drank merely for excitement and to raise his spirits. Nor was he entirely dead to tender feelings and a laudable ambition. It would seem, at times, as if he really wished to make his wife comfortable and his family respectable; but his place had become so poor and out of order, he was so much behind-hand with the world, he saw such hopeless discomfort about him at home, and moreover had become so much accustomed to the indulgence of his darling pleasures, that he could never summon resolution to make that decided change in his habits, which was the only thing that could save him. Sensible of his disgraceful weakness, he became, when at home, sullen, cross and irritable, and complained of the want of comfort in his house, as if he were not the cause of it all.

It was afternoon, and Lucy was sitting in the window of her little garret room, while the baby of whom she had charge was creeping about the floor and amusing himself with a rattle, when a gentle knock came to the door of the chamber. "May I come in, Lucy?" said Emily Fanning.

Lucy loved and admired Emily, but she was sensible of the disparity in their circumstances; and this, together with being surprised at her work, caused her an almost painful embarrassment. Emily played with the baby and rattled away gaily for a while, but still Lucy was ill at ease. "This will never do," thought Emily; "I see that Lucy is about something which she wishes to conceal; but she shall make me her confidant before I leave the room. I am determined upon that—yet how shall I set about it?"

It is not always easy, even for those who are well acquainted with the world, to unlock the heart of a proud and reserved person. Lucy was not without pride, and she certainly felt at this moment very little inclined to be communicative. She had just been employing herself very unwisely, and quite unsatisfactorily, in making comparisons between Emily's condition and her own. Let us see how Emily managed it. She drew a chair close to Lucy's, and, after sitting a minute or two, she said, "Do you remember, Lucy, when we were both young, that is, about eight years old, what nice times we used to have playing together, see-sawing under the great maple and trundling our hoops on the green?"

LUCY.—Yes, I remember it very well.

EMILY.—And do you remember the day we were both christened by good old Mr. Amherst—how, as he passed us as he came down the church steps, he said to us, "Little children, love one another"?

LUCY.—O, yes! I remember that, too.

EMILY.—And do you remember how we used to go "double-hop" with our arms around each other's waists; and how we used to read little stories, looking over the same book and leaning on each other's shoulders; and how we promised always to be friends and tell each other everything?

LUCY (almost inarticulately).—Yes.

EMILY.—And now, when we are getting to be large girls, and might be real friends and do each other good, we are growing almost strangers. You scarcely ever come into my garden, and you do not tell me any of your little plans and achievements as you used to do.

LUCY—Emily, there is a greater difference between us now than there used to be. I have heard mother say, that, when she and your mother came here to live in Elmington, they were equally well off, equally respectable. Now, you are a rich man's daughter, and I am a poor man's child. You can dress handsomely, and have your own time to do what you please. I must dress poorly, and I must work and sew to help my mother.

EMILY—But, Lucy, is not a good friend a good thing? Our mothers loved each other, and they do still; at least, I know that my mother loves yours. And I love you, Lucy. You are a good, true-hearted girl; and Miss Patten says you are as bright, and know as much, as any girl in the village, though you do not go to school all the time.

Lucy was quite overcome. She threw her arms round Emily's neck, and kissed her; and then she wept in a passion of tears, till she wet her handkerchief through and through. "I am not often such a foolish girl," said she at length; "it is not for myself I weep; but O, Emily, when I see my mother working herself to death, and my little brothers and sister with old clothes and without schooling, and our place, which was so pretty since I can remember, growing poorer and poorer, and my father—— O Emily!" and she wept again.

"Well, take a good cry, Lucy, it will do you good; and then tell me what you are doing with these great balls."

Lucy did take a good cry, and it did her good. When she finally raised her head and wiped off the last tears, there was a cheerful and hopeful expression on her countenance, very different from that which it had worn on Lucy's entrance. "Nothing like tears to wash away bad feelings," said Emily. "I know that well by experience."

"The countenance of a friend maketh one's face to shine," said Lucy.

"Well, now tell me about these balls."

So Lucy communicated to Emily a great project she had formed, which was no less than the making of a carpet for the front room, which was their parlor. Her father had often said he should love to sit there of an evening if the floor only had a carpet on it, but that he could not bear the grating of a sanded floor.

"And you, Lucy, you, a girl of fourteen years old, have undertaken to make a carpet, without your mother's knowing it, too; and without any time or any thing to make it of, that I can see!"

"What put me in mind of it," said Lucy, "was an old great coat which a peddler gave me one warm day last summer, because he said it was too heavy for him to carry. It was an immense thing with capes and lining, and made twelve large balls. Since then, I have gathered up every rag which has been thrown aside, till now, I think I have almost enough; do n't you?" and she raised a coverlet and showed a great number of balls made of cloths which had been cut up into strips and sewed together. "Yes," said Emily, "I should think there was enough to make half a dozen carpets; but you have no bright, gay colors. You ought to have some white and red. I have seen a rag carpet made almost as handsome as the best ingrain."

"Yes," said Lucy, rather sorrowfully; "but I must take what I can get."

"And I know what you can get," said Emily. "Mother told me, only yesterday, that I might give my two last winter scarlet frocks, which are almost worn out and are too small for me, with my old blue merino cloak, to whomsoever I chose; and I choose to give them to you, and into your carpet they shall go. And do 'nt you remember, Lucy, how we used to amuse ourselves with looking over the paper rags in the loft of papa's store, and how he let us take away whatever we liked? I shall do it again and pick out some nice long strips of white for you." Lucy accepted Emily's offer as frankly as it was made, and glad enough she was to get these pretty colors. Old Mrs. Potter had told her, when she privately consulted her about the weaving, that, "if she only had some gay colors, she could weave in pretty little figures, which would make it look as handsome as a real *boughten* carpet."

"But how are you to pay for the warp and the weaving?" inquired Emily; "and how are you to get it made and put down without your father and mother knowing it!" Lucy said that she had it all planned out, and that she would tell her one of these days.

How differently Lucy felt when Emily left her! What help there is to the poor, forlorn heart, in the kind, encouraging words of a friend! Lucy raised her thoughts thankfully to the Giver of every blessing, and felt strengthened to meet the inevitable ills of her situation.

And her young heart had need of all the strength she could gain, both from piety and sympathy. A day or two after this, she had been working with all her might to make up her scarlet balls, when, on leaving her garret room to go and help her mother prepare supper, she heard the harsh, impatient tones of her father's voice, and she knew what a sad, uncomfortable scene was before her. Her father was storming because supper was not on the table, though it was half an hour before the usual time; but he was going to spend the evening at the quarters of a traveling circus, and, as he had only money enough to pay for his entrance ticket and the two or three bowls of punch which he knew he should want, he must have his supper before leaving home. Lucy found her mother weeping, her little brother, who had fever and ague, shivering in the chimney corner, and her father, with a red face and angry look, devouring some bread and meat which he had hastily set upon the bare table.

"You lazy little thing!" said her father to her, "why are you not here when I want you? Put down that big boy and get me a glass of cider, quick!"

Lucy took the pitcher and went to the store-room. The barrel was almost empty, and the cider ran slowly. She had time to see how bare the place was. A ham-bone hung on a nail, a piece of skinny pork lay on a broken platter, a few lean tallow candles hung from a hook; and these were the stores of a place, which, within her recollection, had been kept filled with nice and comfortable things. "O!" whispered the poor girl, "how happy I should be if I could influence my father! Who knows but I may, if I try?" and she raised an earnest wish for assistance to her Father in heaven.

As she returned hastily to the kitchen, she stumbled and fell; the pitcher was broken, and the cider spilled. The angry father called her a careless brat, and, for the first time in his life, struck her a violent blow. For an instant pride, anger, shame, and a sense of cruel injustice, rushed in a tide over the poor girl's heart. It was her moment of trial, but she had just asked for strength, and strength was given her. She quelled her passion, and looked up into her father's face with a beseeching smile of love and pity. "I am sorry, father," she said gently; "I will be more careful in future. Let me brush your coat and hat before you go." And she brushed his coat and hat, and tied on a clean neck-cloth, and bade him a kind "good night" as he went out at the door.

"What a brute I am," murmured Dale to himself as he walked up the street, "to treat such a child in such a manner. What are we all coming to?" And so strongly did the thought just now strike him, and so did the piteous smile, the struggles of love and grief in Lucy's face haunt him, that for a moment he forgot the circus. He turned into a field and sat himself down under a haystack to think.

While sitting there, several parties of men and boys straggled along toward the circus tent. Presently he heard one say to another, "Have you got any money, Bill?"

"No," replied the other, "but Dale will be there, and he always has enough to treat. He's a generous, good-natured fellow."

"Generous! good-natured! do you call him?" said the first speaker. "To spend his money in drinking with Tom, Dick and

Harry, while his children are ragged and hungry at home."

"'T is a kind of devil's good nature, after all," replied the other; but we ought not to find fault with it; we get the drink and the fun, and save our money."

Dale recognized in these speakers the voices of two of his *warmest friends* and most *ardent admirers.* He looked up at the stars and thought and thought.

Meanwhile, Lucy and her mother sat down to their poor supper. Never had Mrs. Dale felt so utterly discouraged. She ate in silence, every now and then wiping away the tears. Lucy, helped her little brothers and sister, talking kindly to them, and after supper she put them to bed. She wrapped the little sick boy in blankets, and gave him some catnip tea; and, when she had kissed him, he said his head felt better, and he thought he should sleep. Then she returned to the kitchen and sat down to darn her father's stockings. After working awhile, she looked up and said, "Mother, when are you and father going to make that visit to Uncle John's that you have been talking about for these two years past?"

"Visit, child! how can we make a visit to your Uncle John's? We have no money to go with. I have nothing decent to wear; they would be ashamed of me. I should not enjoy a visit to my brother and sister as I used to do, when we were in different circumstances. Besides, your father won't go."

"Perhaps he will go, dear mother. You know father thinks more of Uncle John than any body, and who knows what good he may get? And it would do you so much good! And you can take the baby and little Johnny. It would be sure to break Johnny's chills. The doctor said a change of air would do it. And I can mend your muslin de laine to-morrow, and put your things in order. And you need not be uneasy about us, we shall want so little while you are gone; and Willie and I can manage together nicely."

"It is tempting," said the sorrowful mother; "but I should feel so badly to come back again to our poor home and my poor children, after the comfort and respectability of my brother's house."

"O mother! do n't think of that. Only go, and persuade father to go; you do n't know what good may come of it."

Her mother shook her head, but Lucy went to bed with a gleam of hope in her heart, and her thoughts full of great designs.

She was called early the next morning to assist in getting ready for the journey. Her father had made no objection, but at once consented to go. He was unusually grave and thoughtful the whole day. His eyes followed Lucy wherever she moved, and twice he called her to him, as if he had something particular to say to her; but when she came he merely stroked her head, kissed her and sent her away again. It seemed that he was either ashamed or afraid to say what he wished. He staid at home in the evening; and on the second day, Lucy had the pleasure of seeing them all comfortably equipped and started on their journey.

As soon as they were fairly out of sight, Lucy shut the door, and called her brothers, Willie and Eben, and her little sister Mary, to her side. "Now children," she said, "father has left me two dollars to buy meat and bread with, and they are to be away for a week. I want to give father and mother a surprise when they come back. I want to see how nice and pleasant we can make the house and yard look. I want to see mother look happy, and father stay at home and work, don't you?"

"O yes!"

"Are you willing to live upon hasty pudding and roasted potatoes, and save this money to buy boards and nails and paint to mend the fence?"

"O yes," said Willie; "but you need not buy boards; there are plenty in the barn of just the right width, and I can nail them on and whitewash them too."

"That's a good boy, set about it then."

"I'll help," said Eben; "set me about something."

"And me, too, me, too, sister!" said little Mary.

Lucy set the younger ones to gathering all the sticks and dried leaves and old bones and bits of leather that were scattered about, and piling them in a heap in a corner of the garden. Then she ran down the street to Mrs. Potter to know what was the earliest minute that she could finish weaving her carpet. Mrs. Potter told her it would be done at the end of four days. "Just right! just right!" Next she put a huge kettle of water over the fire, and then she sat down to write a letter. It ran thus:

"*Elmington, May* 10, 18—.

"MY DEAR, KIND UNCLE LUTHER: You recollect that, five years ago, when I was a little girl of nine years old, I passed the month of April at your house, and that, one stormy day, you brought in a pair of twin lambs almost dead with the cold. I wrapped them in a blanket and nursed them, and fed them with warm milk, till they were quite well and strong. Then, dear uncle, you said that the lambs might run and feed with your sheep, but that they should truly be mine, and that whenever I wanted them or the money for them, I should have what they would bring. You said that if they died you would let me know; but I have never heard of their death, so I suppose they are living. Now, dear uncle, I want this money, whatever it may be. Father and mother have gone on a visit to mother's brother, and I want to pay for the weaving of a carpet, and to get it on the floor before their return. If I could pay for the weaving in any other way, I would not ask for the money; but I cannot. So, dear uncle, if you can send it in a letter as soon as possible after you receive this, you will truly oblige your dutiful and affectionate niece,

LUCY DALE."

After this was dispatched, Lucy commenced cleaning the house. First she washed the windows, and rubbed them till they were as clear as crystal. There were several broken pains which she let alone for the present. Then she attacked the wood-work; and though it was soiled and spotted, she made it look a great deal better than it did before. Willie was hammering away at the fence, she scrubbing with bare arms inside, and the children laughing and shouting at their work in the yard, when Emily Fanning came in.

"What nice fun this is! I'll help! I'm determined to help!" said Emily. "Give me a rag." And seizing a cloth, she fell to scouring an old-fashioned bureau, which stood in a corner of the room.

"There," said she, after an hour's hard labor, "it looks better, but it needs painting; and so does the whole room; it would be a quite different thing if the wood-work was painted. The molding on those old panels is very pretty."

"Ah! yes; but I cannot afford that," said Lucy.

"I can, though," said Emily, who was now in high spirits. "I know where there's a pot of paint and brushes that I can get for *thank'ee*, and I can paint it myself. Pray, do n't open your eyes so wide, and do n't think there's not another smart person in the world besides yourself. I can do a thing or two as well as you. And do n't be too proud to let me help you. Mother was not too proud to let you help her last summer when I was sick. Do n't you remember how you came, day after day, and ran up and down stairs till you must have been tired to death? I wo n't wait till you are sick. I am determined to pay off old debts now, so pray let me have my own way."

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

THE DIFFERENCE.

WHEN a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor, confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the way of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed; but his ruined, heart-broken victim knows there is no peace for her this side of the cold and solitary grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities; they are unknown in heaven. There is deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.—*Exchange.*

SIMPLE, TOUCHING, BEAUTIFUL LINES.

The New England Diadem gives its readers the following beautiful Stanzas, which were suggested by hearing read an extract of a letter from Captain Chase, giving an account of the sickness and death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Brown Owen, who died on his passage to California.

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer
When thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you 'll miss me in your berth,
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,
I have something I would say
Ere the vail my vision darken
And I go from hence away;
I am going, surely going,
But my hope in God is strong—
I am willing, brother, knowing
That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father, when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him—
Prayed that I may one day meet him
In a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother (God assist her
Now that she is growing old)—
Tell, her child would glad have kissed her,
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I 'd speak of now—
Tell, O tell her, how I missed her,
When the fever burnt my brow;
Tell her, brother, closely listen,
Do n't forget a single word,
That, in death, my eyes did glisten
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed—
Hold them as when last I held them,
Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And he never will forsake her,
For he 's said so in his word.

O, my children! Heaven bless them!
They were all my life to me—
Would I could once more caress them,
Ere I sink beneath the sea;
'T was for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes were I'll not tell,
But I 've gained an orphan's portion,
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sister I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender
By the thoughts their mem'ry stirred;
Tell them I ne'er reached the haven
Where I sought the "precious dust,"
But have gained a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they 'll find their brother there;
Faith in Jesus and repentance
Will secure for each a share.
Hark! I hear my Savior speaking,
'T is, I know his voice so well,
When I 'm gone, O do n't be weeping,
Brother, here 's my last FAREWELL!

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the months of April and May a trip on the upper Mississippi is really delightful. I left Cincinnati on the 9th of April, on the U. S. Mail Boat for Louisville, intending to take the St. Louis Mail Boat thence to the Mound city. Unfortunately, no passenger packet started for the latter place on the day of my arrival, and the only alternative was to take a freight boat or wait a day. Determined to go ahead, I chose the former. The boat was much crowded with emigrants, of the better class, mostly from eastern Ohio and western Pennsylvania, removing with their families and "plunder" to Iowa and Minesota. A person not accustomed to seeing the tide of emigration to the new portions of our country in the North-west, who would spend a week on the Ohio or upper Mississippi, would naturally suppose the older settled parts of the country would soon be depopulated. But it still goes on increasing from year to year. I propose, only, to give a brief description of the scenery, towns, &c., on the Mississippi, from the mouth of the Ohio to Galena, and will, therefore, commence with Cairo, at the junction of these two mighty rivers.

Situated as it is, it undoubtedly is the finest point, for a large city, to be found in the whole West, were it not for its low damp location. This difficulty, however, may, and no doubt will, in time, be overcome: but it will require an immense expenditure of capital and labor. The country around is low and wet, and is evidently submerged every time the "Father of Waters" gets high. Some years ago, an English company purchased the site of the town, and the land for several miles around, with a view to make it a great city. They threw a levee around the point, erected an iron foundry and a number of dwellings, all to be owned by the company and only leased to settlers. A number of persons removed there, and, a sickly season coming on, they suffered severely, and, having no interest in the soil, soon left it. The town now contains some twelve or fifteen houses, four or five wrecked steamers used for wharf boats, and, perhaps, fifty inhabitants. A railroad has lately been chartered from Cairo to Peoria, where it will diverge, one branch running to Galena, the other to Chicago. The work on this road is already begun, and, when finished, the road will be crossed by others in different parts of the state, and thus make Cairo, as it were, the outlet of the whole state. It is expected another road will soon be constructed from Cairo across the western point of Kentucky, through Tennessee and Alabama to Mobile. When these roads are completed Cairo must, from its location, soon become an important place.

There are no towns of importance between Cairo and St. Louis, but the scenery along the river banks is well worth a visit. Most of the way, on one side, is seen a high rocky bank; on the other, the ground, for a mile or two back, is low and marshy. In some places the perpendicular sides of the limestone precipices have been worn by the water till they resemble handsome cornice work and other architectural devices. Many of these are two hundred feet above the river. From their appearance they are called the "Cornice Rocks."

Ninety miles below St. Louis are two natural curiosities, called the "Devil's Bake Oven" and "Grand Tower." Judge Hall, in his work on "The West," thus describes them:

"Approaching from above, we first discover the ridge, throwing out a bold promontory into the stream, on the Illinois shore, on the extreme point of which is a large, rounded mass of rocks, fifty or sixty feet in height, shaped like an oven, and thence termed the 'Devil's Bake Oven.' A low neck of land connects this with a range of perpendicular rocks, which frown in rugged precipices over the stream, and whose summits are beautifully crowned with vegetation. As the current sweeps abruptly around this cape, another promontory is seen jutting out from the opposite shore. Against this the whole force of the current beats with fearful velocity, and, by its attrition, has worn it away, till a large fragment has been separated and left standing, in solitary grandeur, in the midst of the waves. This is the "Grand Tower." Its height may be fifty feet and its diameter about one hundred. Its contour is remarkably exact and symmetrical, forming a column as nearly circular as if its proportions had been marked out by the hand of art. The sides are nearly perpendicular, but the different strata distinctly marked out. The whole has the appearance of a regular column, whose height is equal to half its diameter. The top is flat, and supports a stratum of soil, which gives birth to a short but rich growth of trees and shrubs.

"In our early history, this was a noted spot. The river boats, which, before the application of steam, were propelled up the stream with difficulty, by human labor, were unable to ascend this rapid pass with oars or poles. Not only was the current too strong for this operation, but the danger of being dashed against the rocks was imminent. To effect this object, it was necessary for a portion of the crew to land, and an opportunity was offered to the Indians to attack them, when the prospects of resistance or of flight were equally hopeless. Here, then, they formed their ambuscades, and many a crew was slain at this spot, to gratify the savage lust for plunder and revenge, while many boats were wrecked by the violence of the waves."

"The "Devil's Tea Table" is in the same neighborhood. This is a large rock on the Missouri shore, which bears some resemblance to a table. It rests on a comparatively small point, and appears to be so accurately poised, that it could be easily upset. But the united force of several men has been found insufficient to move it.

St. Louis was originally settled by the French, in 1764. Since that time it has rapidly increased in wealth and population, and is now one of the most important of our inland cities. Above this city the river is called the "upper Mississippi." Very few, if any, boats engaged in the "upper trade" ever do business below. Hence all freight passing here is reshipped at this point, which gives the landing and its vicinity quite a business appearance. There being no railroad or canal leading into the city, all the produce and forwarding business is carried on at the landing or in the immediate neighborhood. So much business in one place might lead one into error as to the actual business of the city.

The MISSOURI RIVER empties into the Mississippi twenty miles above St. Louis, and is its greatest tributary. Notwithstanding the great volume of water poured out by the Missouri into the "Father of Waters," no change is perceptible, except in its current. Above the Missouri, it becomes more placid and tranquil. At its mouth, it is a mile and a half wide, and varies in width from that to six hundred yards. Eleven hundred miles below the scource of the Mississippi and seven hundred and seventy-one above St. Louis, are the Falls of St. Anthony. "Here the river is about six hundred yards wide, and is precipitated over a ledge of limestone, seventeen feet high. The scenery around the falls is grand and imposing, and affords a fine treat to visitors, many of whom travel here every year to witness this sublime and beautiful spot. Below this point, the river is bounded by limestone bluffs, from one hundred to four hundred feet high, and first begins to exhibit islands. Its current is broke by the Rapids, at the mouth of Rock river and the Des Moines, which partially obstruct navigation for a portion of the summer. The scenery along the Upper, or Rock River Rapids, is most beautiful.

"On the western side, the land rises in gentle slopes, which are terminated in the distance by a beautiful chain of hills. On the opposite side, a broad, flat plain, of more than a mile in width, and several miles in length, presents itself. There is a small village of the Sacs and Fox Indians on this plain. The celebrated Black Hawk War originated in the determination of these Indians to maintain possession of this beautiful tract of country. 'Below the rapids, the river assumes its medial width and character from that point to the entrance of the Missouri. It is a still more beautiful river than the Ohio; somewhat gentler in its current—a third wider, with broad, clean sandbars, except in time of high waters, when they are all covered. At every little distance there are islands, sometimes a number of them parallel, and broadening the stream to a great width. Many of these islands are large, and have, in the summer season, an aspect of beauty, as they swell gently from the clear stream, and a vigor and grandeur of vegetation, which contribute much to the magnificence of the river.'"

ALTON, in Madison county, Illinois, is a beautiful town. It contains many fine public buildings and private residences.

LOUISIANA, eighty-five miles above, is a small town on the Missouri side. It has but one house of entertainment, and that was kept by a man who was, most of the time, too drunk to attend to the comfort of his guests.

HANNIBAL, thirty miles above, is a pleasant, flourishing town, of about three thousand inhabitants. It is decidedly the best town in Missouri above St. Louis. Bard Temple of Honor, No. 4, is located here, and is in a flourishing condition. Happening there on their regular night of meeting, I attended with them, and found a goodly number present, who gave me a brotherly welcome. The "City Hotel," kept by J. M. Marmaduke, would do credit to any city. It is a strict temperance house, and it being the first of tho kind I found on my journey, I felt quite at home with the hospitable, gentlemanly landlord.

QUINCY, twenty miles above, is the county seat of Adams county, Illinois. "It is situated on a beautiful elevation, one hundred and twenty-five feet above the limestone-bound shore of the Mississippi, and commands a fine view of the river, for five or six miles in each direction. It contains an enterprising and intelligent population, and is destined to become an extensive and flourishing place. There are a large number of stores, several fine churches, a United States land office, and several mills and manufactories. The public square is large, and, on the east side of it, there is a fine court house, erected at a cost of twenty thousand dollars. The country, in its vicinity, is a beautifully rolling and rich prairie, and one of the finest agricultural regions in the state. Large quantities of produce are annually shipped from here, by steamboats and other craft, which can navigate the river, from this place down, at any season of the year." The present population of Quincy is about six thousand. Quincy Temple of Honor, No. 6, is located here. Staying in the place a week, I had a good opportunity to become acquainted with many of the citizens and brethren, and was well pleased with them. There is a flourishing Social Degree connected with the Temple. I was pleased to find a temperance house here, the landlady of which is a member of the Social Degree and a Daughter of Temperance. Through the hospitality of Bros. Wood and Anderson, and their estimable ladies, I was prevented from spending much time at the hotel, but was there long enough to like it.

KEOKUK, Iowa, is forty miles above, and four miles above the Des Moines river, which, for a short distance, forms the boundary line between Missouri and Iowa. Population three or four thousand. A large amount of business is carried on here. In addition to the enterprise of its citizens, its very location must, in time, make it an important town. The twelve mile rapids in the Mississippi, just above, make it necessary, at low water, for boats to unload and lighten through the rapids. This gives employment to a large number of men and barges. Many boats of the larger class only run up to this point. There is a daily passenger packet from here to St. Louis. Here the produce of the south-east portion of this fertile state finds a market or is shipped. The town has been entirely built within a few years. Keokuk Temple, No. 2, is located here, and is the largest and most flourishing in the state. I intended to make but a short stay here, but the brethren insisted on my staying over night, and called a *special* meeting of the Temple, which was attended by about fifty members. The interest and zeal manifested by the members of this Temple (organized not a year ago) would do credit to many older ones. A Social Degree is connected with it and is doing much good.

NAUVOO, twelve miles above, in Hancock county, Ill., is the site of the celebrated Mormon city, commenced in 1840 by Joseph Smith and his deluded followers. For a mile back from the river the land gradually rises, till it forms a beautiful plain, on the highest point of which was built the Temple, which, for vastness of dimensions, and splendor of design, was intended to be without a rival in the union. A great many houses were built, some of them on a magnificent scale, and the city was rapidly growing by the arrival of Mormons from every part of the country. But difficulties soon arose between these people and the citizens of the surrounding country, which resulted in the arrest and imprisonment of their leader, Joseph Smith, and his brother Hiram. On the 24th of June, 1844, a disguised and armed mob surrounded the jail, overpowered the guard, and killed the prisoners. Frequent outrages were committed on their followers, till many forsook their homes and sought refuge among the inhabitants of the adjacent country. Such, however, was the popular feeling against them, that but few could find a shelter. Many women and children remained for days and weeks on the island between Nauvoo and the Iowa side, with nothing to shelter them from the heat of the sun by day, or the dews at night. At length they all left, a few returned to their old places of residence, some others wandered they hardly knew or cared where, but the majority traveled west, and commenced another city, at Salt Lake, west of the Rocky Mountains.

In 1848 a religious denomination were about purchasing the Temple for a College, but in October it was fired by an incendiary, in the cupola, and is now in ruins. The entire wall of the west end is yet standing, and gives some idea of the style and magnificence of the structure. It is entirely of white limestone found in the vicinity. At the cornice near the roof, surmounting twelve pilasters, are twelve carved figures, in bold relief, representing the human face, surrounded by a sun. Near each is an arm and hand, similarly carved, holding a trumpet. The other three sides, when standing, were ornamented in the same manner.

About half way between the Temple and river, is the "Hall of the Seventy," where the seventy elders were wont to meet. The seats and desks are yet standing, as if but lately occupied.

The streets of the city wear a desolate appearance, and but few of the houses are occupied. The spirit of vandalism that burnt up the Temple, has displayed itself by breaking the windows and doors of many of the houses, which, but for this, would make comfortable residences. It is almost impossible to estimate correctly the number of dwellings or inhabitants at present. I should judge there are buildings enough to accommodate three or four thousand, but there are, probably, not more than one thousand in the city now. The difficulty in securing a legal title to the soil prevents people from settling there.

The location of the city is one of the most pleasant I ever saw, and were it not for its present condition and past history, I know of none more desirable.

Burlington, thirty miles above, is the county seat of Des Moines county, Iowa. Its location is pleasant. Population, five or six thousand. It is a place of considerable trade, and is rapidly improving.

Excelsior Temple of Honor, No. 1, is located here, and has a large membership, but the brethren need a little more zeal and interest in the cause. Bro. Geo. Temple, the Deputy here, had made an appointment to organize Oquawka Temple, No. 2, at Oquawka, Ill., on the following Monday, and invited me to assist him.

Oquawka is fifteen miles above Burlington, and, though a small town, is a place of considerable trade, being surrounded by a rich, fertile country. We met the applicants at the appointed time, and regularly initiated them into the mysteries of our Order. The members were among the best citizens of the place, and I learn since they are doing well as a Temple.

Bro. Temple is an active, efficient temperance man, and has done much for the cause in Burlington and the vicinity. He has great influence in his state, and was Speaker of the Senate at its last session.

Muscatine, formerly called *Bloomington*, is twenty miles above Oquawka, and is the county seat of Muscatine county, Iowa. It contains between two and three thousand inhabitants, and is rapidly growing.

Iowa Temple of Honor, No. 3, is located here. It was but lately organized, and has about twenty-five members. It bids fair to become a large Temple.

In the next number I propose to say something of *Galena* and its *mines*, traveling on the Mississippi, and the growth of the North West.

MASONIC MISSIONARY STATION.

The acquisition and settlement of California by the United States, have at length made the Isthmus of Darien emphatically the "highway of nations." The passage of emigrants across it, in search of better fortunes in the modern El Dorado, has been immense, and among the men of all nations who have thus been wayfarers on this "natural bridge," from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a great many, of course, have been members of the Masonic fraternity. Cases, too, of sickness and destitution have repeatedly occurred among these traveling Masons, and the distress had hitherto been relieved, when practicable, by the individual charities of other more fortunate brethren, who had chanced to be in the way. In 1849 and 1850, several informal meetings of Masons were held in the isthmus for benevolent or social purposes. Finally, on the 21st of September, 1850, eleven brethren applied to and received from the Grand Master of Texas, a dispensation to open and hold "Union Lodge," at Panama. This lodge has ever since been in active existence, and has done much good by administering aid, comfort and consolation, to those worthy brethren who were thrown in their vicinity, in a destitute condition, and by conveying to the grave the mortal remains of those who ended their days among them. Such, from a circular lately published by the Lodge, and containing the report of its committee, appear to have been the objects of the good Samaritans, who have thus united themselves into a Masonic body at Panama.

Some faint idea may be formed of the amount of funds required by the Lodge for the accomplishment of its benevolent objects, and of the individual exertions of the members toward that accomplishment, from the fact that *five dollars* a month or *sixty dollars* a year, are paid as dues to the Lodge by such members, which sum, however, barely produces a revenue sufficient to defray the ordinary expenses; and further taxations or donations have consequently been rendered necessary for charitable purposes.

In consequence of these circumstances, the Lodge appointed a committee on the 30th of January, 1851, "to inquire into the expediency of soliciting the Grand Lodge of Texas to declare Panama, in the republic of New Grenada, a *Masonic missionary station*, and this lodge the agent for the purpose of aiding the poor, distressed brethren crossing the Isthmus."

Accordingly, at the next meeting of the Lodge, on the 6th of February, the committee, after making a report, the substance of which we have given above, recommended a series of resolutions which were adopted, and which provide that the Grand Lodge of Texas be requested to declare Panama a Masonic missionary station—that she be solicited to recommend to her subordinate Lodges to call upon the brethren for voluntary contributions for the formation of a missionary charity fund to be transmitted to Panama, to the Executive Committee; and that she be further requested to use her influence and kind offices with the Grand Lodges with which she may be in correspondence, to adopt a similar course.

Whatever money may be thus collected, is to be transmitted to *Lewis Middleton*, *W. Dinneford* and *A. Y. Smith*, Executive Committee of the Lodge, who are charged with the distribution of the fund among the poor and needy.

The establishment of missions for the diffusion of the benign principles of religion among benighted heathens is familiar to our readers, as an enterprise of benevolence which has long received the approbation and support of Christendom. But a mission of personal charity, a mission whose object is to afford relief and comfort and consolation to the poor, the sick and the dying, of all nations and religions—a mission, too, in the support of which not one Lodge or one jurisdiction is to be engaged, but which asks the combined aid and co-operation of all the Masons of the Union, from Maine to Texas, and which shall thus be the agent of an immense portion of the fraternity—such a mission, novel and untried as it has been, is still so noble in its conception, so holy in its intention, that the mind is filled with admiration at the contemplation. If it is successfully accomplished, it will reflect upon the brethren who originated it, and upon the craft who shall have come up to the work, imperishable honor, and will add one more to the many obstacles with which the foes of Masonry have to combat in their vain efforts to destroy the institution.—*Charleston Masonic Miscellany.*

MEZZOTINTO ENGRAVING.

This is a kind of engraving very different from common engraving on steel. The common or line engraving, as it is called, is done by the graver, the lines made by that instrument producing the figures by shade. Mezzotinto, on the other hand, produces the shades, as it were, by minute dots, and the light by scraping away dotted parts of the steel plate. The grounding tool is then employed to go over the whole face of the plate for the picture. This tool is formed with a curved face serrated like the finest rasp. It is held steadily in the hand, pressed with a force, rocking it from end to end, till it has completely hacked all the face of the plate. The other lines are then drawn across the plate at right-angles to these, and the rocking operation repeated. These diagonal operations have to be repeated a number of times till the part of the plate for the picture produces a very dark ground. The design is then traced on the plate—some artists employing one way and some another—and the picture is finished by scraping away parts of the serrated surface for the light shade, by a tool formed something like a burnisher. The masses of the strongest light are first begun and scraped pretty smooth, and some parts, where there is no shade, are burnished. The next lower gradations of shade are then scraped down, after which the reflected lights are entered upon. Various proofs of the work are taken during the progress of the engraving.

This style of engraving is fast banishing all other kinds of steel engraving out of the field. It is exceedingly soft and rich in tone; so much so, indeed, that it has been condemned by some as being too tame in character throughout. We are glad that this argument against the art can no longer be advanced. Within the past year, Mr. Kichie, of this city, has produced mezzotints possessing all the vigor of the line engraving, combined with the rich shade of the mezzotint. It is a new discovery in the art, which is fast earning a proud name to the inventor, and which, in other hands, would, perhaps, be worse than useless, for he combines, like Albert Durer, and Hogarth, and Sartain, the qualifications of artist and engraver.

It is difficult to tell who was the first discoverer of mezzotint engraving. It was practiced on copper for a long time before it was tried on steel. Mr. Turner, an eminent London engraver, states, in the transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts, that James Watt was the first who suggested to him the use of steel plates for the mezzotint. This was in 1812. No work of the kind, however, was produced till 1821, and this was upon a steel plate softened by the process discovered by Mr. Perkins, the famous and ingenious American engineer, then residing in London.—*Scientific Amer.*

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An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease—while there is life, there is hope. Spunky gall that.

CLIPPINGS.

BY SCISSORS.

A Quaint Sermon.—Mr. Dodd was a minister who lived many years ago, a few miles from Cambridge; and having several times been preaching against drunkenness, some of the Cambridge scholars (conscience, which is sharper than ten thousand witnesses being their monitor) were very much offended, and thought he made reflections on them. Some little time after, Mr. Dodd was walking toward Cambridge, and met some of the gownsmen, who, as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved to make some ridicule of him. As soon as he came up, they accosted him with, "Your servant, sir!" He replied, "Your servant, gentlemen." They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunkenness of late? He answered in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favor to beg of him, and it was that he would preach a sermon to them *there* from a text they would choose. He argued that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have some consideration before preaching. They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted upon his preaching immediately (in a hollow tree which stood by the roadside) from the word M. A. L. T. He then began, "Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man—come at short notice—to preach a short sermon from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is *Malt*. I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one; I must, therefore, of necessity, divide into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—M. A. L. T.

"M—is Moral. A—is Allegorical. L—is Literal. T—is Theological.

"The Moral is to teach you rustics good manners; therefore, M—My masters, A—All of you, L—Leave off, T—Tippling.

"The Allegorical is when one is spoken of and another meant. The thing spoken of is Malt, which you rustics make M—your Meat, A—your Apparel, L—your Liberty, and T—your Trust.

"The Theological is according to effects, it works—in some, M—Murder—in others, A—Adultery—in all, L—Looseness of life, and in many, T—Treachery.

"I shall conclude the subject, first, by way of exhortation. M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Listen, T—To my text. Second, by way of caution. M—my Masters, A—All of you look for T—the Truth. Third, by way of communicating the Truth, which is this: A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's agent; the alehouse's benefactor; his wife's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbor's scoff; a walking swillbowl; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man!"

Anecdote of General Jackson. — The Hon. and Rev. ——, who was a Baptist preacher and lieutenant-governor, and had at one and the same time been in the service of Illinois, becoming dissatisfied with the honors or profits, or both, of the posts he held, determined to resign them and devote his time and talents to the assistance of the administration in carrying on the general government of the country. Accordingly, he came to Washington and laid his case before the President. He stated his wishes, narrated, at some length, all the prominent events of his political life, dwelling especially upon his untiring devotion to the Democratic party, the sacrifices he had submitted to, the exertions that he had made in its behalf, and its consequent indebtedness to him, but said not a word of what he had done for the cause of religion. Gen. Jackson heard the clerical aspirant through in silence, and, after musing a moment, put the following question to him:

"Mr. K., are you not a minister of the Gospel?"

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"Then, sir," said the General, with his usual quiet dignity, "you hold already a higher office than any in my gift—an office whose sacred duties, properly performed, require your whole attention; and really I think that the best I can do for you will be to leave you at liberty to devote your time to them—for, from what you tell me, I fear that they have been somewhat neglected."

Temperance in Oswego.—We learn from the Cayuga Chief, that the temperance men of Oswego, or rather some fifteen of them, met, a short time before their local election, to deliberate upon the temperance aspect of the neighborhood, and whether it was possible to make any impression on the coming election. They finally determined to nominate an independent temperance ticket, scarcely hoping even to distract the old parties; when, to their joyous surprise, they elected nearly the whole ticket; beat the whigs out and out, and the democrats only gained one on them, and he a temperance man. So much for testing public opinion on the subject.

I. O. O. F.—Cincinnati, Ohio, now has seventeen lodges, and the one in Fulton being about the same as the city, making eighteen. There are seven other lodges in Hamilton county. In the city of Cincinnati there are seven subordinate encampments. Two lodges and one encampment work in the German language. Cincinnati has one Degree lodge.

Ladies' Degree.—The Grand Lodge of Michigan has pronounced in favor of the adoption of a degree to be conferred on the wives of Scarlet members. This will be good news to many of our lady readers.

☞A country clergyman being opposed to the use of the bass viol in church service, was over-ruled by the congregation. The first Sunday it was brought into use he announced the psalm as follows: "To praise God we will now fiddle and sing the forty-sixth psalm, second part, and short meter!"

A TIRADE AGAINST TOBACCO.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

A woman may love her husband better when she discovers that he possesses matchless taste, or a benevolent disposition, or ability to control his temper; but what wife in all Christendom—we will waive the

Turks just now, whatever we may do with their costume—we say, what wife, from the first day the ugly plant tempted sinners, with its sweet perfume, to stain their teeth like the savages, and saturate their breath like—like—tobacco chewers, ever loved her husband the better when she found that he used the foul Jamaica weed. Now we are going to tirade against it; not that we believe it will do a particle of good, or make one chewer the less; nay, we even expect that many a gentleman will roll the sweet morsel more lovingly around his mouth as he reads, and take another bit, in order that he may enjoy his paper with greater zest; like the old man who listened gravely to a long exhortation against, and at the close tapping his snuff box as he took five extra pinches, "Good argument, brother—good argument; I'll get rid of this as quick as I can." So we will give you time to clear your mouth, replenish the spittoon, or the hearth, or the carpet, or whatever clean place you may fancy, and take a fresh bite before you go further.

Tobacco, to our mind, is about the meanest article that the soil can produce; disgustingly hateful; a black, shiny, loathsome reptile, coiled up in boxes, a mass of filth when decomposed, offensive to the sight, offensive to the good air God has so freely given, and offensive in some way or other to the health. If there was a grain of beauty about it, either in looks or taste, we would not say a word; but there is, absolutely, nothing to recommend it; it is, in itself, total depravity; and yet, sometimes, the very advocates of holiness countenance it—and a pretty countenance it gives them, do n't it? Imagine a long row of large teeth, garnished as cooks garnish a ham—decorated all over with the filthy leaf, and the scum and refuse piled up in the corners of the mouth! A pleasant sight, is it not, Mr. Chewer? take another bite! And then it is so charming—you will bear me witness, ladies—to sit beside the tobacco worshiper, and inhale the fragrance of his burnt idol, or chewed idol, or snuffed idol; so pleasant to get into a snug seat in the cars in a dark station house, and find your delicate robes in a large brown standing pool, some fifteen minutes after, utterly ruined; so pleasant to meet a friend unexpectedly, and wait, before you can shake hands or get an answer to your salutation, for him to turn about and sprinkle the side walk and your dress with tobacco juice; so delightful to behold a questionable daub on your rich carpet, or a long penitential yellow tear, on your cleanly white walls, take another bite, gentlemen; so pleasant to protest, hour after hour and day after day, that you will not try to be orderly and neat, if your parlors, and kitchen, and steps, and yard, are to be besmeared with these plague spots of tidy housewives.

We have seen many a merry creature stop in the midst of a joyous mood, and assume a most woe-begone, lugubrious face, when she saw *that quid* go, like any thing but a lamb to the slaughter. We have seen a wife entreat her husband almost with tears in her eyes to give up tobacco, for it made his breath so bad; and when we have noticed young men with cloves in their mouths, especially when they were smartly dressed and it was toward evening, we have wondered if *somebody* even dreamed that they chewed tobacco; we should; and we hereby warn every young lady under twenty-five, and as many more over that age, as will heed us, to look well after cloves and cinnamon.

Now we have allowed you, gentlemen, three opportunities to replenish your favorite, savory weed, so you cannot take offense at us; as we said, we do not expect to reform your inveterates; the opinion of all the ladies in Christendom would not change that pernicious habit one jot or tittle; we only hope that every young man that reads this, every youth who has just begun the sickening process of getting used to tobacco, will take our advice, never, if they wish to be in favor with the ladies—never, if they wish to be perfectly at ease in a handsome parlor—never, if they would not be scolded by their wives, when they get them—never, if they would put by the pennies, and let the pounds take care of themselves, thereby accumulating a small fortune, which may lay the foundation for wealth—never, never, learn to be tobacco chewers.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CHAT WITH OUR READERS.

At the commencement of a new volume our readers will naturally expect a "declaration of principles" on our part, or at least some promises as to the course to be pursued during the present volume. Our motto is, "to use all honorable means to discountenance and prevent the manufacture, traffic and use, of alcoholic drinks." We shall keep our readers acquainted with the progress of the Temple Order, throughout the Union, and give them an account of all important temperance movements, either by legislative enactments or by benevolent associations.

The literary character of the work, the number and kind of embellishments, are entirely in the hands of its friends. The receipts of the first volume were but little more than the cash actually expended on it, not leaving fifty dollars for our time. This was doing quite as well as we expected, and much better than our friends thought could be done the first year. For this volume we expect the receipts to exceed the expenses enough to pay a reasonable compensation for the time devoted to it. All over these amounts will be expended in improving the work. By a little exertion on the part of *every* friend of the Magazine, its circulation can be more than double that of last year. All must be convinced that at the low terms at which it is offered, it must have a large circulation to afford much profit, and as the profits are to be expended in improving it, subscribers have a joint interest in extending the circulation as much as possible.

But few subscriptions for this volume were received prior to August 15th. Since that time, they have been coming in pretty rapidly. With but few exceptions, the lists are larger than from the same places last year. This is encouraging. It is cheering to receive, with almost every letter, a word in favor of the work. We must be excused for extracting from one of these letters, from Oswego, N. Y.: "Inclosed is my subscription to the second volume of the Templar's Magazine. I have received much benefit from reading the first volume, and I esteem it just the thing that should be patronized and *read* by every member of the Temple Order, for, without something of the kind, one can form no correct estimate of the progress of our beloved Order, nor of the general laws and usages by which *all* Temples should be governed, so as to insure uniformity of action and purpose on all the leading principles for which we are organized. I find but few of your list of subscribers are in this state, and but two or three in this city, and I pledge you, sir, that I will be *one* to try to increase your list in this vicinity."

This is a specimen of nearly every letter containing subscriptions for the new volume.

We would again urge all who expect to subscribe themselves, or solicit others to do so, to forward names as soon as practicable. We intend to commence the volume by printing enough to supply all, and should they not all be disposed of in a few months, shall issue a less number, and none but those sending soon can be sure of the entire volume.

STATISTICS OF THE ORDER.

By referring to the statistical tables published with the proceedings of the late meeting of the National Temple, it will be seen that they are far from being complete. The attention of Grand Temple officers is especially invited to this matter. They should furnish Subordinate Temples with proper blank forms for returns, and urge upon their officers the importance of having every blank filled with its appropriate item. If this were done, by every Grand Temple, it is believed Subordinate Temple officers would do their duty. Should they *not*, let the semi-annual returns be sent back for correction. Every officer in the Order should often refer to those parts of the constitutions pointing out his particular duty.

By a vote of the National Temple, at its meeting in June, 1850, it was made the duty of the M. W. R. "to make out, and cause to be printed, annually, a list of the names, occupations and residences, of all persons expelled from the Order during the year. This he cannot do, unless Grand Temples furnish such lists with their annual returns, and G. W. R.'s cannot make them out, unless W. R.'s furnish him with them. This list for the year ending May first, 1851, was very imperfect, some Grand Temples not furnishing any, others a very imperfect one. The attention of all concerned is called to this subject *now*, so that every necessary preparation may be made to attend to this matter properly before the close of the present semi-annual term, ending October 1.

NATIONAL TEMPLE TRACT.

We invite attention to this document, published entire in this number of the Magazine. The cost is less than was anticipated. They will be furnished at *four* dollars a thousand, or fifty cents a hundred. Grand and Subordinate Temples, or individuals, will be supplied at these rates. This is an official document, entirely under the control of the National Temple, and all moneys received for it goes into the National Temple treasury. It is hoped the brethren, generally, will take an interest in having the tract circulated and thus make the Order more generally known.

Newspapers friendly to the Temple Order, are requested to publish it, or such portions of it as they can find room for.

NOTICE.

This number of the Magazine will be sent to some who have not subscribed for this volume, and to others who have never been subscribers. All such are requested to examine it, and, if they think it worthy of their support, to send on their names soon as convenient.

We intend, also, to send it to several Temples that have not been receiving it. We do not know how a Temple can better appropriate a dollar, than for a work containing the earliest information in regard to the procedings of Grand and National Temples, and the progress of the Order generally.

We have a number of copies of the last half of the first volume, which we will dispose of at forty cents for the six numbers. They are worth more than the subscription price, fifty cents, but we would rather get them off our hands, and make this reduction as an inducement, to those who are not supplied, to take them. We cannot supply numbers further back than seven.

PREMIUMS FOR VOLUME I.

In looking over our files of letters sent with subscriptions to the first volume, we find that Bro. A. A. Griffin, of Mobile, Ala., has sent the names and full subscription price for thirty-five copies, which is the highest number sent by any one individual. He is, therefore, entitled to premium No. 1, a Grand Temple Regalia worth ten dollars.

Bro. R. S. Yerkes, of Little Rock, Ark., formerly of Covington, Ky., has sent the next highest number (twenty-eight), and is entitled to premium No. 2, an ornamented satin Third Degree Regalia, worth six dollars.

It is impossible to decide, now, what Temples are entitled to premiums No. 3 and 4, as but few have sent the number of contributing members, as requested, or notified us they were competitors for them. As soon as known they will be informed.

☞ **Exchanges.—Our exchanges are respectfully requested to notice this number of the Magazine—the *first* of a new volume—with an abstract of terms. We will endeavor to reciprocate all such favors.**

FRATERNAL ITEMS.

At the late annual session of the Grand Temple of Tennessee, Bro. Cyrus Macy, P. W. C. T., of Elysian Temple, No. 20, was elected a special deputy to traverse the state, lecture for the Order, open new Temples, and visit those already organized.

The Grand Temple of Ohio, at its annual session, authorized its G. W. T. to do the same, and if necessary to appoint one or more deputies to assist him. We look upon these movements as well calculated to benefit our Order.

July 4th, an application was received, and a charter granted, by the National Temple, for Milwaukie Temple, No. 3, located at Milwaukie, Wisconsin. The charter and books were sent to Alonson Filer, D. M. W. T., at Racine. We learn from the "Old Oaken Bucket," published at Milwaukie, that it was organized, July 29, by Bro. Filer, and others, from Racine. J. B. Smith, W. C. T., P. Sawtelle, W. R.

Illinois.—Bro. Purington, D. M. W. T., writes from Chicago: "Excelsior Temple, No. 5, at Rockford, is now fairly at work. On Tuesday evening, June 24, assisted by Bros. George and Franklin, I organized the Temple, and initiated thirteen, which, with the two brethren above named, gives them a membership of fifteen to begin with. I think few Temples were ever instituted with better prospects. Every member was highly pleased with the work, and showed an ardent zeal and energetic determination to go forward. I cannot doubt but their motto, as well as their name, will be, 'Excelsior.' Bro. Seely Perry was elected W. C. T., and Bro. H. H. Waldo, W. R."

Bro. J. R. Moffett, writing from Oquawka, says: "Our Temple is steadily increasing. Our members are all tried men and true. We have a large field of labor, and are girding on our armor for a vigorous fall and winter's campaign. Death has been among us, and removed to the Temple above our esteemed brother, Hiram Bigelow, W. S. of our Temple. In him the Templars, Sons, and Masonic Order, mourn the loss of a worthy brother, whose life was in keeping with the obligations of the Orders he had espoused."

Arkansas.—Bro. W. H. Ailes, D. M. W. T., of Fort Smith, writes: "Our Social Degree numbers fourteen sisters and ten brothers. Our officers take great interest in their duties, and our ceremonies are well performed. We have lately lost three by death. The devotion of the members to the sick and dead has elicited the admiration of community, and our Order is looked upon with much interest. The alarm occasioned by cholera did not prevent the sisters or brothers from doing their whole duty to their suffering brothers and sisters.

"I expect shortly to send you a petition for a Temple at Van Buren, six miles from here. I am often written to for information in regard to the Order from other portions of the state."

Bro. T. J. Smith, of Somerville, Tenn., writes: "Our Temple is prospering. We number about sixty members, who show by their works that they feel an interest in our cause. We have a Degree Temple with twenty-three members, and a Social Degree with twenty-one. One of our pillars, Bro. Wm. W. Rhode, has lately been removed by death; but we feel that our loss is his gain."

Pennsylvania.—Bro. S. C. Conley, of Clarksville, Pa., writes the following in regard to our Order in Western Pennsylvania: "Mechanics' Temple, No. 56, in this place, was organized November 28th, 1849, by Deputy Geo. Lamb, with twelve members. We now number over fifty members. We have a Social Degree, numbering about seventy members of the right kind. Our Temple was the first opened in this part of the country, and our Social Degree the third in the state.

"Olive Branch Temple, No. 60, at Linesville, was organized November 5, 1850, by Deputy J. M. Craig, assisted by the brethren of Mechanic's Temple. It commenced with twenty members, and has since initiated as many more, and lately organized the Social Degree.

"Lawrence Temple, No. 61, was opened January 7, 1851, by Deputy J. M. Craig, assisted by brethren from Mechanics and Olive Branch Temples. It commenced with twenty-six members, and now has about sixty, and bids fair to become one of the largest in the state.

"Excelsior Temple, No. 66, was organized in Conneautville, in February, 1851, by Deputy P. Mantor, assisted by brethren of Olive Branch Temple. It now numbers about thirty-five members.

"Mercer Temple, No. 65, was opened at Mercer, April 3d, by Deputy J. M. Craig, assisted by brethren from Mechanics' and Lawrence Temples.

"Indian Mound Temple, No. 68, was organized at West Greenville, May 9, by Deputy J. M. Craig, and others (about forty in number), from neighboring Temples. It started with twenty-three members, and has a fine prospect of becoming a large Temple.

"Our Order is comparatively new in this region, and we have strong opposition to contend with, not only from the friends of Bacchus, but from moral and temperate men. Some Churches forbid their members joining any secret society, especially the Temple Order. Even some ministers of the Gospel denounce our Order, the Sons and Odd Fellows, as dangerous to the civil and religious liberties of our country.*

"But our Order is destined to become one of the most popular in this section of the state. It is composed of men who act from principle—who believe it to be one of the most effectual agents in the temperance reform."

Bro. H. Kennedy, writing from Brownsville, sends twenty-two subscribers, and says, "The Social Degree is a great accession to our Temple. It numbers sixty members. On the 23d of July, Union Temple, No. 73, was instituted at Uniontown, Fayette county, by D. G. W. T., J. S. Pringle, assisted by the members of Keystone Temple, No. 4, of this place. Seventeen of the applicants were initiated and received the three degrees. They were highly pleased with the work. F. L. Wilkinson was elected W. C. T., and John L. Means, W. R."

Bro. Taylor, of Lancaster, writes: "We have three Temples in our county, all flourishing. Lancaster Temple numbers about one hundred and seventy-five members in good standing, and $1,000 in her treasury."

A charter has lately been granted by the Grand Temple of Pennsylvania for "Simons Temple, No. 71," to be located in New Brighton, Beaver county. The name is a compliment to Bro. J. P. Simons, the present G. W. R. and P. G. W. T. of the state.

OHIO.—JULY 26, an application was received and charter granted for Marietta Temple, No. 7, at Marietta. It has since been opened by Bro. Morrison and others, from Gallipolis. Twenty-five applicants were admitted, and the three degrees conferred on seven. There is every prospect for a large Temple.

Bro. E. Grover, D. G. W. T., writes from Portsmouth, "Our Temple is flourishing, and its prospects for a career of usefulness and honor are auspicious. The first returns from our Social Degree show a membership of more than forty. We have lately fitted up a new hall, which, for taste, comfort and convenience, I presume, is not excelled by any in the state. Come up and see us. We are always *at home*, and the latch-string out to all true men and women. Ah, I am proud to be able to add those last two words—*and women, too!* Where can she more fitly be stationed than as a ministering spirit at the *altar of Temperance!* Hers are the graces which give luster to *Truth*, depth to *Love*, strength to *Purity*, and long endurance to *Fidelity*. How would our glorious cause be doomed to grope in darkness without the light of her smile, and the guidance of her gentle counsel. She is the *crowning grace* upon the pillars of our Temple."

"THERE are two political papers in the United States, which refuse to publish the advertisements of *intoxicating liquors*, viz: the Abingdon Virginian and Brownsville Whig, Tenn."—*Exchange.*

Query. How many religious, political, literary or temperance papers, refuse to publish advertisements of *quack nostrums*, which, next to intoxicating liquors, are doing, perhaps, more mischief in community than any other one thing? We know of but *one*, *Arthur's Home Gazette*, published in Philadelphia. As the principal ingredient in many of these nostrums, is *alcohol*, ought not *temperance* papers, at least, to be cautious in circulating such advertisements?

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* We are decidedly in favor of raising a fund to be expended in employing a missionary, to labor among them, to try to enlighten them.—ED.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

SOCIAL DEGREE HALL,
Louisville, *July* 18, 1851.

J. WADSWORTH, ESQ.: *Dear Brother* — A new era has dawned upon the great Temperance Reformation in this city. Notwithstanding the almost insurmountable obstacles our Order has been compelled to contend with upon every side, yet *courage* has filled their hearts, and their ears have been gladdened with the shouts of "ONWARD!" On Friday last, the "Social Degree" had a "public installation," which was numerously attended by ladies and gentlemen—indeed our hall was crowded to overflowing—and I am happy to say to you, that the "ceremony," passed off in a very satisfactory manner. The "address," which was delivered by the Rev. John H. Linn, a member of our Temple, was one which I shall never forget, and one which, I am confident, will prove, ultimately, to have accomplished much good. Our "Degree" is rapidly increasing, both among females and males. The ladies appear to take an interest in the cause, and, when such is the case, prosperity is sure to succeed. Yours, in T. L. P. & F.,

W. H. J., sr.

HALL OF NIAGARA T. OF HONOR, No. 41,
Smithfield, *July* 26, 1851.

AT the last annual meeting of the National Temple of Honor, it was recommended, by our M. W. R., that all Temples prepay all letters and documents sent by them to the M. W. R., G. W. R., or Subordinate Temples, therefore, be it

Resolved, That Niagara Temple of Honor, No. 41, will not send or receive any letters or documents without the prepayment of postage.

Resolved, That the above resolution be signed by our W. C. T. and W. R., the seal of the Temple attached, and published in the Templar's Magazine.

DAVID S. BARTHOLOMEW, W. C. T.,
Joseph W. Purviance, *W. R.*

VICKSBURG, June 25, 1851:

MR. WADSWORTH: *Dear Sir*—Having some intention of joining the Temple of Honor, I should like to ask you a few questions in relation to it, and, if you will answer through your Magazine, I shall have an opportunity of seeing it, otherwise I shall not, as I do not reside here.

1. Has a clerk in a confectionery the privilege of using or selling soda water that contains "nectar" sirup (which is made of sirup and claret wine), and can he use and sell "eau de vie sirup" (which is made of brandy and common sirup)?

2. Can he sell mince pies that have brandy and wine in them?

3. Can he buy brandy and wine for the purpose of making the pies or sirups?

By answering these questions in your next Magazine, you will much oblige

A FRIEND OF TEMPERANCE.

The above appears to have been written in good faith; and as similar doubts may exist in the minds of others, we will give our *opinions* only, without claiming any official authority for them.

Ans. 1. No. No templar has a right, either as principal, agent or assistant, to sell any beverage containing any alcohol, however small the quantity.

Ans. 2. There is nothing in a Templar's pledge to prevent his using alcohol except as a *beverage*. But should it appear that he used it for its intoxicating qualities in any other way, for the purpose of *evading the letter* of the pledge, he would be liable to expulsion. There is but little danger of a *true* friend of temperance wishing to tamper with the article in any way. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is the safest motto to adopt.

Ans. 3. Our pledge does not forbid buying alcohol, except for a *beverage*.

It may be news to many of our readers, that "eau de vie" sirup contains brandy and "nectar" sirup claret wine, yet such is the fact. All temperance men, who wish to be consistent, should be cautious what they drink. The insidious foe is concealed in different forms, calculated to deceive the unwary and throw him off his guard.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Methodism, Explained and Defined. By J. S. Inskip, Cincinnati. H. S. & J. Applegate, publishers. A neat volume of 250 pages. Every work issued by these enterprising gentlemen is got up in good style. The author, Rev. Mr. Inskip, is well known in Ohio, and, to those who know him, our recommendation is not necessary. The book contains a short account of the origin, doctrines, discipline and usages, of this numerous and respectable body of Christians, and is well worth a perusal.

The American Temperance Magazine, edited by S. F. Carey, published monthly by R. Van Dien, 86 Nassau street, New York, at two dollars per annum in advance. The first and second (July and August) numbers of this beautiful work are before us. Each number contains sixty-four pages of original matter, from the best writers in the country, and is embellished with a portrait engraved on steel, by the best artists. Such works ought to be extensively circulated.

The Southern Era, published weekly, at Richmond, Virginia, by C. H. Wynne, edited by N. A. Sturdivant, G. W. T. of Va., devoted to temperance and general literature. We have received three numbers of this paper and like it much.

Journal of the American Temperance Union, published monthly, by the Executive Committee of the American Temperance Union, at one dollar a year, edited by Rev. John Marsh. This paper, as its title indicates, is the organ of the society whose name it bears. It gives a monthly abstract of temperance from the whole world, and is an efficient agent in the cause. Letters and remittances should be directed to "Temperance Journal, New York."

Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the American Temperance Union, 1851, is on our table. It is a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, and contains an account of the Nineteenth Anniversary Meeting of the Union, the Annual Report of its Secretary, an Abstract of the Laws of the several states in regard to the Liquor Traffic, a Synopsis of the Operations of the several State Societies, a Sketch of the State of the Cause in Foreign Countries, and much other valuable information. It should be in the hands of every man desiring information on these subjects. Price $10.00 a hundred.

New Temple.—August 26, an application was received for a charter for "Painesville Temple of Honor, No. —," to be located at Painesville, Lake county, Ohio. Arrangements will be made immediately to have it organized.

DIED,

Of cholera, at Fort Smith, Ark., June 30, Mrs. **Nancy Sabine,** Past S. P. T., of the Social Degree.

On the 21st of July, at the same place, of same disease, Rev. J. E. **Estabrook,** D. M. W. T.

On the 24th of July, at same place, and same disease, Mrs. **Estabrook,** widow of Rev. J. E. Estabrook, and S. Past T. of the Social Degree.

On the 26th of July, at same place, and same disease, Mrs. C. **Jackson,** S. P. T. of the Social Degree.

All the above were buried with the ceremonies of the Order by the brothers and sisters, who were out in procession.

At Somerville, Tenn., July 11th, Bro. **Wm. W. Rhode,** of Somerville Temple, No. 8, after a painful illness of several months which he endured with christian fortitude. Bro. Rhode was a consistent member of the Baptist church, a true Templar and esteemed citizen.

At Linesville, Penn., July 15, Sister **Ann E. McEwen,** of the Social Degree, of Olive Branch T. of H., No. 60. Appropriate resolutions were passed by the Degree.

THE

TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE.

CINCINNATI, OCTOBER, 1851.

WHAT SMALL HANDS MAY DO.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY MRS. S. S. A.

LUCY let Emily have her own way, and the end of the second day saw the little parlor looking as fresh and clean as a new coat of white paint could make it. There were whole panes of glass, too, in every window of the house; for though Emily did not set them with her own hands, she coaxed the hands that did it.

While these things were going on, the children were as merry as crickets. How they enjoyed their breakfast of hasty-pudding and milk, and their supper of roast potatoes! And, after supper, how sweetly Lucy sang to them and told them stories about little boys and girls which she said she wished them to resemble, and which they said they would try to do. And when she had heard their prayers and saw them all in bed and asleep, she went to sleep herself, with a sweet feeling of hope playing about her heart.

Willie, meanwhile, had mended the fence and had prepared a huge tub of slacked lime, with a certain quantity of glue and salt dissolved in it. This he had been told would last upon the fence and look well for two years; and a proud boy was he when its whole length appeared in its new white dress, with posts all upwright, and the boards all even; as Emily said, "a most respectable-looking fence."

One improvement led to another. There was a large vine formerly trained against the house, and reaching to the eaves, which had latterly fallen away, and ran straggling hither and thither. The space which this vine had occupied was of a different color from the rest of the house, and filled with streaks and spots; and this it was which gave such a dilapidated, weather-stained look to the building. Willie placed a ladder against the house, and he and his sister raised this vine, branch by branch, nailed it so as to cover all the stained and broken places; and a picturesque-looking thing it was, with its long tendrils and clustering leaves hanging gracefully down from the eaves and partly covering one window. When it was finished, they ran across the street to look at it, and Emily joined them. The change was really wonderful. It looked like an entirely different place. The house had formerly been painted with ochre, and it now looked of a uniform, brownish yellow—a color very pleasing to the eye. It was a one-story house, but large upon the ground. With its great overshadowing tree, its beautiful vine, its clean-swept courtyard and bright fence, it was as pretty a cottage as one would wish to see. "Why, Lucy, your house will be the gem of the village," said Mrs. Fanning, coming out and kindly stroking her head. "You are a good girl, Lucy, and you will have your reward. Persevere!"

Lucy did persevere. She cleaned and arranged all the poor furniture inside the house to the best advantage. Then she helped Willie to trim the lilac bushes, and carry away all the rubbish which had collected about their roots. After that, Willie dug some borders each side the path leading from the gate to the front door, into which Lucy transplanted roses and other gay spring flowers which were just ready to blossom. She and her brothers did what they could in the garden; and, on the fourth day, a man came, bringing a huge roll on his shoulder, which he threw down in the entry. It was the carpet—Lucy's carpet—which she had spent many long hours in cutting and preparing while her companions were at play. There it was, finished; and how neat and handsome it looked as she unrolled it on the parlor floor and measured off the breadths! It was nicely woven, and the strips of brown and the figures of white and blue and red were made to match exactly. Lucy sewed steadily, and, in the afternoon, Emily came to help her; and at noon the second day it was finished, spread down and tacked to the floor. "How pretty it is!" they all exclaimed; and Emily said that Mrs. Potter was fit to be carpet-weaver to the queen.

A pair of Britannia candlesticks had been rubbed till they shone like silver, and placed on the newly waxed table. The few cups and saucers which remained of an old set of china were arranged on the shelves of the beaufet; and, though it must be confessed that the room had rather a bare look, still it was a palace in comparison with what it had been. One feat remained, and this was to make a cushion for the father's arm-chair out of a piece of the scarlet merino which had been saved for that purpose. A little bag of hen's feathers, which Lucy found in the garret, served for stuffing; and at night the cushion was finished. And what a pretty comfortable air it gave to the room, that bright, red cushion! It seemed to furnish it almost as much as the carpet itself.

"O!" thought Lucy, as she sat down at night exhausted with her day's labor, "if I only had a new set of china for mother's beaufet; and if the children only had some nice clean clothes, and if there was only a barrel of flour in the store-room; and if I was only able to hire a man to dig the garden, so that Willie and I could plant it, how happy I should be! After all, what if father should not like to stay at home, but should go off to all the horse-races, and fairs, and merry-makings, we should be as badly off as ever."

Lucy had naturally a buoyant and hopeful disposition, but the habit of fear and sorrow had lately been gaining upon her; and now that the excitement of the work was over, she sank into painful forebodings. All the children were in bed but Willie, and she sent him to the post-office. He came back with two letters. One was from her mother. She broke it open and read as follows:

"*Mapleton, May* 16, 18—,

"MY DEAR CHILD—You must not expect to see us to-morrow. We enjoyed the first three days of our visit very much; your uncle and aunt were so kind to us and the children. Your father worked a part of every day in finishing off a new wing which has been added to the house. But, on the fourth day, he fell from a ladder and sprained his ancle, so that he cannot stand, and the doctor says he must not move for at least four days to come. I am so sorry for this. Your uncle was to pay him for his work, and he would have earned at least a dollar and a half a day. Now, what he has got must go to the doctor; but what is worse is, that he is so dispirited, and sees everything in such a bad light. Your uncle's children go to school, and they are all so well dressed, and the house is so nicely furnished, and so neat and pretty outside, and they set such a good, wholesome, plentiful table, it all seems to make him feel badly; not angry or envious, but down-hearted and discouraged. I try to raise his spirits by telling him what we can do if we only set about it in good earnest, and he brightens up while I am talking to him; but then he says it will take him so long to get out of debt, and that you must all go ragged and hungry in the mean-time, he cannot bear the thought of it. I am sadly afraid how it will be; but keep up your spirits, my dear child. Your father loves you. I can see his eyes glisten whenever your name is mentioned.

"Your uncle reads the Bible, makes a prayer morning and night, and your father listens in a way I never saw him do before. Last evening, when your uncle prayed for the little family left at home, your father sobbed out; he could not help it.

"Johnny is almost well. Your aunt keeps a pitcher of cherry-bark tea on the table, and every morning she beats up an egg with wine and sugar and makes him swallow it before breakfast. She thinks it is this which is curing him; but I think it is the good bread, and beef, and chickens, which he eats. I wish I could send you some of these good things; but I shall bring you something when I come; and, in the meantime, my poor little ones must be content to live upon their pudding and potatoes. Good bye, dear child; I cannot help hoping this may be a fortunate visit, after all. God grant it may be so.

"Your affectionate mother,
E. Dale."

Lucy had felt sad before reading this letter. Now she laid her head upon her arms and sobbed for a long time. The hope which had kept up her spirits, which had given her almost supernatural strength, died away within her. "Every thing, she murmured to herself, "was pleasant when father and mother came to live here, and yet he grew idle and poor. Why should I think it will ever be different? O! I am afraid it never will."

"Sister," said Willie, "do n't you think that you and I could do a great deal for mother? See what we have already done in these few days. Do n't be discouraged; I can 't bear to see you cry. We can earn money."

"That is true, Willie; but, O! Willie, I do love father so; and I do so long to see him good, and respectable, and happy. O! if I could see him as I remember him when I was a little girl. There is One, Willie, that can do it." And Lucy and Willie knelt by the same chair, and raised their young hearts to Heaven with the some earnest prayer.

"But, Lucy, are you going to bed without reading your other letter? I do believe it is from Uncle Luther."

The other letter had been quite forgotten. It was from Uncle Luther; and here it is:

"*Patterson, May* 14, 18—.

"My Dear Niece—Your letter came to hand yesterday, and I see, by it, that you have got to be a beautiful writer. I do n't mean to flatter you; but I rather guess you understand spelling and grammar, too. I am glad of it; a good education is a fine thing for a girl. My girls are getting on nicely with their schooling.

"As for the lambs, I'll tell you all about it. Those two lambs were real Saxony, of the finest kind. Your aunt took a great liking to you, and she and I agreed, from the first, that, as you saved their lives, and as keep did n't cost much, that you should have the whole benefit of 'em, let it come to what it would; and, if you did n't ask for it before, you was to have it when you got married. But you want it now, it seems—so you shall have it now. Well, your two lambs have had two lambs a piece, so that altogether there are six of 'em; and the least they are worth is eight dollars a piece. I have been offered eight dollars a piece for the lot all round. But I want 'em myself, for there are few such sheep in this part of the country; and I'll give you forty-eight dollars for 'em. Well, that settles for the sheep; but we've had the wool. Well, last year aunt had a mind, seeing the wool was so fine, to try for a prize at the Great Fair; and she and the girls made a piece of cloth, a little bit nicer, I can tell you, than any thing else in the exhibition. It swept the dozen silver spoons right into their pockets. Now, they all agree that half the cloth and half the spoons ought to be yours; and I think so too, and I shall send them by the stage-driver to-morrow; and I know you won't be a bit sorry to give your father a new coat, as good and as handsome as fine English broadcloth. I hope he'll wear it over when he brings you to make us a visit next peach-time, for that's the time we all want you to come and see us. I must think times are going pretty well with you, since you are making new carpets and that sort of things; and I am mighty glad of it.

"All the family send love.

Your Uncle Luther."

If Lucy had wept for sorrow a few minutes before, now she wept for joy. The money seemed like a present from Heaven. She determined to keep thirty dollars to give her father for the payment of a debt which she had heard him say discouraged him more than any thing else; and she could pay Mrs. Potter and still have fifteen dollars to spend. Now she was rejoiced that her father and mother would remain away several days longer. She lay awake, calculating and contriving plans, for half the night, and the next morning she was up bright and early. When she had finished her breakfast of hasty-pudding and milk, she went over to Mr. Fanning's store. The pretty, long-wished for set of china was still there. Lucy bought it. She bought a large smoked ham, and some fish; some tea, coffee, butter and sugar. She bought twenty yards of cheap, white muslin, and a number of yards of calico and brown linen; and she fitted herself and her little sister and brothers with new shoes.

"Why, Lucy," said Mr. Fanning, "I have not had such a customer for a long time; and you pay ready cash, too. I shall take off twenty-five per cent. for you."

"O! then," said Lucy, joyfully, "I can buy eleven yards of that pretty muslin de laine, that mother liked so much, and that she wished she could have."

The muslin de laine was cut off, and Mr. Fanning's nephew, Harry, who was his clerk, took the bundles all home. When he was gone, Lucy saw a pair of small china vases on the mantle-shelf. She never knew exactly where they came from; but they looked very pretty, and were just the thing for flowers.

Lucy saw Emily at work in her garden, and she went in and sat down with her under the cherry-tree, and told her all her good fortune. "Why, Lucy, it's just like a story-book!" said Emily, while sympathetic tears fairly dropped from her eyes. Lucy never forgot those kind tears.

"But, Lucy, I am determined to have a hand in it all. I shall come, this afternoon, and help you make your curtains, and frocks, and aprons, and blouses. O! I have thought of a good thing—we will have a *Bee!* I will ask Miss Patten, the school-mistress, and Patty Shepard, who is as quick as lightning with her needle, and Miss Betty Blake, who knows how to cut and fit every thing that was ever worn; and half a dozen other girls. And, Lucy, when we make a *Bee*, you know we always carry our own supper; so you need not be in any trouble on that account. Won't we have a nice time? I like Bees, they are so cheerful."

Miss Patten readily joined in Emily's plan; and Miss Blake began immediately after a twelve-o'clock dinner, and had as much as she could do to fit as fast as the others could sew, and their fingers flew. At dark they had finished a calico frock for each of the girls, and a linen blouse a piece for the boys. Lucy did not feel humiliated at receiving this assistance from her young companions. She saw that they did not look down upon her, but that they regarded her with interest and respect, and really wished her well.

Lucy hired a man to dig the garden, and she and Willie made beds and borders, and planted beans, peas, lettuce and radishes, besides a variety of annual flower seeds. Saturday morning came—the morning of the day on which she expected her father and mother. The white curtains were up at the windows, every fold arranged and looped up nearly at the sides. The bouquets of lilacs and daffodils stood in the china vases on the clean, white mantel-shelf. The mother's rocking-chair, covered with gay calico, stood by the side of the father's arm-chair. The old chairs had been painted and varnished, and arranged around the room. The carpet was new and clean and bright; the kitchen and chambers in perfect order.

"The change is wonderful!" said Emily; "and for a young girl and boy like you and your brother to do it all, it seems like enchantment."

We have not done so very much," said Lucy. "If people would exert themselves and help one another, as you and other kind friends have helped me, they could do much more than they think for. To be sure, it is not every one that can expect money to drop to them from the clouds, as it really seemed that the *lamb-money* did to me. Perhaps you think me wrong, Emily, in thinking so much of what *looks* nice and pretty, but my father is a man of taste, Emily; he enjoys every comfort, and feels the want of it extremely. It is not from vanity, that I have been so anxious to make every thing look well in doors and out: if father could only be proud of his home, and feel that it was a pleasant place; if he could feel respectable in it, and be free from debt, I do believe there would be a happier life in store for my mother and all of us."

Lucy had taken time so by the forelock, that she had nothing left to do for a couple of hours before her father and mother were to come. The children were all in their new frocks and blouses and shoes, with hands and faces as clean as soap and water could make them. The coffee-pot was boiling before the fire, the soaked shad spread upon the grid-iron, ready to be placed on the coals. The table was spread with a clean cloth and the brightest of knives and forks, the pretty new china, and the half-dozen shining silver spoons. There was a loaf of bread, and a pitcher of milk, and a roll of butter, and a plate of nice cake (the remains of the Bee); and there was slowly baking before the fire a johnny-cake, which sent its perfume over the whole house.

"O! how I wish the old clock would go," exclaimed Lucy; "I do so long to know exactly what time it is."

"And I think I can make it go," said Willie. "Eben found the lost weight, yesterday, in a heap of rubbish." And, sure enough, when the weight was hung upon the hook, and the pendulum set in motion, it went as well as a clock need to go. The children all clapped their hands, and Eben ran over to Mr. Fanning's to get the exact time.

"But hark! the stage! No—, yes—it is!"

It drives up to the door, and the children are there to take the baby, and help out little Johnny; but Johnny needs no help—he is well and able to help himself.

And now for the surprise. Dale looked at the house, the vine, the nice white fence, the lilacs, the gravel walks, the flower borders, the clean, smooth grass ——— "Come in, father; let me help you in," said Willie. But, without giving Willie the least attention, he limped forward to the garden wall and took a long look at the garden.

"Father, mother, do come in!" cried the impatient Willie.

They came in. "Walk into the parlor, and take your arm-chair, father. Mother, here is your rocking-chair; and, Johnny, here is yours. Sit down and rest yourselves."

At first, the mother looked round in utter astonishment. Then she laughed and wept by turns, as the little ones gave her the particulars of every thing which had been done while they were away. Lucy, in the meanwhile, slipped into the kitchen; and, after a few minutes, she asked her father and mother in to supper. And such a kitchen, and such a supper! There was a perfect jubilee among them all, except Dale himself. He suffered himself to be led and helped, and he looked and listened; but he spoke not a word. Lucy, now and then, stole an anxious look at him. There was an expression on his countenance such as she had never seen there before, but she drew hope from it. And what was he thinking of all this time? The folly of his past course—his future life. He saw what had been done by children—his own neglected children. He saw what comfort and happiness he, with his strong arm, backed by a strong resolution, could bring around him. And he took this resolution. He made a solemn compact between himself and his Maker, that from henceforth he would do his duty as a man, a husband, and a father.

The mother and the children were not soon tired of talking: but, as bed-time approached, they settled down in quiet. Now, for the first time, the father opened his lips. It was to read a chapter in the Bible. And then he prayed. He prayed for himself, his wife, his children. He thanked God for his first-born—"the dear child who had been sent to them as a light and a blessing."

The Sabbath passed: and Lucy had the gratification of witnessing the admiring looks, and hearing the wondering remarks of the villagers and country people as they passed on their way to church. She had reserved the secret of the thirty dollars and the broadcloth till Monday morning; then she brought them and presented them to her father. When he had listened to the whole story of the lambs, which he had only partly heard of before, he said, "I will take the coat, Lucy, and I shall wear it with pleasure; but I will not touch your money. I have seen *what small hands can do*—you shall see what *large ones* can do. They can pay my debts, and they can support my wife and children, and they *shall do it.* With this thirty dollars you can buy school-books, and go a year to Mrs. Lanman's school; and that is what I wish you to do with it."

Lucy did as her father wished. A year, two years, three years, passed. It was on Lucy's seventeenth birth-day, in the early part of May, that Mrs. Dale invited her neighbors in to tea. They were a respectable looking company of ladies, but none looked more respectable, healthy and happy, than Mrs. Dale herself. Nowhere was there a neater house, a more comfortable table, or brighter, cleaner children. After tea, they went out into the court-yard, and from thence to the garden. They admired the flowers, and wondered at the forwardness of the beans and peas, and the large heads of asparagus sprouting from the new bed. But when they saw the strawberry patch in full blossom, the long rows of raspberry-bushes, tied up at intervals to separate stakes, and the old cherry and pear trees, which had been trimmed of their dead branches and were now white with flowers, they were eager to know how such a change had been wrought. "You must ask Mr. Dale and Willie. They are in the garden every morning before breakfast; and Willie says we shall have fruit for every day in the year, which will be very healthy and very pleasant, too, you know, Mrs. Fanning."

About this time there was a district school meeting; and, after some discussion, it was settled that Lucy Dale should be asked to take charge of the village school. In the rural districts of New England this is quite a distinction, none but very respectable and superior young women being placed in this dignified and responsible station. The subject was discussed by the Dales next morning at breakfast.

"I am proud that our Lucy has had the offer," said Mrs. Dale; "but, husband, how can we spare her time from the family?"

"Well, enough," said her father. "Old Mr. Sparks owes me for a job of joinering; and he wants one of his girls should come and work for you this summer for pay. And I can afford it, too, wife, for business is brisk, and you know when Willie and I set about a thing we are not slow; are we, Willie?"

So Lucy, in her clean pink calico dress, with her silver watch at her side, and with groups of merry children running before her to hang up green boughs and arrange bouquets of flowers, went every morning to the cheerful school room; and the visiting committee pronounced her the best teacher they ever had. In the morning she helped her father in the garden, or her mother about the house; but there was no more cheerful parlor in the village than Mr. Dale's of an evening. He himself sang a beautiful tune; and his *Black Eyed Susan*, and *Auld Robin Gray*, often drew tears from those who heard him. Mrs. Dale had a good voice for a second, and Lucy a sweet treble, and they sang a great many beautiful trios together. On Saturday and Sunday evenings these were changed for psalms and hymns; and a beautiful thing it was, on a quiet summer evening, to hear such a sweet harmony stealing on the air.

One evening, in the autumn of the year, Willie had been gazing very thoughtfully into the fire, when he suddenly looked up at his mother and said, "Mother, I do n't wonder that our Lucy and Emily Fanning should be such good friends, for every body says they are the two nicest girls in the village of Elmington; but I do wonder what makes Harry Fanning come here so much. Now that he has gone into company with his uncle, and they are doing such a large business, I should think his time would be wanted in the store." Mrs. Dale smiled, and Lucy blushed, and Willie opened his eyes very wide, as if some new thought had just entered his mind.—*Mother's Assistant.*

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"Landlord, give me a glass of brandy. I've just told the truth, and want to get the taste out of my mouth." Thus exclaimed a pettifogger, as he rushed from the bar of justice to that of tods. Queer how strange food disagrees with people, is 'nt it?

AN EAVESDROPPER IN A "TIGHT PLACE."

DICK CORNCKACKER was a restless, mischievous boy, whose prying curiosity led him into a hundred scrapes every year; but the hardest one of all was that in which his ears were nearly scraped off his head in the following manner:

Dick had a sister who had a beau, and Dick was very anxious to pry into the mysteries of "courting." So one evening, after the twilight had faded away from the landscape, and the best parlor illuminated faintly—for lovers, in anticipation of the chapel scene, prefer a dim, religious light for their tete a tetes—as some of the family were absent, Master Dick resolved to execute a plan which he conceived several days previously, and make himself master of the *modus operandi* of the preliminaries to marriage.

In the parlor there happened to be an earthen funnel—placed there to admit the passage of a stove pipe from below, which was connected with a "dumb stove" in the chamber above. It being summer, the stoves were removed, and our young hero found that he could introduce his head through the aperture and listen to the conversation between the loving couple. He listened, accordingly, very attentively, for some minutes, unobserved by the occupants of the parlor, who were too much attracted by each other, to observe the inverted face above them.

At length Dick, becoming tired of his constrained position, and of the conversation, which latter he avers to this day, was extremely "sickish," attempted to withdraw his head from the trap into which he had placed it.

To his dismay, however, he found himself fastened as securely as an ox in a stall. He could not pull his head out without stripping it of its ears and scalp, so he hung fast till his emotion, and struggles withal, brought the blood into his head, and he grew quite black in the face. At this critical juncture his nose was titilated with some particles of dust, and he sneezed. This awakened the lovers from their intoxication, and they soon discovered the prying rogue, who, finding himself betrayed, began to kick and roar lustily for help.

All hands were called on deck, and it was found impossible to extricate the unfortunate youth, without first prying out the earthen funnel and shivering it to fragments with a hammer. Dick was thenceforward cured of eaves-dropping, and is at this day a very "good boy."—*Yankee Blade.*

YOUR MOTHER.

TO DAUGHTERS.—Never lay up for yourself the memory of unkindness to your mother. If she is afflicted, how can you possibly get tired of waiting upon her? How can you trust any one else to take your place about her? No one could have filled her place to your peevish infancy and troublesome childhood. When she is in her usual health, remember she is not so young and active as she once was. Wait upon her. If she wants anything, bring it to her—not because she could not get it herself, but to show that you are thinking about her, and love to wait upon her. No matter how active and healthy she may be, or how much she loves to work, she will love to have you do any little thing that will show you are thinking of her. One thing more; never call either of your parents "old man" or "old woman." This is rude and undutiful. There should be something sacred, something peculiar, in the word that designates parents. The tone of voice in which they are addressed should be affectionate and respectful. A short, surly answer from a child to a parent falls very harshly on the ear of any person who has any idea of filial duty. Be sure, girls, that you each win for yourselves the name of a dutiful daughter. It is much easier to be a good daughter than a good wife or mother; but she who fails in this first most simple relation, need never hope to fill another well. Make her your confidant; the secret you dare not tell her is a dangerous secret, and one that will be likely to bring you regret—and you should love her so well that it would not be felt a punishment to give up the happiest party to remain with her. But unloved and unloving you will live and die, if you do not love and honor your father and mother.

MADELAID, OR THE SHELL-GATHERERS.

BY A GREEN MOUNTAIN GIRL.

In a wretched, miserable looking cabin, by the sea-side, lived the heroine of my story, the eldest of five fair-haired, beautiful children. Their chief occupation consisted in gathering shells for a miserable father to dispose of to procure the daily sustenance of his family, if there remained any thing after satisfying his own beastly appetite. Situated upon an easterly eminence, overlooking the sea, stood the home of Madelaid; and it was as if nature, in extravagant profusion, laid out this sunny spot for choice spirits to dwell in, instead of the fierce and sottish father of Madelaid, whose former life was an untold riddle to his children; for never, during the life of their devoted and idolized mother, did a word, or even a hint, escape his lips of their previous history. Rocks, worn smooth by the action of the waves and sand, skirted the beach in front of the cabin; while many a vine and shrub was cultivated in tasteful beauty around it, and the "dark blue sea" spread its boundless waters, unbroken, save by a small island about half a mile distant. A small boat was carefully fastened to a wide-spreading tree, which shaded the grass-plat, and under whose branches Madelaid spent most of her leisure time with her brother, when they were not engaged in looking for shells around the rocks, or wild fowls' eggs on the island. The path to the cabin, worn smooth by little bare feet, was carefully swept, and the waste shells were arranged upon the rocks with the same order and regularity by the little ones, that Madelaid displayed in setting up the household crockery. It was a beautiful sight to see that sister, with her little brothers gathered about her, as the shades of evening spread over sea and land. After giving them their frugal meal, she told them of a better home; a home not made with hands; and from God's holy book she taught them to love that great and good Being who gave them life and health; she told them to love each other, to be kind to all, and to trust God under all circumstances: thus did this noble girl make the time pass pleasantly, and concealed from them the sorrow of her own heart.

A year previous she closed the eyes of her dying mother at midnight, and alone, save by the presence of Him who said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," soothed the cry of terror and of sorrow from the older boys, hushed the youngest, the darling Fred, into a quiet sleep, and carefully wrapping him in a tattered shawl, gently laid him to rest.

Three days before the death of Mrs. La Chace, the children found some very beautiful shells. These were sent to a town about ten miles distant, to procure necessaries for the sick and feeble mother. The husband and father had been entreated to hasten his return, and he promised to be speedy. But three days are gone, and he came not.

O, the agony of those three days. Oft did Madelaid strain her swollen eyes to get sight of her father; often did the little boys go out a little way to meet him.

"Is he not coming yet?" asked a low, sweet voice.

"No, not yet, mamma," was the quick reply; "but he will pretty soon, I guess."

But Mrs. La Chace felt she should see no more the husband of her youth. She knew the last dread hour was approaching; she knew the king of terrors would visit the household and take her away from her desolate children; but she could in calm assurance say, "Thy will be done." She knew the angel of the covenant would walk with her through "the valley of the shadow of death."

The dying woman called her children around her humble bed, and in earnest prayer gave them to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not." She commended them to the care of Madelaid, told them to love and obey her, to be kind to their father, and to remember her last words, "that God would take care of them," to trust his holy word. And, again, after a prayer of joyful assurance, she gave her Bible, a precious keepsake from her mother, to Madelaid, and casting a look of farewell upon the weeping children, she ceased to breathe.

A wild cry of terror burst from the orphan children; for they had never before seen death in any form. Now their own dear mother was dead it was the more dreadful to them; for no kind friend was there—no neighbor; it was not in the bright and sunny day, but alone, and at midnight. They had seen the pale face of their mother day after day, but they thought her not so near death, and young as they were, they did not consider the importance of going for assistance from the neighbors till it was too late, and they were alone, as we have seen. Madelaid and Henry smoothed her brown hair over her marble forehead, and imprinting a kiss of affection upon her icy lips, waited patiently for day-light, cheering each other with wonderful fortitude, and comforting themselves that this was the same dear form that so lately blessed them, and that she was not dead to them, for her spirit lived, and was at home in heaven; for this their mother had often told them. She had faithfully impressed upon their minds the glory of the Christian's hope, and had endeavored to prepare them for the event of her own dissolution. The hours wore slowly away. At last the gray twilight gave way to the rosy tints of the rising sun. All nature was alive with joy; trees nodded in the breeze, the birds were singing their song of praise and thanksgiving, the sea, like an unbroken mirror, reflected the fleecy clouds upon its bosom; the wild fowls were wheeling in glad circles around the island, and even the pet lamb frolicked on the grass plat before the door of the cabin.

Madelaid now sent Henry to the house of fisherman Jones, requesting his wife to come to her, while Jones himself was to go to the town for a minister and a coffin, and to find the absent husband. The wife of the fisherman quickly obeyed the mournful summons; her honest heart was well nigh broken when she first entered the cabin.

"O, dear, dear, poor children," said she, "all alone! goodness, if I had aknown, I guess Jones and I should have come up here; I guess we should. O, dear, poor children. Go, Sam, to Mrs. Lewis and tell her."

Little Sam, all wonder and amazement, ran for Mrs. Lewis, two miles distant, and told the sorrowful tale. That kind woman, after giving him a good breakfast of bread and milk, put a few articles of comfort for the family into a basket, and started for the cabin of La Chace. Madelaid felt their kindness, and after the first burst of excitement had subsided, they put the room in as good order as possible, and waited the return of Jones and La Chace. It was sad to see the little boys go about so still and mournful.

Sam and Charles unfastened the boat to go to the island for eggs, but they no longer sung aloud and merry as they were wont to do; they dipped the oars so lightly as scarce to cause a ripple to rise on the surface of the deep; they did not call out to each other, in childish glee, "I have found the most eggs," but one held down his little cap to the other, and a look told there were enough. Then, silently and sadly, they moved back to the cabin. Hour after hour went by, and the kind neighbors did all they could to comfort the children.

At length Jones was seen approaching with the aged pastor and the plain coffin; but no father. The meeting was very kind and affecting. Mrs. La Chace's form was robed for the grave, and she looked as if she was taking a sweet sleep, so calm and beautiful did her countenance appear. Little Fred brought a wild rose-bud and put it in her hand; for, said he, "Mamma loved roses when she wasn't dead." The other boys brought the choicest flowers they could get from the hedge, to strew over the coffin. They had her grave made in a sunny nook, called the bower, because it was a favorite place of their mother. She used to sit upon the soft moss that grew there, and amused the children with books or stories; now, of all places, this was dearest, and here should she be buried.

No tidings of La Chace. He was last

seen by some one, with a few boon companions, in a state of sottish indifference to all things else, save his own unsatisfied desire for intoxicating drinks. He had found means to gratify this by disposing of the shells sent to procure comforts for the dying wife.

The good pastor and kind neighbors spent the night with the hope that La Chace would return; but they were disappointed, and it was thought best to commit the remains of Mrs. La Chace to its last resting-place, the silent tomb.

The discourse was from these words: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;" John ii, 25. And though few, and humble and poor, were the followers of Mrs. La Chace, they were rich in sympathy, and the sincere tear of mourning came from the hearts of the sorrowful group. After committing the orphan children to the care of Him who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and praying for the absent husband and father, they slowly and sadly moved to the burial-place, and there, amid many tears, did they leave all that was mortal of Mrs. La Chace.

Mrs. Jones offered to remain a day or two at the cabin, and Madelaid thankfully accepted the offer; for her company helped to dispel the gloom and loneliness of their situation. Madelaid felt she must nerve herself for coming duties. Often did she say to herself, "Why don't father come?"

The day after the burial, as they sat talking of their dear, departed mother, some one exclaimed, "Father is coming." Madelaid felt her heart beat wildly, and a faintness came over her; for she saw at a glance how it was with him; but little Fred, with childish eagerness, bounded over the grass plat, caught hold of his coat, and said, "Papa, poor mamma is dead, and they have buried her up in the bower. What made you stay so long?"

"No matter, boy," was the gruff reply, "your mother was always sick."

"I know she was," answered Fred, slowly and mournfully, and he ran back into the cabin.

La Chace entered, the children were sobbing in agony around Madelaid. This seemed to irritate La Chace. He looked suddenly about the room, nodded to Mrs. Jones, then threw himself upon the bed, and soon fell asleep. Madelaid prepared supper for her father; the finest potatoes were dug, the boys went for fresh eggs, and the fragrant tea filled the room with its delicious odor. The table was spread with a snowy, though coarse, cloth, and when all was ready, she awoke her father, and told him that she and the children were going to gather shells on the rocks.

Henry and Charles went into the water, and grouped around the ledges for large shells, while Madelaid and Fred amused themselves by walking along the shore to find them.

"O, sister," said Henry, calling aloud to Madelaid, "do look; I have found one of those rare shells, like the one found a great while ago, that mother said was so valuable for ornament. This is the very shape and pattern of that one."

"Yes, it is," said Madelaid; I never saw but that one, and I remember the person who purchased it said he would give a great deal for the mate to it."

"What a beauty," exclaimed the children, as they handed it from one to the other.

It was, indeed, a beautiful shell, of singular form, delicately shaded, from a pearl-white to a dark red.

"Let me see if I can hear the sea roar," said little Fred, putting it to his ear. "O, yes, just as plain."

Henry took it, and, with a pocket knife, managed to cut his name in small letters on the edge, Henry La Chace, 1820. "There," said he, laughingly, "this is my property."

Madelaid reminded the boys, as it was getting late, to return home. La Chace was conversing with Mrs. Jones when they entered, but soon became silent and left the house.

After going through with the accustomed duties of a good house-keeper, giving the children their evening meal, and washing and preparing the little ones for bed, Madelaid seated herself by the plain pine table, while little Fred, on his low stool, with his golden curls thrown back, was quietly resting his head on her lap. She read to them from her mother's Bible some of those beautiful and impressible psalms, containing words of comfort and promise to the afflicted; then, long and fervently did she commit herself and them to their Creator and Redeemer, in prayer. Earnestly did she pray for patience—for wisdom to guide and direct her in the performance of her daily duties. She prayed God to awaken in her father some higher, better feelings, to give him strength to abandon the intoxicating cup. She asked his blessing to rest upon her little brothers, and to save them from temptation. In the fullness of her heart she thanked God for taking her dear mother from her suffering state of bodily affliction, and clothing her in the bright and imperishable garments of the saints on high, and making her an inhabitant of that world where sickness and sorrow are unknown. A hearty amen from Henry closed the devotional exercise of the evening; for he felt for her to die was gain.

La Chace soon after came in, and they all retired to rest. Madelaid, in dreams, saw her mother from the spirit-land—she smiled on her a joyous smile that cheered the heart of the innocent sleeper.

Days and months passed away, and all things remained much as usual. La Chace sometimes stopped at home, sometimes was away for days together. No one questioned him, or tried to pry into his affairs. The gain from selling shells, eggs and fish, with now and then a gift from the kind neighbors, enabled the family to live comfortably and contentedly.

Often a ship would anchor, and a boat containing the captain and others call to purchase shells of the children, either for ornament, or keepsakes for dear ones at home. Henry carefully kept his rare shell from the sight of visitors, for he wished to surprise Madelaid by giving it to her for a birth-day present.

One day the captain of a vessel came to make a selection: he bought liberally, as he had often done before, and his kindness to Henry won his affections, and he wished to manifest his feelings toward him. So he thought, "I will give my shell to Captain Inslee; Madelaid won't care. I can find another some time." He took it down to the boat, and gave it to him. Captain Inslee seemed delighted; he thanked Henry, and tried to make him take a piece of money in return.

"O, no!" said Henry, "then it would be no gift in that case."

Captain Inslee said no more, and was quickly away. I have a beautiful gift for my sister, thought he, as he was examining it, and she will value it the more for being so exceedingly rare.

The winds and waves were favorable, and Captain Inslee completed his eleventh voyage prosperously. He landed at the city of B., and, in a few days, the beautiful gift of Henry, with other foreign curiosities, graced the reception room of the fashionable and aristocratic Caroline Inslee. Visitors flocked to welcome Captain I. at the mansion of his sister.

A select company were one day looking at the collections of curious and new specimens, of both art and nature, which Captain Inslee had collected during his last voyage; that shell of Henry's came to the hand of Dr. W., who, in tracing the different shades of colors, his eye caught the name of La Chace, as he turned it in the light to bring out and heighten the delicate hues. His face crimsoned at the fatal name, which was succeeded by so deathly a paleness, as to arrest the attention of the company, who eagerly inquired if he were ill. Dr. W., as soon as he could compose himself, begged to be attended to his carriage. He summoned his wife and daughters immediately on his arrival at home, and told them of the detested name. They sent for Captain Inslee, and eagerly urged him to recollect, if he could, where he obtained the shell.

He told them it was a gift from a lad thousands of miles away.

They listened in breathless attention while he related to them the history of the cabin by the sea-side, the cheerfulness of Madelaid, the industry and integrity of Henry and his brothers, the secluded life they led, and their apparent poverty. He was interrupted by Mrs. W.'s exclaiming, "It is my daughter Alice, it must be"—and a passionate flood of tears relieved her over excited feelings.

Dr. W. was almost impatient at the necessary preparations Captain Inslee was obliged to make before he completed all arrangements for his twelfth and last voyage. At length, all was in readiness to set sail, and Captain Inslee took an affectionate farewell of his numerous friends. Many and fervent were the prayers that went up for his prosperous and safe return.

Dr. W. told Captain I. to leave no means untried to prove the identity of Alice, and committed a sealed packet to be delivered to her, if he should feel satisfied it was indeed his daughter.

Alice W. was the favorite and highly accomplished daughter of Dr. W. In the assembly of the gifted and virtuous, Alice W. shone the star, possessing the love and friendship of the wise and intellectual, the amiable and pious; she turned with loathing from flattery and praise, she valued people for what they were, not for what they thought themselves to be.

Arthur L. was the companion of Alice, all that was manly and noble found an echo in his heart. Dr. W. respected his daughter's friend; but intimacy was forbidden, for Arthur L. was poor. Alice made this no objection, and Arthur L. became a favorite suitor. Dr. W. had in his office a young man of prepossessing appearance; he won the esteem of Dr. W. and family; all save Alice. She saw him in his true light and character. Revengeful and cunning, he left untried no means by which he could attain any object he desired; he could smile and praise, while an undercurrent of hatred and malice was concealed beneath the fair exterior. He proposed to marry Alice, and, to her great surprise, the union was consented to by Dr. W. She reasoned, entreated, and declared her abhorrence of the man, and of his principles; but it was treated only as a childish whim. This man was La Chace. He had, by his artful, fair, and wicked management, got the complete control of the will of Dr. W., and used this power for his own selfish purposes.

Arthur L. died of cholera, taken by exposing himself in the duties of his profession. Alice at last consented to marry La Chace; and suffered herself to be led a victim to the altar. The congratulations of friends fell upon her ear unheeded; for she was alike insensible to praise or blame. La Chace conquered; he began a course of dissipation before unattainable, and it was not long before the splendid property of Mrs. La Chace was squandered in sinful extravagance and criminal indulgences. When all was gone, to keep up appearances and deceive his wife, who had removed from her native city, far from family and friends, and far from her childhood's home, he hesitated not to engage in counterfeiting and forgery. Suspicion was already awake in the minds of many, and it seemed La Chace had barely time to escape with his family to some distant country. He forbid Mrs. La Chace writing to inform her friends of their sudden removal, and ever after kept so strict watch of her movements, that she had no opportunity of letting her friends know of her situation. By the help of some of his companions in guilt, he was enabled to get the cabin on the sea-side, and all traces of his family were destroyed; and thus, by the secluded life he led, was kept from receiving the punishment due his crimes.

Mrs. La Chace exerted herself for the sake of her children; and having a superior education, instructed them as far as she was able, both by precept and example, wisely concealing from them, till they were older, her own sad history. But, alas! death gives no time to the plans of mortals: she lingered and died as we have seen.

Captain Inslee at last set foot on the shore near the cabin of La Chace—all seemed confusion and sorrow; and, on inquiring into the cause, found La Chase had been to the island, the boat upset, and he was supposed to be drowned. His body had not been found. Henry was overjoyed to meet Captain Inslee again. He proceeded to inquire carefully the history of the family, and was convinced, that Mrs. La Chace was the daughter of Dr. W. The packet was now opened; it contained a miniature of Dr. W. and wife; a letter of tender inquiry followed, and a large sum of money for present uses. Madelaid could discover a resemblance between her own dear mother and the picture of her grandmother. When all was explained, Madelaid and Henry could not realize how a simple shell could be the cause of so much joy to them.

Madelaid wished to send some token to the family of Dr. W.; she had nothing of her mother's but the Bible; she felt it to be like parting with a well-tried and faithful friend; after pressing it to her lips, she inclosed it in a coarse wrapper and gave it to Captain Inslee.

On his return, it was immediately recognized by Mrs. W., as the one she gave Alice in happier days. Many tears were shed over the melancholy fate of their daughter, and preparation was immediately made to restore the family to society and usefulness. The greatest regret was felt by the children to leave the grave of their mother. They inclosed it by a fence of their own making, planted the choicest flowers and shrubs, and left it with many tears. The children took leave of those kind friends, Mrs. Jones and Lewis, and left to them all the goods in the cabin as a small token of their love and esteem. The pet lamb and boat, fisherman Jones was obliged to accept from Henry. They bade farewell to their island home, and, in after years, when surrounded by family and friends, husband and children, does Madelaid relate the story of the little "SHELL GATHERERS."—*Southern Era.*

AN INCIDENT WORTH REMEMBERING.

A FEW years ago, while passing over the Pennsylvania state improvements, the writer was a witness to one of those scenes of genuine kind-heartedness which makes the heart thrill with an unutterable blessing, and fills the mind with the involuntary consciousness that there is "something of the angel still" in our common nature.

At a point this side of the mountains, where occurred the transhipment of passengers from the West, was moored a canal boat waiting the arrival of the train before starting on its way through to the East. The captain of the boat, a tall, rough, sunembrowned man, stood by his craft superintending the labors of his men, when the cars rolled up, and, a few minutes after, a party of about half a dozen gentlemen came out, and, deliberately walking up to the captain, addressed him something after this wise:

"Sir, we wish to go on East—but our further progress to-day will depend upon you. In the car we have just left a sick man, whose presence is disagreeable. We have been appointed a committee by the passengers, to ask that you will deny this man a passage in your boat. If *he* goes *we* remain: what say you?"

"Gentlemen," replied the captain, "I have heard the passengers through their committee. Has the sick man a representative here?"

To this unexpected interrogatory there was no answer, when, without a moment's pause, the captain crossed over to the car, and, entering, beheld, in one corner, a poor, emaciated, worn out creature, whose life was nearly eaten up by that canker-worm, consumption. The man's head was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping. The captain advanced and spoke kindly to him.

"O, sir! said the shivering invalid, looking up in his face, now lit with trembling expectation, "are you the captain—and will you take me? God help me! The passengers look upon me as a breathing pestilence and are so unkind. You see, sir, I am dying—but, O! if I am spared to reach my mother, I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington, sir; and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor printer, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die."

"YOU SHALL GO!" replied the captain, "if I lose every passenger for the trip!"

By this time the whole crowd of passengers were about the boat, with their baggage piled up on the path, and they themselves awaiting the decision of the captain before engaging their passage. A moment more and that decision was made, as they beheld him coming from the cars with the sick man cradled in his stout arms. Pushing directly through the throng with his dying burden, he ordered a mattress to be spread, in the choicest part of the boat, where he laid the invalid down with the care of a parent. This done, the captain directed the boat to be prepared for starting.

But a new feeling seemed to take possession of the astonished passengers—that of shame and contrition at their inhumanity. With one common impulse they walked on board the boat, and, in a few hours after, *another committee* was sent to the captain, entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin. He went; and from their midst arose an aged, white haired man, who, with tear drops starting in his eyes, told that rough, sun-embrowned man, that he had taught them all a lesson—that they felt humbled before him, and that they asked his forgiveness. It was a touching scene. The fountain of sympathy was broken up in the heart of nature, and its waters welled up, choking the utterance and filling the eyes of all present. On the instant a purse was made up for the sick man, with a generous contribution from the captain, and the poor invalid was started with a "God speed," on his way home, to die in the arms of his mother.

The true-hearted captain of that boat was Samuel D. Karns, and the above incident is worth remembering.—*Blair County Whig.*

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the last number of the Magazine, I gave short sketches of the most important towns on the Mississippi, from the mouth of the Ohio up to Muscatine.

Rock Island City, thirty miles above Muscatine, is at the junction of Rock River and the Mississippi. It is well laid out, on an extensive plan, and embraces in it *Stephensport,* the county seat of Rock Island county, Ill. It is surrounded by a beautiful and exceedingly fertile country, and is rapidly increasing in population. Its location is one of the best on the upper Mississippi, and the city will soon be one of the most important in the North-West. Timber, lime and coal, are abundant in the vicinity, and considerable quantities are exported. Rock River affords sufficient water power for all machinery that may be wanted, and may easily be rendered navigable.

Davenport, on the opposite of the river, a little above, is the county seat of Scott county, Iowa. It is situated on an elevated plain, and is a flourishing place. A college under the supervision of the Presbyterians is nearly completed. Between Davenport and Galena are a number of towns too small to make a description interesting.

Galena, one hundred miles above Davenport, is the county seat of Jo Daviess county, Ill. It is on Fever River, about nine miles from its mouth. This river is so narrow, that in some places a steamboat of ordinary size cannot turn round, deep enough at all seasons for navigation, and so crooked, that from Galena, to where it empties into the Mississippi, it runs toward almost every point of the compass. Galena is situated on the rocky bank of this river. The principle business street runs along the bank. Near to, and parallel with it, is another street elevated some fifty feet higher; further back is another, about one hundred feet higher. These streets are directly connected by substantial flights of plank stairs, and indirectly by good winding carriage roads. The town is well supplied with churches and schools. The Odd Fellows have two flourishing Lodges, a Masonic Lodge which for some time had suspended work, has lately been revived, and the Sons of Temperance have a flourishing Division.

According to appointment, I organized Galena Temple of Honor, No. 4, initiating some fifteen of the applicants, and conferring the three Degrees on four or five. There is every prospect that this will become a large Temple. Situated as it is in the extreme northwest of our Order, it is an important point, and no doubt will exert an influence in extending the Order in this rapidly growing section of country. Galena is the most important town in the Lead Mine region. The citizens generally are as moral and temperate as can be found in any town of its size in the North-West, but the mining business brings a large number of transient persons into the place. Many of these have earned their money easily by mining, or speculating in mines and lead, and many of them spend it in drinking and gambling quite as fast as they earned it. The influence of temperance organizations, if rightly directed, in a place like this, is highly beneficial.

The products of the lead mines in this region have brought a large amount of money to this city, and made it, perhaps, the richest in the Union in proportion to its size. The mining business, though not to be compared with gambling in point of morality, is quite as uncertain in its profits. Men who have labored for years with the shovel and pick-ax, and sometimes too poor to buy a substantial meal, have suddenly made themselves rich by striking a vein of lead. Fortunes are made, or, rather, after years of severe toil, are *secured* in a day. One man had been patiently digging some ten or twelve years, occasionally finding a few, or, perhaps, a hundred dollars' worth, just enough to keep hope alive. His wife had earned enough by her needle to keep him in provisions and powder. At length she became disheartened, and presenting him with a keg of powder bought with her earnings, told him, "it was the last she would buy for him." The last blast from that keg of powder opened a mine worth fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, and made him a rich man.

The usual mode of digging is to open a hole, four or five feet across, and work down till lead is found or the operator is discouraged. The land formerly belonged to the United States, and any one was at liberty to dig where he pleased, on condition that he paid the government a certain portion of the proceeds. The land is now all sold, and miners still have the same privileges by paying the owners a certain percentage on the proceeds. A miner will, sometimes, work three months without discovering the hidden treasure, and then leave in disgust. After a hole is once abandoned any other person has as much right to dig in it as its first occupant. Not many years ago, a miner and his son went out prospecting. The young man let his father down an excavation that had been dug some years before, but left without any discovery. The old man tried the sides of the hole with his "pick" and soon found a loose place. He soon made an opening into a very rich vein of lead, and his fortune was made.

There is generally an irregular opening, or hollow, in each vein of lead. The lead is in irregular shapes, and the vein varies in size and length. It is generally imbedded in rock. After digging out the lead, the opening varies in height from a few inches to six or eight feet. When small, the rock has to be dug out to make room to work.

Bro. W. R. Craig went with me to Johnson's diggings, about two miles from town. We descended a ladder in a perpendicular hole forty-feet deep. Here we came to where the lead had been dug out, leaving an opening from two to four feet in diameter, running horizontally one hundred and twenty-feet. The sides and top of this horizontal opening were, most of the way, still covered with the shining mineral. Occasionally was to be seen a side opening, called a "pocket," some containing a hundred tons of lead. The owner of this mine has been digging for twelve or fifteen years, without success, till about a year ago he struck this vein.

It sometimes happens, that a miner, after refusing a large sum for his diggings, suddenly comes to the end of the vein, and has to seek his fortune elsewhere. There is no certain way of knowing how long the lead will last. What is in sight is all a man is sure of.

The ore is of different degrees of purity, varying from ninety to ninety-eight per cent. In smelting, it undergoes two processes. In the first it yields, on an average, sixty-eight per cent., in the second thirty per cent., of pure lead. Three men have been known to dig out and raise fifty-six thousand pounds of mineral, worth twenty-one dollars per thousand pounds—making the sum of eleven hundred and seventy-six dollars for one day's work for three men.

"In September, 1823, according to reports to government, the only lessees engaged in

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smelting, at Fever river, were James Johnson, James Connor, B. Simms and E. Rutter. Previous to this time the mining had been conducted exclusively by squaws, and, considering the disadvantages under which they labored, they exhibited a good deal of perseverance. They did not sink shafts nor use gunpowder. They drifted into a side hill, and, when they came to a cap rock, they kindled a fire on it; when the rock was thoroughly heated, it was cracked by the sudden application of cold water. Their tools were the hoe, shovel, pick and crowbar, which they procured from the Indian traders to whom they sold their lead. They smelted their lead in small temporary furnaces constructed of loose stones and sand on the side of a bank of earth, and obtained a greater per cent. of lead than the whites obtained in their log furnaces at the first smelting. The reason was, the whites applied too much heat when the fire was first kindled.

"In the summer of 1824, Messrs. Smith, Meeker and Harris, arrived here in a keel boat from Cincinnati, having accomplished the journey in forty days. The place was then called "Frederick's Point," or rather, by the French, "La Pointe" (the Point), a name given on account of that bold projection of rocks above the bend of the river, near Wann street, where a man by the name of Frederick formerly resided. There were then only four or five log huts in the place, and, with the exception of a few scattered fur traders and miners, no white inhabitants in this whole region of country. There was a French village at Prairie Du Chien where the French government had established a military post in 1755, and which had been occupied by a United States garrison since 1819. There was another military post at Green Bay, another at St. Peters, established in 1819, and one at Chicago, which had been occupied many years by United States troops. With these exceptions there were no white settlements on the Mississippi river north of Louisiana in Missouri, and none in Illinois north of Peoria. Several hundred squaws were engaged in digging lead at the Buck lead. At that peried Black Hawk and other chiefs, with their tribes, to the number of some two thousand individuals, encamped during the summer on the banks of Fever river. These lords of the forest regarded the digging of mineral as an employment beneath their dignity, but were willing to participate in the avails of the labor of their wives.

"August 18, 1824, Lieutenant Thomas was appointed an agent to superintend the mines, grant leases, &c. Till June, 1825, there were but two furnaces here. September 30, there were five furnaces and thirty miners, and the number increased from that time rapidly. The superior richness of the Fever river mines to those of Missouri, and the greater facility with which they were worked, attracted to these mines a large number of the miners from Missouri. The Government of the United States, by advertisements in the public papers, invited miners and settlers to this region. Leases were granted to all who applied. This became the El Dorado of America, and, in 1827, the country was thronged with emigrants and speculators in pursuit of fortunes.

"In 1827 a village was laid off by Lieut. Thomas, and appropriately named 'Galena'—that being the name applied in mineralogy to the lead ore with which this section of the country abounds. 'Permits,' as they were called, were granted to individuals to occupy and improve lots. The first permit was granted June 22, 1827.* This was the only title which the citizens had to their lots till 1838.

In February, 1829, an act was passed by Congress, authorizing the Surveyors General of Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas, to lay off a town on Bean river (as Fever river was called in that act), embracing six hundred and forty acres, and to sell the lots at auction, reserving to actual occupants a pre-emption right to purchase their lots at the rate of from $10 to $25 per acre, according to location. This act not being complied with, another act was passed in July, 1836, and three commissioners were authorized to perform the duties previously assigned to the surveyors. They were to constitute a board to determine all claims and grant certificates of pre-emption to be filed at the land office. Upon payment to the receiver, he was authorized to grant certificates as in other cases. Lots not claimed were to be offered to the highest bidder, and the proceeds, after deducting all expenses, were to be paid over to the county commissioners, to be expended by them for public buildings and the construction of wharves. Under this act Samuel Leech, John Turney and Daniel Wann, were appointed commissioners, by whom the town was surveyed, the lots sold in July, 1838, and the net proceeds, about $18,000, paid over to the county commissioners."

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* The lots were granted on the condition of being surrendered to the United States after one month's notice.

Dubuque, Iowa, fourteen miles from Galena by land and twenty-five by water, is a flourishing place, and is also largely engaged in the lead trade. Some of its mines are even richer than those in the immediate vicinity of Galena. One was lately discovered by a persevering, industrious lead miner, who, having pursued his vocation with great perseverance and amid great discouragements and difficulties, has at last reached the point of his hopes—the richest lead mine in the Union, which makes him the richest man in Iowa. The discovery was made about three miles from Dubuque, about six months since, but not till lately fully developed. It is a cavern, full one hundred and fifty feet below the surface, and its walls, and floors and roof, almost pure ore. The Herald, of Dubuque, says of it:

"The extreme length of the subterranean vault is something like one hundred and sixty feet by sixty, and varying in hight from ten to sixty or seventy feet. It was discovered about six months since, and since then one million pounds of ore has been taken from its hiding-place, and scarce more has been done than to remove what hung upon the encrusted wall, or laid exposed to the eye, or slightly buried beneath the floor of the cavern.

The Herald says, "$28,000 is the reward of this bare skimming of the surface, while the testimony of experienced miners is, that the vast reservoir of wealth is as yet entirely undisturbed. But when this portion of the cavern is exhausted, the work and wealth of the owner will have just commenced to be realized. Stretching on from the eastern terminus, what is now visible of the cave is a narrow passage which may be traced thirteen hundred feet, and through the whole course of which are visible signs of the same rich deposit of mineral. The explorer worked his way for about six hundred feet, and saw enough to gratify his curiosity. Twice the rocks open into somewhat capacious rooms; neither of sufficient hight to allow a man to stand erect, but both showing unequivocal evidences that the depths below are loaded with mineral treasure. One of the openings, which he denominated a 'bed-room,' is about twenty-five feet by one hundred feet, and is highly ornamented, both with clusters of mineral from the walls, and beautiful stalactites of carbonate of lime from the roof. It is said to be impossible to estimate the value of this lead—$500,000 may be too high a figure, or it may be too low. It will take a long time to exhaust it, and till exhausted its value cannot be told. It is, doubtless, the richest deposit of mineral ever found in America, and sinks California into the shade."

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF "THE BROTHERHOOD OF TEMPERANCE WATCHMEN."

BY WM. H. LORD, G. W. R.

The origin of an Order is of far less importance to mankind than its aim, object and progress: still there seems to have been implanted in the nature of man (particularly the yankees) a feeling of curiosity, which always seeks to be gratified — a feeling which, although sometimes mischievous, is generally laudable. Hence the desire in the minds of many to learn the origin of this Order. And, as no institution, whose designs are truly praiseworthy, should be ashamed of its origin, however humble, we have thought it would not be amiss to lay before the readers of the "Magazine" the following facts and reflections.

The "Brotherhood of Temperance Watchmen" did not originate in an ecclesiastical council, nor in any of the august legislative bodies of the world, but in a little "upper chamber," where a few humble but honest and earnest friends of humanity had met together to consult upon the best means of redeeming their fallen and falling fellow men from the drunkard's miserable life and still more miserable death.

In the rural town of DURHAM, Maine, situated on the south bank of the Androscroggin river, about twenty miles from its mouth, there lived a few whole-souled, earnest friends of temperance, who had long deplored the evils of intemperance, which had long been rolling in upon them like an avalanche from the mountains, carrying overwhelming destruction and desolation in its course. They had witnessed the rise, progress and wonder-working power, of Washingtonianism in drawing men from their cups and restoring them to themselves, to their families and to society. But, oh! sad truth! they had seen these men, who had been redeemed and who had "cast away the chains which long had bound them to despair," again falling, through constant temptation, into a condition more deplorable than the first, till nearly Washingtonianism in the land had become extinct.

Notwithstanding the disheartening circumstances which surrounded them, this little band, true to their motto "*Nil Desperandum*," were not yet prepared to give up without one more mighty struggle. They saw their friends and neighbors daily falling around them, and others fast verging toward the drunkard's fearful end. What can be done? was the question which gushed from many a yearning soul.

On a damp evening in April, 1849, a few of these choice spirits met in a "deserted law office," to consult together in regard to the best means to promote the cause which had so long lain near their hearts. There were present *thirteen* in all, viz.: Rev. J. C. Knowlton, G. W. Tukey, S. R. Sheham, S. Jordon, J. W. Gerrish, W. S. Gerrish, A. H. Gerrish, G. W. Strout, Dr. D. B. Sawyer, Dr. A. Hutchins, Rev. M. Hanscome, J. H. Eveleth and J. C. Tyler. It was first proposed to petition for a charter to open a Division of the Sons of Temperance. But, after mature deliberation, they came to the conclusion that the "benefit system" and the restrictions in regard to age and health, which had been incorporated into the fundamental laws of that Order, were insuperable objections. It was then proposed to establish a new Order, which should be free from the principal objections which were urged against all the temperance organizations then extant. This was agreed to. And the result was the birth of the Order of "The Brotherhood of Temperance Watchmen," whose motto is "*Temperance, Humanity and Progress.*"

They drafted a constitution, code of by-laws and an outline of a ritual. And, by the indefatigable efforts of Bros. Knowlton, Tukey, *et als.*, the "Order" began to spread rapidly. The parent club, at Durham, continued to exercise the supreme power of the Order. On the 26th day of April, 1850, Bros. Knowlton and Tukey organized Club No. 10, at Gardiner, Maine, when the writer of this became a member. In July of the same year the Order was introduced into the province of New Brunswick, by Bro. H. K. Morrel, one of the publishers of the "Fountain and Journal" of this city, where it soon began to flourish and take deep root through the powerful efforts of Bro. Wm. H. Smith, formerly of this city, who was elected the first S. O. of Club No. 1, N. B.

In October last a convention of Clubs was held at Lewiston, which was well attended. Some changes were made in the constitution. A ritual was adopted, and ordered to be printed. A central committee was appointed, with full power to act *ad interim*. The Order continued to increase rapidly in number, and spread itself over, and beyond, the limits of the state, into New Hampshire and Massachusetts. It was introduced into the latter state, at Chelsea, by Bro. E. W. Jackson, of Gorham, Me.

The second annual convention was held in Portland, on Wednesday, the 27th of August last, which was very fully attended by delegates from all parts of Maine, and also from New Hampshire, Massachusetts and the province of New Brunswick. Ninety-four Clubs were represented. From the returns made on that occasion, it appeared that there were in all one hundred and fifteen Clubs, and that one hundred of these had been organized within one year, numbering more than five thousand "good men and true." Of these Clubs, one hundred and five are located in Maine, six in New Hampshire, one in Massachusetts, and three in New Brunswick. So that this Order, which has existed but about two years, has now more than seven thousand members. Some changes were made by this convention in the constitution and ritual.

There is attached to the Order a female department, composed of ladies over a certain age, called the "Ladies' Band," which bears about the same relation to the Watchmen that the "Daughters" do to the "Sons." There are now about forty "Bands," mostly located in Maine. And they have proved themselves powerful auxiliaries in the holy cause of temperance. This Order also originated in the Durham Club.

We would not be invidious, but, we think we hazard nothing in saying, that, to "The Brotherhood of Temperance Watchmen," as much as to any other temperance organization, are we indebted for the *passage and enforcement* of the "liquor law" of our state. We believe this Order just the thing needed, in all the states of the Union, to completely *out-law* the accursed liquor traffic. And we hope, ere long, to see it flourishing in every state of this confederacy. It is free from the objections frequently urged against the "Sons." No charter fee nor regular dues are required. The current expenses of the Clubs are paid by a tax assessed equally upon all. The founders of the Order wisely avoided the "benefit system"—a system which has ever proved a bone of contention. Neither is any one disqualified on account of age (provided he has arrived at the age of discretion), or health, or want of pecuniary means; hence all who wish can join—young and old. Here the youth can come and learn wisdom from the man whose head has been whitened with the frosts of many winters.

Such is a hastily written history of the Order as it now exists. A Club should be organized in every city, town and village, in the country. There is not a single town or village that cannot support one. We look upon this Order as the most efficient association now in operation to rid our country from the blighting curse of intemperance. Let no friend of humanity fail to avail himself of its usefulness.

LOVE *vs.* HEALTH.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

About a mile from the Berkshire village, and separated from it by the Housatonic, is one of the lovliest sites in all the old country. It is on an exhausted farm of rocky irregular grazing ground, with a meadow of rich alluvial soil. The river, which so nearly surrounds it as to make it a peninsula "in little," doubles around a narrow tongue of land called the "Oxbow"—a bit of meadow so smooth, so fantastic in its shape, so secluded, so adorned by its fringe of willows, clematoses, grapevines, all our water-loving shrubs, that it suggests to every one, who ever read a fairy tale, a scene for revels of elves and fairies. Yet no Oberon—no Titannia—dwelt there; but, long ago, where there are now some ruinous remains of old houses, and an uncouth new one, stood the first frame house of the lower valley of the Housatonic. It was inhabited by the last Indian who maintained the name of chief, and from him passed to the first missionary of the tribe. There Kirkland, the late honored President of Harvard College, was born, and his genial and generous nature received its first and ineffaceable impressions. Tennant, unknown to fame, succeeded the missionary.

The Indian dwelling fell to decay, and the property has now passed into the hands of a poet, who, rumor says, proposes transforming it into a villa, whose occupancy will give it a new consecration.

Just before its final high destiny was revealed, there dwelt there a rustic pair, who found out, rather late in life, that Heaven had decreed they should wear together the conjugal yoke. That heaven had decreed it, no one could doubt who saw how well it fitted, and how well they drew together.

They had one child—a late blossom, and cherished as such. Little Mary Marvel would have been spoiled, but there was nothing to spoil her. Love is the element of life, and in an atmosphere of love she lived. Her parents were people of good sense—upright habits—with no theories, nor prejudices, ambitions or corruptions, to turn the child from the inspiration of Heaven, with which she began her innocent life.

When little Mary Marvel came to be seven years old, it was a matter of serious consideration how she was to be got to the district school, or "the plain" (the common designation of the broad village street), full a mile from the Marvels' secluded residence.

Mrs. Marvel was far better qualified than the teachers of said school to direct the literary training of her child; she was a strong-minded woman, and a reader of all the books she could compass, but she had all the in-door farm work to do—cheese to make, butter to churn, &c.; and after a little, Mary had learned to read and spell, she must be sent to school for the more elaborate processes of learning—arithmetic, geography, &c.

"Now, Julius Hazen," said Marvel to his only neighbor's son, "do n't you want to call as you go by, days, with your little sister, and take our Mary to school? I guess she won't be a trouble. She could go alone; but, somehow, mother and I would feel easier, as the river is to pass, &c., if you are willing."

A kind boy was Julius: and, without hesitation, he promised to take Marvel's treasure under his convoy. And, for the two years following, whenever the district school was in operation, Julius might be seen conducting the two little girls down the hill that leads to the bridge. At the bridge they loitered. Its charm was felt, but was undefinable. It was a spell upon their senses. They would look up and down the sparkling stream till it winded far away from sight, and at their own pretty faces which smiled again in it, and Julius skittered the stones over the water—a magical rustic art! The old bridge was a point of sight for pictures, lovlier than Claude painted. For many a year, the old bridge lingered there to recall the poetry of their earlier days; lovers to watch the rising and setting of many a star, and children to play their "noontime" and twilights. Heaven forgive those who replaced it with a dark, dirty covered, barn-like, of bad odor in every sense! The worst kind of barbarians—those who make war, not upon life, but upon the life of life, its innocent pleasures!

But, we loiter with the children, when we should go on with them through the narrow lane intersecting broad, rich meadows, and shaded by pollard willows, which form living and growing posts for the prettiest of our northern fences, and round the turn by the old Indian burying ground. Now, having come to "the plain," they pass the solemn precincts of the village church, and that burying-ground where, since the Indian left his dead with us, generations of their successors are already lain. And now they enter the wide village street, wide as it is, shaded and embowered by dense maples and wide stretching elms, and enlivened with neatly trimmed court yards and flower gardens. It was a pleasant walk, and its sweet influence bound those young people's hearts together.

We are not telling a love story, and we do not mean to intimate that this was the beginning of one—though we have heard of seeds nature implants, germinating at as early a period as this, as we remember a boy of six years old, who, on being reproved by his mother for having kept his book open in one place, and his eye fixed on it for half an hour, replied, with touching frankness,

"Mother, I can see nothing there but Caroline Mitchell! Caroline Mitchell!"

Little Mary Marvel had no other sentiment for Julius than his sister had. She thought him the kindest and best; and, much as she reverenced the village pedagogues, she thought Julius's learning profounder than theirs, for he told them stories from the Arabian Nights, taught them traditions of monument mountains, made them learn by heart the poetry that immortalized them, and performed other miracles of learning and teaching, to which the schoolmaster did n't approach.

Children's judgments are formed on singular premises, but they are usually just conclusions. Julius was an extraordinary boy, and—not because he was sickly and could do nothing else (not uncommon grounds)—was destined for a liberal education. Strong of heart and strong in body, he succeeded in everything, and without being a charge to his father.

He went through college, was graduated with honor—studied law; and, when Mary Marvel was about nineteen, he came home from his residence in one of our thriving cities, for a vacation, being full of legal business.

His first visit was to the Marvels, where he was received with as much warmth as in his father's home. As he left the house, he said to his sister Anna who was with him—

"How shockingly poor Mary is looking."

"Shockingly? Why I expected you would say she was pretty."

"Pretty! My dear Anna, the roses on your cheeks are worth all the beauty that is left in her pale face. What have they done to her? When you were children, she was a round, robust little thing, and so strong and cheerful you would hear her voice half a mile ringing like a bell; and now it's—'Hark from the tomb, a doleful sound!' When I last saw her—let me see, four years ago—she was, not perhaps a Hebe, but a wholesome looking girl."

"Julius, what an expression!"

"Well, my dear, it conveys my meaning, and, therefore, is a good expression. What has been the matter? Has she had a fever? Is she diseased?"

"Julius! no! Is that the way the western people talk about young ladies? Mary is in poor health, rather delicate; but she does not look so very different from the rest of our girls—I, you know, am an exception."

"Thank Heaven you are, my dear Anna; and thank our dear, sensible mother, who understands the means of health."

"But, Mary's mother is a very sensible woman, too."

"Not in her treatment of Mary, I am sure. Tell me how she lives. What has she been about since I was here?"

"Why, soon after you went away, you know I wrote to you that she had gone to the —— school. You know that her parents are willing to do every thing for her—and Mary was very ambitious. They are hard students at the school. Mary told me she studied from eight to ten hours a day. She always got sick before examination, and had to send home for lots of pills. I remember Marvel sending her once four boxes at a time. But she took the first honors. At the end of the first term she came home, looking, as you say, as if she had a fever."

"And they sent her back?"

"Why, yes, certainly—term after term—for two years. You know Mary was always persevering, and so was her mother. And now they have their reward. There is not a girl any where who surpasses Mary in scholarship."

"Truly, they have their reward—infatuated people!" murmured Hazen. "Have they taken any measures to restore her health, Anna?"

"O, yes. Mrs. Marvel does not permit her to do any hard work. She does not even let her sweep her own room; they keep a domestic, you know, and last winter she had an air-tight stove in her room, and it was constantly warm, day and night. The draft was opened early; and Mrs. Marvel let Mary remain in bed as long as she pleased; and feeling weak, she seldom was inclined to rise before nine or ten."

"Go on, Anna. What other sanitary measures were pursued?"

"Just such as we all take when we are ill—and she doctors if she is more unwell than usual and she rides out almost every pleasant day. There is no kind of pie or cake, sweetmeat or custard, that Mrs. Marvel does not make to tempt her appetite. If she wants to go to 'the plain,' Mr. Marvel harnesses and drives over. You know father would think it ridiculous to do it for me."

"Worse than ridiculous, Anna! what does the girl do? How does she amuse herself?"

"I do believe, Julius, you are interested in Mary Marvel!"

"I am. I was always curious as to the different modes of suicide people adopted. Has she any occupation or pleasure?"

"O, yes; she reads forever, and studies: she is studying German now."

"Poor Mary."

"What in the world makes you pity Mary, Julius!"

"Because, Anna, she has been deprived of nature's best gift—defrauded of her inheritance—a sound constitution, from temperate, active parents. One may have all the gifts, graces, charms and accomplishments under heaven, and if they have not health, of what use or enjoyment are they? If that frail body of Mary Marvel's contained all that I have enumerated, it would be just the reverse of Pandora's box—having every good, but one curse that affected all."

"Dear Julius, I cannot bear to hear you talk so of Mary. I expected you would like her so much. I—I—I hoped ——. She is so pretty, so lovely—she is fit for heaven."

"She may be, Anna—I do not doubt it; but she is very unfit for earth. What has her good, devoted, sensible, well-informed mother been about? If Mary had been taught the laws of health, and obeyed them, it would have been worth infinitely more to her than all she has got at your famous boarding school. Ignorance of these laws is as culpable in the mothers—disastrous and fatal to the daughters. It is a *disgrace* to our people. The young women now coming on, will be as nervous, as wretched, as their unhappy mothers—languished embodiments of disease—mementos of doctors and pill boxes, dragging out life in an air-tight room, religiously struggling to perform their duties, and dying before they have half finished their allotted term of life—no true enjoyment of life."

"What a tirade, Julius! And who would think you were a cross old bachelor?"

"On the contrary, my dear Anna, it is because I am a young bachelor, and desire not to be a much older one, that I am so earnest on this subject. I have been traveling now for two months in rail cars and steamers, and I could fill a medical journal with cases of young women, married and single, whom I have met from town and country, with every ill that flesh is heir to. I have been an involuntary auditor of their charming little confidences of 'chronic headaches, nervous feelings, weak backs, neuralgia, and heaven knows what all!'"

"O, Julius! Julius!"

"It is true, Anna. And their whole care is, gentle and simple, to avoid the air; never to walk when they can ride; never to use cold water when they can get warm; never to eat bread when they can get cake: and so on through the chapter. In the matter of eating and drinking, and such little garnitures as smoking and chewing, the men are worse. Fortunately their occupation saves most of them from invalidism of the women. You think Mary Marvel beautiful?"

"No—not beautiful, perhaps—but very pretty, and so lovable!"

"Well," joined Julius, coldly, after some hesitation, "Mary is pretty. Her eye is beautiful; her whole face intelligent, but so pale, so thin—her lips so colorless—her hands so transparent—that I cannot look at her with any pleasure. I declare to you, Anna, when I see a woman with a lively eye, a clear healthy skin, that shows the air of heaven visits it daily—it may be roughly if it pleases Heaven to roughen the day—an elastic, vigorous step, and a strong, cheerful voice, I am ready to fall down and do her homage!"

Hazen passed the summer in his native town. He renewed his intimacy with his old neighbor. He perceived in Mary graces and qualities that made him feel the heavenly and forget the earthly; and, in spite of his wise, well considered resolution, in three months he had impressed upon her pale cheek the kiss of betrothal, and slipped on the finger of her transparent hand the engagement ring.

But we must do Julius Hazen justice. When his laughing sister rallied him on his inconsistency, he said—

"You are right, Anna; but I adhere to my text, though I must now uphold it as a beacon—not as an example. I must say with the Turk—''twas written.'"

He was true to himself and true to his wife; and, at the risk of shocking our lady readers, we must betray that, after the wedding, Hazen's first gift to Mary was "The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and the improvement of Physical and Mental Education, by Andrew Combe, M. D."

This book, which should be studied by every mother in the United States, he accompanied by a solemn abjuration that she should study and apply it. He did not stop here. After his marriage he bought two riding horses—mounted his bride on one and himself on the other, and they performed the greater part of their journey to Indiana in this way, only taking a rail-car for convenience, or a steamer for repose.

And, arrived at his Western home, and with the hearty acquiescence of his wife, who only needed to know the right to pursue it, she began a physical life in obedience to the laws laid down by the said oracle, Andrew Combe.

Last fall, six years since marriage, he brought his wife and two children to visit his Eastern friends. In reply to compliments, on all hands, on his wife's improved health and beauty, he laughingly proposed to build, on the side of the old Indian dwelling, a quadrangular temple, dedicated to the four ministers of health, Air, Water, Exercise and Regimen!—*Exchange.*

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HOW GLASS BEADS ARE MADE.

Besides the invention of mirrors, reticulated glasses, for which we have to thank the Venitians, the art of making glass beads was also first discovered in the glass-houses of Murano, and is practiced there, at the present day, on an extensive scale. The small glass beads are fragments cut from glass tubing, the sharp edges of which are rounded by fusion. Glass tubes of the proper size are first drawn from one to two hundred feet in length, and of all possible colors (in Venice they prepare two hundred different shades), and are broken into lengths of two feet. These are then cut by the aid of a knife into fragments of the same length as their diameters; they now present the form of beads, the edges of which are so sharp, however, that they would cut the thread on which they have to be strung. The edges have, consequently, to be rounded by fusion; and, as this operation has to be performed upon a great number at once, and they must not be allowed to stick together, they are mixed in coal dust and powdered clay, previous to their being placed in the revolving cylinder in which they are heated. The finished beads are then passed through sieves sorted to their size, and strung by women. Besides the ordinary knitting beads, another kind is manufactured, called *perles a la lune,* which are firmer and more expensive. These are prepared by twisting a small cord of glass, softened by a glass-blower's lamp, around an iron wire. The glass beads made in imitation of pearl, for toilet ornaments, the invention of which dates from the year 1656, are very different from the preceding, both as regards their application, mode of production and origin. These are small, solid glass beads, of the same size as native pearls, which they are made to resemble by a coating of varnish, which gives them a peculiar pearly luster and color. A maker of rosaries, by the name of Jacquin, was the first to discover that the scales of a species of fish (*Cyprinus albunus*) communicated a pearly hue to water. Based upon this observation, glass globules were first covered on the outside, but, at a later period, on the inside, with this aqueous essence. The costly essence, however, of which only a quarter of a pound could be obtained from the scales of four thousand, was subjected to one great evil, that of decay. After trying alcohol without success, in consequence of its destroying the luster of the substance; sal ammoniac was at length found to be the best medium in which to apply the essence; a little isinglass is also mixed with it, which causes it to adhere better. The pearls are blown singly at a lamp; a drop of the essence is then blown into them through a thin tube, spread out by rolling, and the dried varnish is then covered in a similar manner by a layer of wax.—*Exchange.*

TEMPERANCE ODE.

BY J. E. CARNES.

Still roll the broad and burning waves,
Still gleam their crests of flame;
And thousands still find early graves
Beneath the flood of shame.

Madly they surge and wildly beat
O'er many a beauteous scope,
Where erst, 'mid flowers and incense sweet,
Love walked with rosy hope.

They pour their fierce and scathing tide
Above the landscapes, where
Young genius gathered wreaths of pride
For beauty's golden hair!

And o'er the homes where bliss was known
They rush with moan and wail,
And, drowning every joyous tone,
Shout groans upon the gale!

Who shall arrest the tide of shame,
And bind its headlong sweep?
Who shall the burning deluge tame,
And lull its waves to sleep?

God! who uphung the bow of peace
And stayed the waves of old;
Thou! thou canst bid this deluge cease—
Speak, and it is controlled.

Our zeal is but the wearied bird
That seeks the hopeful leaf;
'T is Thine alone to speak the word,
And stay the flood of grief.

Behold! the covenanting sign
Gleams on the tempest's edge!
God bends its arch and bids it shine—
The Pledge! the Pledge! the Pledge!

TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT.

Touch not, young man, the ruby wine!
Death lies beneath—
An adder coils around the vine,
Whose sting is death.
Within the tempting bowl it lies—
Close hidden there:
Its lurid wo dressed in disguise,
And dark despair.

Taste not, young man, the ruby wine!
Within the bowl
A poison lurks, 't will blast the mind
And kill the soul,
Though it may seem to cheer thy heart
And make it light.
Taste not, else, ere thou think'st to part,
Thy hope is blight.

O, handle not the sparkling wine!
For thou should'st know
Its deadning powers it will combine
To meet the wo:
Twines round the bowl a rosy wreath,
But in its bloom
A poisonous thorn is found beneath,
That feeds the tomb.

Touch not, taste not the ruby wine!
Or handle it;
Though it may lure thy buoyant mind
With mirth and wit;
Lest thy prized wit to folly turn,
Thy mirth to sorrow—
Lest hopes to-day that brightly burn,
Shall die to-morrow.

THE RAZOR-STROP MAN.

Many of our readers will remember Smith, the Razor-strop Man, who attracted such crowds in New York and other places, to witness his odd ways of crying and disposing of his wares. He is a native of England, and, at one time, we believe, was addicted to the intemperate use of spirituous liquors; but, having taken the temperance pledge, he became a temperance man, and occasionally a temperance lecturer. We learn from the Lutheran Observer that, after traveling from Nova Scotia to Texas, he is now on his return, and for the last month or two has been driving his business in Baltimore. The Observer says:

"Every afternoon he opens his budget in North street, in front of the post-office, where he is sure to find an audience and purchasers. The principal articles of sale are razors, strops, shaving-soap, &c. Last evening we stopped a minute to see what was going on. We found him stropping a razor, and in a few moments he tested the edge by cutting a hair with it. 'Now gentlemen,' said he, 'you see what a smooth, keen edge this razor has; you must admit that it is a capital thing, or so little stropping would not give it such an edge; or, if you doubt this, then you must admit that the strop is first rate; you can buy either or both, or half a dozen of each, at the low price of,' &c.

"But Smith sometimes packs up his razors, &c., and delivers a temperance lecture, and here is one of them:

"'Some folks say it is right to drink alcohol, because it is a good creature of God. Well, grant that it is so—so is castor oil, and so is vinegar a good creature of God; but that is not sufficient reason for a person to drink it three or four, or a dozen times a day! A dog is a good creature of God; but suppose a dog gets mad and bites a man or a woman, would you let him alone because, as you say, he is a good creature? Would you be satisfied with cutting off his ear or his tail, or would you knock him on the head and pitch him into the street? Now, alcohol is more than a mad dog; for a bite from a mad dog only destroys life, while a bite from alchy destroys reason, reputation, life, and everything else, besides dragging down the family of the bitten man to poverty and want.

"'But alchy does n't bite a mouthful at first. When he first snapped at me he only tickled me a little. I liked it first rate, and was anxious to get another and still another bite. The old rascal of a tyrant kept nibbling at my heels as though he did n't mean to hurt me, while I, like a fool, kept coaxing him on, till at last he gave me a snap in earnest, and took the elbows out of my coat! Next he took the crown out of my hat, the shoes off my feet, the money out of my pocket, the senses out of my head, till at last I went raving mad through the streets, perfectly a victim to alchyphobia—but I signed the pledge and got cured; and if there is any man here who has been bitten as I was, let him take this teetotal medicine and I'll warrant him a speedy cure.

"'But allowing alcohol is a good creature of God, are there not other creatures, too, such as beef, pork, pudding, pies, clothes, dollars, and fifty others of "the same sort?" Now shall a man drink whisky because it is a good creature, and go without a good, handsome wife, and good, well dressed chilchildren? No sir-ee! As for me, give me good beef and pudding, good pork and sausage, good friends, good clothes, and good wife and good children (or rather than miss, I will try and make them good), and old king alchy may go to Texas, for all I care.

"'Some say that wine is a good creature, because our Savior once turned water into wine. Very well; but then he did n't turn rum, gin, logwood, coculus indigus and cockroaches, into wine as some people do. He turned water into wine. Now, if any winebibbing apologist will take a gallon or barrel of pure water, and by praying over it, or in any other way, without mixing any stuff with it, convert it into first rate wine, I'm the boy as will go in for a swig of it!'"

CLIPPINGS.

BY SCISSORS.

The Secret of a Happy Home.—Yes, if you wish to make your neighbors and your family happy—if you would see calmness and evenness of temper developed in your children—if you would lighten the cares and smooth the path of the companion of your bosom—do not irritate, or scold, or be in a passion when your humor is crossed, but remember that others have hearts as soft as yours, and let the sunshine of Christian meekness and gentleness always beam from your eye. How happy will be the circle in such a case! Ay, this Christian temper is about the only requisite to make firesides happy—places which husbands and children will regret to leave, and be glad to return to. Let the husband be indulgent then to the annoyance of his ever-working, and often *over*-working, wife; and let the wife always meet him with smiles when he comes home, perplexed with the cares of business: and let both be forbearing under their mutual imperfections, and homes will be more as God intended them.

A Wife in Trouble.—"Pray tell me, my dear, what is the cause of those tears?"

"O, such a disgrace!"

"What disgrace?"

"Why, I have opened one of your letters, supposing it addressed to myself. Certainly, it looked more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife opening her husband's letters?"

"No harm in itself: but the contents—such a disgrace!"

"What! has any one dared to write me a letter unfit to be read by my wife?"

"O, no! It is couched in the most chaste language—but the contents!"

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and commenced sobbing aloud, when the husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had been the means of nearly breaking his wife's heart. It was a bill from the *printer for nine years' subscription.*

DISAPPOINTED.—An editor "out west," says he hoped to be able to present a marriage and a death, as original matter for his columns; but a thaw broke up the wedding, and the doctor fell sick, so the patient recovered.

How sweet the reflection, in after years, of a mother's tender training. It were well that to a mother this duty should be confided, if it only were for the delicious pleasure of musing on it after many long years of struggle with the cold realities of life. Who is there that finds no relief in recurring to the scenes of his infancy and youth, gilded with the recollection of a mother's tenderness? And how many have nobly owned that to the salutary influence then exerted, they must ascribe their future success, their avoidance of evil when no eye was upon them, but what rested on the heart, the warnings, the prayers and tears of a mother.

A FRENCH WOMAN'S REVENGE.—Madame D. had a magnificent cat; Mons. C. amused himself one day by killing it for want of something else to shoot. Madame D. caused to be set in her own house, and in the houses of her friends, all sorts of mouse-traps; and when three or four hundred mice were caught, she had them put into a box, which was forwarded to Madame de C., at her country house. The lady eagerly opened the box herself, expecting to find in it some new modes; the mice jumped out, and presently filled the house, while at the bottom of the box was found a note directed to Madame de C., which read:

"Madame, your husband has killed my cat, I send you my mice."

POISON IN CANDY.—The Albany Register states that, on analysis of the green and red coloring matter of candy, they are found to be composed of deadly poisons; the former is made up of arseniate of potash, and the latter generally of lead and mercury. Several cases among children, which have resulted nearly in death, have recently occurred in that city, from eating green and red candies. The green is the most poisonous, and one of the largest hearts colored in that way, on analyzation, was found to contain enough arseniate of potash to kill a child.—*Troy Budget.*

And yet the "kind" mammas and papas keep plying the stomachs of their children with this poisonous trash. It is one of the most pernicious of practices—that of feeding children with candy. It is killing them outright—not with "kindness," but with poison.

A SOLEMN QUESTION.—At a recent meeting of a parish, a solemn, straight bodied and most exemplary deacon submitted a report, in writing, of the destitute widows and others standing in need of assistance in the parish.

"Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have *embraced* all the widows?"

He said he *believed* he had done so; but if any had been omitted, the omission could be easily corrected.

He did n't take at all.

WHAT THE SCOTCH LADY WANTED.—A Scotch lady entered a store in Boston, and inquired for a table-cloth of a *dambroad* pattern.

"We have some pretty broad," was the reply of the astonished salesman, "but none quite so broad as that."

The lady explained that dambroad was the Scotch term for a chequered pattern.

MORE pleasing than the dew-drops that sparkle upon roses are the tears that pity gathers upon the cheek of beauty.

☞ JOHN B. GOUGH, the temperance lecturer, is lecturing in Halifax to large audiences.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

JURISDICTION OF GRAND TEMPLES.

An erroneous opinion seems to be entertained by the Grand Temples of New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland, or their officers, in regard to the jurisdiction of their respective bodies. We allude to granting charters for Subordinate Temples in other states, which has been done by each of these bodies, or their officers, and is equivalent to claiming jurisdiction over the states in which Temples thus chartered are located. While we, in common with the whole Order, are willing to give the brethren of these Grand Temples all credit for being the pioneers in our noble Order, and pay that respect, due to their age and experience, to their opinions in matters relating to the welfare and prosperity of the Order, yet, in matters of *right*, we are not willing to yield any thing to them not held in common by *all* Grand Temples.

While the Grand Temple of New York exercised the supreme power of the Order (before the organization of the National Temple), it was right and proper for that body to grant charters out of her own state; but, at the organization of the National Temple, she formally surrendered that power to the National Temple. Before the organization of the National Temple, the Grand Temple of New York (exercising the supreme power of the Order) transferred a Subordinate Temple, at Camden, New Jersey, to the Grand Temple of Pennsylvania. In the Annual Report of R. T. Trall, M. W. R., to the National Temple, at its third annual session, on page 8 of the printed proceedings of that session, we find the following:

"Temples Nos. 2 and 3, at Camden and Mount Holly, N. J., and Delaware, No. 1, at Wilmington, have been assigned to the jurisdiction of the Grand Temple of Pennsylvania; and Temples Nos. 1 and 5, at Jersey City and Patterson, New Jersey, to the Grand Temple of New York."

By whose authority they were thus transferred he does not tell us, and we are unable to find any thing in the journals of the National Temple showing that the subject was ever referred to there—except the extract above, which, with the rest of Brother Trall's report, was adopted.

At the fifth annual session of the National Temple, Rhode Island Temple, No. 1, at Providence, R. I., asked to be placed under the jurisdiction of the Grand Temple of Massachusetts, which was done by a vote of the National Temple. To this we had no objection, and we do not object to any Subordinate Temple similarly situated, after being regularly chartered by the National Temple, being placed under the jurisdiction of the Grand Temple of another State, when they desire it. But the act of placing a Temple, *already organized* in *one* state, under the control of the Grand Temple of *another*, does not, either directly or indirectly, imply that that Grand Temple has the right to *grant charters for new Temples* out of its own state. How do the charters of Grand Temples, by virtue of which they derive their powers, read? "Grand Temple of Honor of the *state* of ——," not *states*, and without some *special* legislation, by the National Temple, no grand Temple has any right to exercise its powers out of its own state.

We trust the brethren in the states above named, will look at this matter in its proper light, with a view to having our work carried on in the true spirit of our Order. They must see, that, if one Grand Temple exercises such power, others have an equal right to do so. Louisiana might wish to grant charters for Texas; Tennessee, for Arkansas and Missouri; Alabama, for Georgia and Florida; Virginia for North Carolina, and so on without end, till our Order would present every thing but order and uniformity.

In the returns of the Grand Temple of New York, we find returns from Eureka Temple, No. 4, at Newark, New Jersey, and Washington Temple, No. 6, at Orange, N. J.

In those of Pennsylvania, we find returns from Sussex Temple, No. 2, at Georgetown, Del., and Laurel, No. 3, at Laurel, Delaware. The charter fees of these four Temples, we presume, were paid into the treasuries of the Grand Temples in whose returns they are embraced, instead of the National Temple where they of right belonged. We learn, also, that a charter was granted by the Grand Temple of Maryland, the last year, for a Temple in Elizabeth city, North Carolina. The G. W. R. of Maryland, in a communication to the National Temple, at its sixth annual session, asked, on behalf of said Temple, that it be placed under the jurisdiction of the Grand Temple of Maryland. The committee to whom the subject was referred, reported (page 8 printed proceedings), "We think, if the Temple is regularly instituted, the request ought to be granted; but we can find no evidence that there is any such Temple regularly instituted, and, till we are satisfied on this point, we can recommend no action in regard to the petition." This report was adopted. We do not see how, under the circumstances, the National Temple could do otherwise, or how it can ever recognize any Temple opened under similar circumstances, as being regularly organized. This we regard as an expression of opinion on the part of the National Temple on this question, and we have no doubt that if the cases of the two Temples in Delaware, and in New York, were before that body, the same course would be pursued. The only difference we can see in the three cases is, that Maryland does not claim jurisdiction or embrace the Temple in her annual returns, while New York and Pennsylvania do.

Having thus freely expressed an opinion on this subject, we leave it for the consideration of those whose business it is to regulate matters of this kind. We have referred to it not in a censorious spirit, but with a desire to advance the best interests of our beloved Order.

We hope the members of the National Temple will be prepared, at its next meeting, to take such action in reference to Temples already organized in this way, as shall best conduce to the prosperity of our Order and effectually prevent such irregularities hereafter.

GRAND TEMPLES.

"Proceedings of the Grand Temple of Honor of the State of New York, *Annual Session, May*, 1851." A printed copy of the above has been on our table for some time. We have deferred a notice till the receipt of the proceedings of other Grand Temples.

From a careful perusal of this journal, we infer that the Order in New York is in a better condition than ever before, not only in numerical strength, but in its pecuniary means and influence. The receipts of the Grand Temple for the year preceding this session were:

Charter fees, - - - - - -	$ 60.00
Per centage, - - - - - -	230.07
Books, cards and old debts, -	145.19
Total, - -	$435.26

In the annual returns of this Grand Temple, they report the receipt of $230.07, and pay per centage, to the National Temple, only on that sum. They seem to believe that Grand Temples should pay per centage only on their receipts for per centage from Subordinate Temples. Some Grand Temples coincide with them, while others pay on their *entire* receipts. We do not undertake to decide which is right, but all must see the propriety of a uniform rule on this subject. The finances of the National Temple must be kept up, in some way, and it makes but little difference whether it is by per centage on charter fees and books, or, by fixing the prices of books at a greater sum. We hope the National Temple will take this matter into consideration at its next meeting.

We notice, on page 46, a resolution: "That the G. W. T. and G. W. R. be instructed to bring the subject of *honorary members* before each Subordinate Temple, requesting them to act on it and report the result to the Grand Temple as early as practicable."

A memorial was presented from Oswego Temple, No. 45, asking the Grand Temple to use its influence in the National Temple to so amend the constitution of Subordinate Temples, as to leave it discretionary with Subordinate Temples to pay benefits or not. In this request the Grand Temple concurred, and a copy of the action was sent to the National Temple at Nashville, but it was not received till that body had adjourned.

These subjects are important, and demand careful consideration on the part of every member of the Order before any action is taken. We gave our views on them fully in the March number of the Magazine.

Every person now a member of the Order joined it with the understanding, that, in case of sickness or inability to attend to his business, he should be entitled to receive, weekly, not less than two or three dollars for the support of himself or family. Now suppose a Subordinate Temple should, by a majority of two-thirds, or even three-fourths, of its members, vote to withhold benefits, would not the minority, however small, have a right to complain that the Temple had failed to comply with a part of the contract made with him on his initiation? True, on his part, he agreed to be governed by the constitutions and rules of the Order, and knew they were liable to be changed. But would he not have a right to complain, that such a change would be too great a departure from a part of the original design of the Order?

We think *all* difficulty in connection with this subject might be avoided, by leaving it optional with every *individual* whether he would be a beneficial member or not, and let him pay dues accordingly. Let all who wish to be beneficial members remain so and continue to pay the same dues as at present, and let the F. R. so enter their names on his book. Let others pay only their regular initiation and degree fees, and only dues enough in addition to make up their proportion of the ordinary expenses of the Temple. Perhaps no dues would be required from them. Let the names of these be entered by the F. R. as "honorary members;" or, if that term is offensive, let a better one be used. A plan like this might meet the views of those in favor of the resolution, first noticed, which was adopted by this Grand Temple.

We may refer to this again. Members of the Order are invited to make known their views on the subject through the pages of the Magazine.

The Grand Temple holds it November session in New York city, *time* not stated.

"PROCEEDINGS OF GRAND TEMPLE OF PENNSYLVANIA, *Seventh Annual Session, May,* 1851," is on our table. From this we learn that there are thirty working Temples in the state, twelve of which were chartered during the year. There are nine Social Degree Temples all in a flourishing condition.

Receipts for per centage, - -	$538.71
Rituals, cards, &c. - - - - -	83.00
Total, - - - -	$621.71

Like New York, this Grand Temple did not pay per centage to the National Temple on its receipts for books.

The number of deaths in the state is only one in two hundred and sixty-five members. The Order in this state is in a healthy condition and spreading rapidly, particularly in the western portion.

"PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND TEMPLE OF INDIANA, *from its organization January* 20, 1848, *to its Fourth Annual Session, May* 14, 1851." We infer from the pamphlet before us, that the Order in this state is in a healthy condition. The annual session was a short and harmonious one, and but little business transacted requiring special notice. The officers report that the Social Degree is exceeding their most sanguine expectations.

Receipts of Grand Temple during the year for charter fees, per centage and books, $261.80—on all of which the Grand Temple paid per centage to the National Temple.

A resolution was adopted instructing their delegates to the National Temple to oppose the introduction of "honorary membership" into the Order, and a degree for juveniles.

"PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND TEMPLE OF ALABAMA, *Annual Session, May,* 1851," have

EXCHANGES.

We are compelled to revise our exchange list. Some publications, not of any use to us, were sent us with a request to exchange, till we at length sent the Magazine. Some of these never gave us even a passing notice (the only service they could ever do us), and, soon after sending them the Magazine, they stopped. These, of course, we shall strike from our list. Others have been sent in the same way, and are still continued, but no notice of the Magazine has ever appeared in their columns. All of these, except such as are really valuable and of service to us, we shall erase from our list. We think, when one editor or publisher requests of another the favor of an exchange, common courtesy requires, that, on receiving it, he should notice it.

We here tender our thanks to all our brethren of the quill, who have, from time to time, noticed our work so favorably. We only wish we could make suitable return for such favors. We intend, as opportunity offers, to notice all good temperance publications with which we exchange. We should also be glad to notice some of the many able political papers on our table, could we do so without meddling with politics, which we eschewed long ago.

GRAND TEMPLES.

Grand Temple of Connecticut will hold its regular semi-annual session in Middletown, the second Wednesday of November, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

James Nichols, G. W. R.

Grand Temple of Kentucky will hold its regular semi-annual session in Covington, on the third Wednesday in November, on which occasion a public celebration will be held. Members of Grand Temples, and the Order generally, are respectfully invited to participate.

W. H. Johnson, sr., G. W. R.

Grand Temple of Alabama will hold its regular semi-annual session in Camden, Wilcox county, the fourth Monday in November.

W. J. Clopton, G. W. R.

Grand Temple of Indiana will hold its semi-annual session, in New Albany, on the third Wednesday (the 19th) of November, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

C. Woodward, G. W. R.

Grand Temple of Ohio will hold its semi-annual session in Wooster, the second Tuesday (the 11th) of November, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

J. Wadsworth, G. W. R.

NOTICE.

A new edition of the regulations for the government of the Social Degree, containing the alterations made at the last meeting of the National Temple, has lately been printed, and is now ready for distribution.

A revised edition of the Constitutions of the Order, containing all the decisions of National Temple now in force in the Order, is in press, and will soon be ready to send out.

A copy of each of the above works will be sent to each Subordinate Temple under the immediate jurisdiction of the National Temple, as soon as the last is ready. Grand Temples will please send word how many of each they want.

FRATERNAL ITEMS.

An application is just received from St. Cloud, Ga., for a Subordinate Temple charter. The documents have been sent to S. S. Oslin, D. M. W. T., at Knoxville. Also, from Winchester, Ill. The documents have been sent to J. H. Matheny, D. M. W. T., at Springfield.

MARRIED.

In this city, September 15, by the Rev. E. J. Robinson, Bro. Charles Foster, to Miss Naomi B., youngest daughter of Isaac Shute, of Woodstown, New Jersey, and S. P. T. of Cincinnati Social Degree, No. 1.

THE

TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE.

CINCINNATI, NOVEMBER, 1851.

A NEW RACE OF EDUCATED PEOPLE.

BY REV. B. F. TEFFT.

In one of the New England states I know a lad, now about twelve or thirteen years of age, whose condition is a most remarkable demonstration of the natural law, that, in every case, the child is a very faithful copy of his parents.

The boy is a natural drunkard. From his birthday till the present moment, he has given all the outward indications of being deeply drunk; and yet, so far as I know, or think it probable, he has never swallowed a drop of ardent spirits in his life. Though in good sound health, he has never been able to walk without staggering. His head is always upon his breast; and his speech is of that peculiar character which marks a person in a very low stage of intoxication. If, nevertheless, in the midst of his mutterings and reelings, something is said to him, in a way to pass through the thick atmosphere of his intellectual being, and penetrate his mind, he at once rouses, like a common tippler, and gives proof enough that he is not wanting in native talents, however his mental faculties are enshrouded. His disposition, also, seems to be extremely amiable. He is kind to every one around him; and, I may add, he is not only pitied for his misfortune, but, in spite of his lamentable condition, regarded with uncommon interest. He is looked upon as a star of no mean magnitude, obscured and almost blotted out by the mist in which he is doomed to dwell, till he shall pass from the present state of existence to another.

Now, as I understand the law of hereditary descent, there is nothing unnatural in this boy's case. Every individual ever born is governed by the same principle, which caused him to be what he is.

Prior to marriage, his father had been a secret but confirmed inebriate; and when the fact became known to the gentle and sweet-spirited being who, but a few months before, had become his wife, the revelation was made suddenly, and in a way the most impressive and appalling. One night, when he was supposed to be the most unimpeachable of husbands, he staggered home, broke through the door of his sleeping apartment, and fell down on the floor in a state of wretched inebriation. For weeks he wallowed in misery. During the next six or seven months, seeing his domestic reputation had been forfeited, he kept up almost a continuous scene of intoxication. When, at the end of this period, it was told him that he was "the husband of a mother," he reeled and staggered on without much abatement. Months passed away; but there occurred no marked change in the habits of the poor inebriate. It was at once discovered, however, that there was something singular in the appearance of the child. When it was three months old, there began to be strange speculations respecting it among the people. At the age of six months, these speculations had settled down into a very general opinion, but not a word was said to the disconsolate woman, who had also begun to have her own forebodings. At last, as she was one evening looking upon her child, and wondering what could be the reason of its strange conduct, the terrible idea flashed upon her soul—"My child is a natural drunkard!" She shrieked aloud;

and her husband, who happened to be within hearing, came to her. She fell upon his neck, and exclaimed, "Dear husband, our little George is born a —" She could proceed no further, but swooned away in her husband's arms.

From that hour the father of the boy never tasted of a drop of spirits. The sight of his eyes and the heavings of his heart entirely cured him of his habit. He seldom looks upon his unfortunate little George without shedding a tear over that sin, by which he entailed upon him a life of obscurity and of wretchedness. He has lived, I rejoice to add, so as to redeem his character; and he is now the father of five children, all of whom are bright and beautiful and lovely, excepting only the one whose destiny was thus blasted.

This principle of inheriting traits and characteristics, however, is susceptible of an indefinite number of illustrations. It has become a proverb, and it is sustained by all history and observation, that the offspring of libidinous connections are uniformly marked by a strong tendency to improper passions, while the subsequent sons and daughters of the same parentage, where thorough repentance has taken place, are in general virtuous.

Whether natural or acquired, every variety of characteristics can be handed down from generation to generation. When the swarthy inhabitants of the tropics move northward, and thereby take on a lighter color, all their children follow them in complexion, even if some of them are born and bred, as has sometimes happened, in the same climate from which the emigration had taken place. The offspring of the Bedouin Arabs, who changed color in passing from Asia into Africa, universally receive and retain the new complexion, though many of them return to those parts of Arabia from which their forefathers moved. It is clear, also, that, in early life, a man is apt to be more robust in body; but in after years, from the influence of the world upon him, more thoughtful and intellectual. Is it not equally clear, that the eldest children of a family are generally marked by strength and activity of limb, while the subsequent ones are as characteristically remarkable for their strength and activity of mind? The greatest geniuses, scholars, reformers, philosophers and personages of all times, as a class, have been younger sons.

This introductory topic, however, fundamental as it is to a proper understanding of the philosophy of education, is a topic to be thought of, rather than to be written out. From the deepest consideration that I have been able to give it, and that for a number of years, I have been led to regard the position as conclusively established, that *acquired* as well as *natural* characteristics are transmissible from one generation to another. Nor does this principle apply barely to physical characteristics, but to all the acquired, traits of the mind and of the heart. The son of a really religious man is more likely himself to become religious, than the same son would have been had his father remained in an unconverted state; and, for the same reason, it is easier to educate the child of a well-educated person than it is the child of one not disciplined at all.

There are things said, I know, which, if true, would entirely upset these conclusions. It is often remarked, that the places of distinguished men are very seldom filled, in point of ability, by their immediate descendants. This, I admit, is very frequently the case; but we are not always careful to remember, that the child of a great man may lose as much by one side of his parentage as he gains by the other side. Should the facts, in every instance, be narrowly looked into, it would be found, I believe, that this would explain the great majority of exceptions to the law heretofore laid down. Nor are the exceptions as numerous as many, who have not particularly investigated the subject, have imagined. History furnishes us with innumerable instances of families, which, from generation to generation, have maintained their respective characteristics unmodified and unbroken. In the annals of ancient Rome, as every classic student knows, as in those of modern Italy, and of every monarchical country of modern times, the great families are frequently marked off, by the philosophical historian, according to the traits of character by which they were distinguished. Every Brutus known in history was remarkable for the boldness of his patriotism. The Gracchi were aristocrats. The Fabii were warriors. The Medici, in modern Italy, were all princely merchants, and the patrons of polite learning. In France, the royal line of Bourbons, the longest of recent history, without exception, has been the standing illustration of that passion called the love of glory. In England, all the Pitts were statesmen, and statesmen of the same kind and order of abilities. In this country, intermarriages between obscure and celebrated families have been too common to present any very distinct examples of this principle; but we have, even here, and on the broadest scale, what may serve as a general illustration. The southern portion of the republic, which was settled from the more courtly classes of Anglo-Saxon society, is still remarkable for the high-toned, chivalric, knightly character of its population. The northern part of it, on the other hand, which opened its bosom to the Pilgrims, is yet known for the home-bred, straightforward, uncompromising adhesion to what the inhabitants regard their principles.

The law of hereditary descent, as here presented, meets with another objection, which applies to the moral and religious aspects of the subject. It is very often said that the children of church members are no better than other children; and it has even become a proverb, that "the priest's boys are the worst of the whole parish." Both of these statements, however, have been carefully examined, and neither of them is found to be sustained by the facts of history and of observation. The truth is, we expect more of the children of religious people than of other children; and we generally expect and demand too much. When the child of a minister happens to go astray, the contrast between him and his parent is so great that it strikes every person with uncommon force, and the case is trumpeted to the ends of the earth, while a thousand examples of propriety are passed over as matters of course, and without remark. It has been proved, by thorough examination, in this country and in Great Britain, that the children of religious people *are* better than other children. It has been proved, that, of all the church members in the United States, at a given time, *three-fifths* were known to be the offspring of a pious parent; and that, of the living clergymen of all the American churches, *one-fifth* are the sons of clergymen, and *four-fifths* the sons of parents, *one* of whom, at least, had made a profession of religion. Much of this general result, certainly, must be ascribed to the influence of domestic education; but when we look upon some of the more remarkable religious families of this country, we shall see that a great part of it is left to be accounted for on the principle of inheritance. It would be difficult to determine why the Edwardses in our country are generally and emphatically metaphysicians, the Dwights theologians, and the Beechers pulpit orators of the rougher and yet stronger stamp, and why the members of the three families are not only uniformly pious, but marked by their respective styles of piety, without admitting that each family has inherited, and yet inherits, those qualities which, in the founder, were more acquired than natural.

If, now, the acquired traits of individuals can be handed down, physical, intellectual and religious, it is easy to see what a revolution is capable of being brought about, in the condition of mankind, by a right use of what is really education. A thorough education, let it be remembered, covers the whole man. It does every thing for the body, for the intellect, for the soul, that discipline can do. By including the work of religion in its compass, as the true system of education assuredly does, it is capable of recovering our lapsed spiritual nature, expanding to the utmost every mental faculty, as well as giving a complete development to every part of the body, and thus producing a full, round, finished, harmonious man. If one such man can be produced, it settles the question for as many more as will use the means, or as may have the means used on them. The woman, too, who is just as susceptible to the work of education as is the man, can be as perfectly developed by the same course of discipline; and in this way, by observing the law of revelation against *unequal* matrimonial connections, a new race of beings might spring to light, which, from age to age, might be all the time growing more and more perfect. Each successive generation, starting from a higher and still higher point, would be also more and more susceptible to the direct influences of education, which, instead of relaxing its energies, should grow with the growing perfection of the new race. Thus, as it seems to me, the work of human restoration, physical, mental, moral, might begin and be carried on, till the new race should become the only race, and so bring the whole world up to something like the position from which it fell. This would be a millennium indeed. Every man would be vigorous and robust in body, active and powerful in mind, moral and devotional in spirit. Wars would cease. The harmony of nations and of peoples would be established. The things of this world would be made subservient to the things of the world to come. The body would be cared for as an important part of our threefold being; but it would not absorb, as it now nearly does, all the attention of mankind. Men would be engaged, after making a moderate but sufficient provision for the body, in the higher and holier pursuits of science, philosophy and religion. Every individual would know what, as the world now is, seers and prophets only feel:

> "The joys of sense to mental joys are mean;
> Sense on the present only feeds; the soul
> On past and future forages for joy:
> 'T is hers, by retrospect, through time to range,
> And forward, time's great sequel to survey."

Such, reader, is the new race that might be brought upon this fallen world of ours, by a thorough and universal education, if the educated would form a community of their own, and press forward in the work of human restoration, with the books of nature and of revelation in their hands, till their work was done. Somebody, or some institution, must make the beginning, and give us our first MAN.—*Ladies' Repository.*

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☞ Happiness only begins when wishes end, and he who hankers after more enjoys nothing.

ELLA MASON;

OR, THE ROMANCE OF A SECOND MARRIAGE.

"AND so, Ella, you think it is impossible that there can be any romance in a second marriage?" And the speaker, a fair and gentle-looking woman, no longer young, but with a countenance whose placid beauty Time could not destroy, looked pleasantly into the bright eyes of the lovely girl who sat on a low ottoman beside her.

"Not one particle of romance, Aunt Hetty, either in the marriage itself, or in the hearts of those who contract it. All freshness of feeling must be gone before such a thing can be thought of, and I believe a second marriage is always a mere matter either of calculation or convenience."

"But even allowing the unfortunate individual who a second time enters into the married state, to have lost his freshness of feeling, and to be incapable of loving again with all the ardor of his first love, may he not be twice *loved?* And may there not be as much romantic devotion to him in the heart of his second partner as in the first?"

"Impossible, Aunt! A heart requires a heart, nor will be satisfied with less than what it gives. He would have only the shadow of love to offer, and therefore could not receive the substance in return."

"And so poor Sidney, rich, handsome, accomplished, as you own him to be, has been rejected simply because he has loved before? It is hard, indeed, if he must pass the rest of his life alone, because he had the misfortune to lose the object of his first choice, to whom he was united when little more than a boy. Dying, as she did, in less than a month from their marriage, that early attachment must seem to him more like a pleasant dream than a reality."

"It is a dream to which he still clings most fondly, aunt. I have seen him show far more emotion when speaking of his dead wife, than he ever did in expressing his love for me."

"And that emotion, Ella, should have taught you how deeply he can love, and the worth of the heart you have thrown away.

I fear you may live to repent this foolish fancy."

"Never, never, aunt. I could not love Mr. Sidney; and I would sooner die than marry one I did not love. I respect and esteem him; but I will never accept a divided heart—one filled with the memory of a former affection. I shall never love but once; and if I cannot receive in return the freshness of a first and only devotion, I will do as you have done, and remain single."

"We shall see," replied her aunt, smiling, though half sadly. "You know but little of life, yet, Ella; I, for one, shall not be surprised if, after all this romance, you commence the realities of life by uniting yourself to a widower with half a dozen of children, not half so attractive or interesting as George Sidney."

"Aunt Hetty!" commenced the girl, indignantly; but she really loved her aunt dearly, and meeting her now playful smile, the angry flush upon her cheek subsided, and, tossing the curls back from her fair brow, she concluded her conversation with, "You are too bad, aunt; I will go and talk to Fido; I really believe he has more sentiment than you." And she was soon bounding through the garden with her favorite spaniel by her side.

Ella Mason was the eldest daughter of wealthy and indulgent parents. Lovely and interesting, though not strikingly beautiful, she had many friends, and as yet knew nothing of the realities of life. The pride of her parents, and of the aunt who had superintended her education, and the idol of her younger brothers and sisters, she had glided through the world for eighteen years, sheltered from its trials, with no wish ungratified, no fancy crossed. Suitors had gathered round; but she was still "in maiden meditation, fancy free." George Sidney, whose offer and rejection gave rise to the conversation with which our tale begins, was the only one whose attentions she had ever encouraged, and this was but from her ignorance of his *true* feelings toward her. She esteemed him as a friend, almost as a brother, but, to think of him as a lover and a husband—O no! she would be no man's *second* wife; and, with this firm resolve, she turned to her birds and flowers, and dreamed of a future as bright and cloudless as the past and present.

But clouds were gathering in her sky, although she saw them not; and, before she had passed her nineteenth summer, the sun of worldly prosperity was shining on her way no more. One of those sudden convulsions which sometimes shake the commercial world, destroyed her father's fortune in a day. Everything was swept from them; their beautiful house passed into the hands of strangers, and they found themselves dependent upon their own exertions for support. It was a terrible blow, and, at first, seemed more than they could bear; and, but for Aunt Hetty, a sister of Mrs. Mason, who had shared their prosperity, and still clung to them in adversity, they might have sunk into hopeless poverty. Her cheering words roused, first the parents, and then Ella, from their stupor; and a little exertion procured Mr. Mason a clerkship, which would secure them at least from absolute want; while his daughter sought, and, by the assistance of her friends, obtained, a situation as governess in the family of a clergyman in a neighboring city.

It was a sad trial to the young girl to leave those whom she loved so dearly, and to go out among strangers; but she knew it to be necessary, and, encouraged by Aunt Hetty and supported by the hope of contributing to the comfort of her parents, she went cheerfully. And, though she wept long and bitterly through the first nights passed away from home, she became gradually reconciled to the change, and, after a time, warmly attached to the little ones under her charge and to the parents who had confided them to her.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant, into whose family she had entered, were still young, and they soon learned to regard Ella rather as a sister than a stranger, and she sometimes forgot, for a little while, that she was not at home. To the children she gave the warm affection of an elder sister, scarcely second to that bestowed upon her own; their mother filled a place in her heart never before satisfied, kind and thoughtful as her mother and Aunt Hetty, yet so near her own age as to render her intercourse perfectly familiar and sisterlike; while to Mr. Grant, she soon learned to look up as something almost more than human. He was, indeed, a rare character; in purity of life and calm dignity of manner, just what we imagine a minister of the gospel should be, yet gentle and cheerful, and, in the family circle, affectionately joining in every plan that could give pleasure to the humblest member of his household, with as much apparent interest as in the loftier duties which claimed his first attention.

And here Ella, for the first time, saw the beauties of religion, and the charm which it can cast over even the everyday transactions of life, and was led to seek and find a participation in its blessings. No wonder that she loved those who had been the means of leading her to a happiness, of which, in the brightest days of prosperity, she had never dreamed.

But, holy as seemed the happiness of that little household, it was not destined to last. Mrs. Grant's health, always delicate, began to decline; and, though no means were left untried which the most devoted affection could suggest, she sank, after many weeks of suffering, into an early grave.

It was but a few hours before her death, that, rousing from a heavy slumber, or rather lethargy into which she had fallen, she desired her children to be brought to her. They soon gathered at her side, the youngest, a babe of six months old, nestling in Ella's bosom; while next in age, a lovely boy of three years old, his father's image and namesake, clung round her, frightened by the darkened room and the labored breathing of his dying parent. The others, old enough to understand something of the scene, turned, sobbing, to their father for the comfort which he sorely needed for himself. He drew them to their mother's couch, and, taking their little hands in hers, already cold and clammy with the dew of death, she spoke a few brief words of counsel and of blessing. Then, motioning for Ella to come closer to her side, she whispered, in tones now scarcely audible—

"Promise me that you will not leave them when I am gone."

"I will never leave them—never!" and bending her head over the infant in her arms, yielded to a fresh burst of tears.

"I am satisfied," murmured the sufferer, faintly, and her face was bright with a holy faith; "God will take care of them, and you will not forsake them. Lift them up, Henry, that I may kiss them once more."

The father raised the oldest ones to receive the parting embrace; but the baby lay on Ella's bosom, and, as she bent down to place it for an instant in its mother's arms, Mrs. Grant, raising herself with sudden energy, clasped both the child and her who held it to her breast.

"You will never leave it, Ella," she repeated; "you will never forsake my child?"

"Never, as I hope to meet you in a better world!" answered the weeping girl.

"God bless you, dearest, and give you strength to perform your promise;" and, releasing her, she pressed her cold and quivering lips upon her infant's brow, and sank back exhausted into her husband's arms.

Ella hurried with the children to the nursery, and returned to watch beside her dying friend. A brief period closed her earthly existence; but not till she had again, almost unconscious of having done so before, asked and received Ella's promise never to leave her little ones while they needed her care.

And the vow made at that sad hour of parting, and again renewed as she stood beside that cold form of her who had been to her as a dear sister, was faithfully kept.

A year has passed since the death of Mrs. Grant, and Ella, or Miss Mason, as every one but the children called her, was still the presiding genius of the bereaved family. She had never left them for a day, scarcely for an hour. Her father's efforts had retrieved his affairs, and he had more than once urged her to return to a home which, though less luxuriant than her former residence, was far more splendid than the comparatively humble one she occupied. But, though the affection which she bore her early friends and her own dear family was neither changed nor lessened, she could not leave what she felt to be her post of duty, nor did she wish to do so.

Mr. Grant never urged her to stay. He had alluded only once to his wife's request, and that soon after her death:

"I have nothing to offer which can tempt you to remain," said he, "for my home will not be what it was when she was here. Yet you know how much, how very much, my children need you; and if you can feel willing to stay for their sakes, and that of her who asked it, I shall be more grateful, and God will bless you for the act."

An earnest assurance of the pleasure which she felt in being permitted to watch over the children, and in any degree to minister to his comfort, satisfied him; and from that time the subject was no more alluded to. Indeed, very little conversation of any kind took place between them, for Mr. Grant now seemed to shun the family circle as carefully as he had once sought it. The greater portion of his time was spent in retirement and study, and he appeared to have lost all taste for social enjoyment since she, who had brightened every scene to him, had passed away.

Miss Mason had taken, almost as a matter of course, the whole direction of the household, and he felt no anxiety for worldly things. He saw his children well and happy, improving in their education; and, though he superintended a part of that education, the general conduct of it was left to their fond and efficient governess.

At first, she was simply teacher of the little ones; then, as Mrs. Grant's health gave way, one duty after another was assumed to relieve the invalid, till, long before her death, she had under her direction the entire charge of the domestic concerns, and, when that took place, she became the nominal, as she had been before the real, head of the family.

But this was too peaceful and happy a state to remain altogether undisturbed, and rumors, for some time in circulation in the congregation of which she was a member and Mr. Grant Pastor, began to reach Miss Mason. She had always looked upon her minister as a being apart from this world, one not to be spoken of lightly, nor approached with even the shadow of disrespect; nor had a daily or comparatively familiar intercourse with him ever removed this impression from her mind. Words would fail to express her grief and indignation at hearing, from one whom she had deemed a friend, that the name of this honored being had been coupled with her own in light words and lighter jests, and that his comparative seclusion from his people had been attributed to other causes than grief for the wife he so tenderly loved, so deeply lamented.

"An angel from heaven would not escape censure from those who would speak thus of Mr. Grant!" she exclaimed, unable to restrain the expression of her indignation. "If ever there was a being on earth whose life might challenge the closest scrutiny, it is his."

"I have no doubt *you* think so, Miss Mason," said her gratified informant, smiling maliciously; "but others ——"

"Others!" she interrupted impatiently. "And who knows Mr. Grant so well as I?"

"No one, certainly; but I was only going to observe that they would scarcely think you a disinterested witness."

A withering reply rose to the lips of the excited girl; but she felt that it was worse than useless to prolong the conversation, and, suppressing her feelings, directed it to another channel; and the lady visitor, having succeeded in the object of her call, and obtained fresh material for gossip, soon took her departure, leaving Ella to thoughts sad and agitated beyond any she had ever known before. And yet it was rather feeling than thought, for of thought she was just then scarcely capable; but the emotions awakened by what she had heard were too powerful for control, and, leaning her head on the arm of the sofa where she was sitting, she wept bitterly.

From this indulgence of her feelings she was roused by the voice of Mr. Grant, inquiring, in tones of surprise and concern,

"My dear Miss Mason, what is the matter? What has occurred to distress you?"

She looked up in much agitation; but, too highly excited to make any attempt at concealment, she said, in broken tones,

"Mr. Grant, I must go home."

"Go home! you have had bad news from

B., then. I am very sorry. Are your parents ill? Or what is it that requires your presence?"

"It is not that I am needed at home; but I cannot stay here any longer. Do not ask me why," she continued weeping, "but I must leave you."

"Leave us! Go away altogether! Nay, then, I *must* ask you why. I must know what has caused this sudden determination." And, seating himself beside her, he, after a time, succeeded in drawing from her the tale which had induced both her emotion and the resolve she had expressed.

The account was no less surprising to him than it had been to herself, and caused scarcely less pain; for he had never imagined that a wrong construction could be put upon the seclusion which his deep grief had induced. He sat for some time in pained and gloomy silence, thinking only of what he had heard, and forgetful of the effect it would exert on his domestic comfort should it drive Ella from his house; till, drying her tears, she said more calmly:

"It will be better for me to go home as soon as possible, Mr. Grant. If you can procure some one to take my place—"

"To take your place, Miss Mason!" he said, starting from his reverie. "I cannot believe that you are serious. I cannot think that you will let an idle tale like this deprive my children of your care, and turn them a second time motherless upon the world."

"Do not urge me to remain," she replied, sadly; "it is not right for me to stay. God only knows how fearful a trial it will be to me to leave you all; but I must go."

"And why?" he asked. "I would willingly make any sacrifice to save you from the pain which has been so wantonly inflicted; but to go away will not silence the slander. Believe me, the best way will be utterly to disregard it, and it must, 'ere long, die of itself. If you leave us, you punish the innocent for the guilty; and what would my little ones do without you? You have been a mother to them since they lost their own, and none could take your place as you have taken hers."

"Let them go with me, then," she said, the tears again gushing from her eyes. "Let Anna and Henry at least go with me. The older ones will not miss my care so much; but give me Anna and Henry."

"You would take my children from me," he said, reproachfully, "the only objects which bind me to earth! No! no! my little ones shall never be separated from me but by death: and if you leave them—but I cannot think you will," he continued, earnestly. "Have you forgotten their mother's last request, and your own solemn promise to her who is now an angel in the world above? Forgive me," he added, in much emotion, "I had never thought to remind you of this; but I am pleading for my children, and every other consideration must give way to their welfare. Did you not promise my Anna *never* to forsake them? And can the wickedness of others absolve you from that vow?"

"I have thought of all this," she replied, "and, were it the evil spoken of me alone, I would bear it all, though their words were sharper than arrows, sooner than forsake my trust. But they are slandering you; and when the minister of God is defamed, the cause of Christ suffers. And you have stood so high, so far above suspicion, I cannot bear that a single shade should fall upon your name. Do not interrupt me," she continued, gathering energy as she proceeded; "I know what you would say; that even this consideration does not absolve me from my promise. But I act as she would have me act to whom my word was given. Her first thought was always for you; her first care to save you from sorrow or reproach; her greatest pride your spotless name, your extended usefulness. Do you suppose she would wish you to remain with her children at the expense of these? O no! I am confident she approves the course I am about to take, and knows the pain it costs me. If you will not let me take charge of the children," and again her voice lost its firmness, and her countenance its composure, "if I am forced to break the letter of my promise, I will be true to its spirit; and God will not bring me into judgment for acting as I believe my duty to them, to you and to the dead, requires."

Mr. Grant listened in silence; and, as she concluded, and burying her face in her hands, strove in vain to conceal her tears which found their way between her slender fingers, he said, in a subdued tone:

"Your resolution is taken, then. It is useless to say more. And when will you go?"

"As soon as possible," she replied, without looking up or removing the hands which concealed her face.

With no further remark, he left her; and Ella, finding herself alone, gave free vent to the grief she had been trying to restrain.

She was sobbing so bitterly, that she was not aware that any one was near her, till she felt herself encircled by the clasping arms of the children, and heard their words of foolish surprise and sympathy.

Henry, her especial pet, had sprung upon the sofa, and throwing one little arm around her neck, with the other drew away the curls which fell over her face, while Albert and Emily, the elder children, caught each of them a hand in both of theirs, exclaiming, "Do not go away, Aunt Ella! Do not leave us, Aunt Ella!" And little Anna, now almost two years old, was struggling in her father's arms, and crying, as she strove to reach Ella, "Take Annie, Aunt Ella, take Annie!"

"Why did you do this?" she said, reproachfully, as she tried to release herself from the children's embrace. "It is cruel to add to my distress. Why did you bring them?"

"To bid you farewell," he replied, "if you will leave us."

"No! no!" cried Henry, clasping both arms around her, "Aunt Ella shan't go away!"

And Emily, a warm-hearted, sensitive child, threw herself across Ella's lap, and wept loudly.

"I can bear this no longer!" she exclaimed, and, extending her arms, she received the baby from her father's embrace, and hid her face amid its golden curls.

"Stay with us, Miss Mason," said Mr. Grant, in tones that would falter, despite his self-control; my children cannot live without you. For their sakes, and that of her who confided them to you, stay with us."

"I will!" she answered with a sudden resolve. "You have conquered, Mr. Grant. I will not leave you, darlings. Dry your tears, Emily; Aunt Ella will not go away."

And, as she bent to raise the sobbing child, still lying in her lap, Mr. Grant's hand was laid for an instant tenderly upon her head, and, for the first time in his life addressing her by that name, he uttered, fervantly, "God bless you, Ella! God forever bless you!" and turned hastily from the apartment, to conceal the emotion he could no longer repress.

Weeks and months rolled on, and the slanderous reports which had so deeply pained Ella, had, as Mr. Grant predicted, died of themselves. But their effect upon her had not ceased. Others might have forgotten them, but she could not forget; and a nervous dread of their renewal would, but for the determination with which she turned from it, have made her very miserable.

Alas, poor girl! the agony caused by those tales, and by the thought that she must part with him, had shown her, in the depths of that heart, a feeling unsuspected by herself before, and had forced her, though with bitter tears and self-upbraidings, to acknowledge that she loved Mr. Grant as she had loved no other—as woman *can* love but *once.*

She never dreamed of a return; she believed that he would never love again; and her only thought was how to conquer, or at least disguise, her own deep affection. Yes, Ella Mason, once so certain that a second love, if it existed, could call forth no return; so positive that her heart could only be given in exchange for one which had enshrined no other image, now loved, with all the warmth of her nature, the widowed husband of her dearest friend.

"Yet not with earthly love, Father!—O, not with earthly love!" she exclaimed often, as, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, she knelt before her God. "Yet he is dearer than a thing on earth should be! O, strengthen me to overcome this feeling! aid me to conceal!"

Some months had passed in this way,

when, one evening as she was retiring with the children at their usual time, Mr. Grant said:

"Will you return to the parlor, Miss Mason, when you are at leisure? I wish a few moments' conversation with you."

Startled by the request, she merely bowed an assent; and, after seeing her little charge at rest, returned with trembling limbs to the parlor, where Mr. Grant awaited her. As she entered he came forward to meet her, and led her to the sofa.

"Miss Mason," he said—"Ella, have I offended you?"

"Offended me, Mr. Grant! O no! Why should you think that you have offended me?"

"I have fancied that you were less frank and cordial in your manner, Ella, for some time. You have not talked to me so much nor so freely as you once did, and I feared that I had, I knew not how, grieved or pained you. If so, forgive me."

"Never, at any time or in any way, Mr. Grant. If I had given you cause to think so, it is I who should ask your forgiveness. I have been dull, perhaps, for I am not altogether well, and, for the first time in my life, am somewhat nervous; but offense in your house I never had cause for, and, I do assure you, never thought of."

"It is well," he said musingly. "I am glad that it is so."

And a silence of some moments ensued, which to Ella seemed interminable, yet which she dared not break. At length Mr. Grant rose and commenced walking the room; and, gathering courage, she too, left her seat, saying:

"If you have nothing more to say to me, I will retire."

"No, Ella, sit down again. I have much more to say to you—much which I scarcely know how to begin." Then taking her hand in his, as she still stood where his words had arrested her, he said, "Let me come to the point at once. You have long been as a mother to my children; Ella, will you be my wife."

He paused; but Ella could not answer; her heart throbbed so that she could not speak, and she sank upon the sofa and covered her face. He sat down beside her and gently strove to soothe her agitation.

"It is but a little while, Ella," he said, "since I deemed it impossible to love any but my sainted Anna. At the time when you spoke of leaving us, I was indignant at the idea of another ever taking her place. Even now it is but a first place in a widowed heart that I can offer you; one that will never lose the memory of its early love. Yet I love you fondly, Ella; better than aught else on earth, and, if you will be mine, will strive earnestly to make you happy."

Still, Ella was silent; and, when he spoke again, his tone evinced much emotion:

"I fear I have pained you," he said; "I ought to have remembered that you were still too young to give your heart's first warmth of love to one who has so little to give you in exchange. Forgive me, Ella. If you cannot love me, at least forgive my folly. I will leave you now," he continued.

"Stay," she murmured; but so faintly, that, in his agitation, he did not hear it, and had left her side, when, raising her head, she exclaimed more clearly, "stay, I implore you. If I hesitated," she continued, rapidly, as he returned, his usually calm countenance much agitated—"if I hesitated, it was from no doubt of my own feelings, but of yours. Do you, indeed, love me?"

"Do you doubt it?" he replied, almost indignantly. "Why should I profess a love I did not feel? Do you think I would deceive you, Ella?"

"No! O no! I am sure you would not! And yet I cannot realize—it seems like a dream that you should love me." She pressed her hand over her eyes for a moment, and then placing it in his with something of a child-like confidence of former days, she said, though her tone was low and tremulous, "Mr. Grant, the least and lowest place in *your* heart is more valuable to me than the undivided love of another!"

"Ella! dear Ella!" he said, as, overpowered by this simple acknowledgment, he clasped her in his arms, "as much as I can now love anything on earth I love you. You will be mine, then, Ella? I am no longer alone!"

No answering words were needed now; for, in that hour of joy, spirit communed with spirit, and each felt how deeply and sincerely the other loved.

"Ella," said Aunt Hetty, with a quiet smile, after the first congratulations were over, and when, the bridal party having somewhat subsided, she and her niece were conversing a little apart, "George Sidney was married again last week."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Mrs. Grant, smiling and blushing as she met her aunt's significant look, and recollected her own words in relation to second marriages. "I hope he may be very happy."

"Happy! But are you not sorry for his wife? Is not a second marriage always a matter either of calculation or convenience? Must not every spark of romance or freshness of feeling be extinguished before such a thing can be thought of? Does not a heart require —"

"Aunt Hetty! Aunt Hetty!" interrupted her niece, in some confusion, "pray do not bring up all the nonsense of my girlhood against me. I was very silly then."

"And have grown wiser now, under the auspices of Mr. Grant. Ah, Ella, was not I a true prophetess, dear?"

"To some extent you were, dear aunt. I have given my whole heart in exchange for a second love, and I am more than satisfied; but—there are very few men like Mr. Grant, and—and please do not tell him how foolish I used to be."—*Ex.*

◆

A True Wife.—With a true wife, the husband's faults should be a secret. A woman forgets what is due to herself, when she condescends to that refuge of weakness, a female confidante. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable in her estimation than his life. If this be not the case, she pollutes her marriage vow.

☞ The friendship of some people is like our shadow, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF A PORTLAND DRAM-DRINKER, OR HOW THE NEW LAW WORKS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"It 's almost time," said little Elsie, fixing her troubled eyes on the old church clock opposite the window where she sat, and then she turned her sharp but sickly glance upon her pale-faced mother.

"Yes, Elsie, but do n't be alarmed if he should not be himself," replied the worn-looking woman, with a heavy sigh, "the fright you took lately has injured you more than a thousand colds. No one shall harm you, dear; I will defend you to my death," she added with determination, and as if half speaking to herself.

"I do n't care for me, mother, a bit; but when he tries to strike you, O! how I shiver, and how I almost hate him. I can 't help it, mother, indeed I can 't," she quickly continued, as her mother looked up reprovingly. "Just think of that sweet, patient little sufferer, a cripple, perhaps, for life; how pale and helpless he lies there, my dear, darling brother."

The mother turned her head slowly, till her two dim, blue eyes rested fully upon an emaciated child, sleeping uneasily in a broken cradle.

"Your father was good and kind once," she murmured, while a frown gathered on her brow at the sight, "and now, when he makes one of his resolves, which, alas! is of short duration, his old nature comes out like sunshine. Poor little Henry, that was a cruel blow, given by a father's hand. But who is responsible?" she exclaimed, suddenly starting from her seat, while her temples and cheeks were crimsoned: "O, had I the power, not a rum-shop should stand in this city by nightfall."

"Mother, do n't look so angry," said little Elsie, with a quivering lip.

The door was pushed violently open, and a girl of some fifteen summers burst into the room. Her fine face was lighted up, and her eyes shone like two brilliants, as she exclaimed with vehemence, "O! mother, mother, can you imagine what news I have for you?

it is so good, so glorious! The new liquor law has passed; and they say that, within one week, not a glass of intoxicating spirits can be had for love or money. I felt so delighted when I heard," she continued, as the tears struggled with her smiles, "that I left our shop on the instant, and hurried home to tell you; now I must go back again. It is worth a thousand dollars to see that smile on your face;" and, more to repress the quick sobs that were almost choking her, with the strange joy she felt, than fear that her presence might be missed at the workshop, she hurried again from the room.

The drunkard's wife sat down dreamily. She could hardly bring her mind to realize the truth of what she had heard. Presently, that consumptive child at her side pressed the trembling hand of her mother, and, in sweet but faltering tones, uttered the simple sentence, "God is good, mother."

Instantly rising, the poor woman laid aside her work, and hurrying to a little narrow room adjoining, she fell upon her knees, completely overpowered by her emotion. An hour passed before she rejoined her sick children; that hour had been spent in prayers and tears—prayers of thanksgiving and tears of joy.

With a more cheerful heart than she had known for years, she hurried about her work. It was impossible to make the room neater, for the most battered furniture shone with cleanliness; but she went out herself, and purchased some little luxuries, such as none but Elsie had enjoyed for many a day, and drawing the table to the middle of the floor, she set it out with all the ware that her closet contained. Elsie looked on, pleased and happy, only asking her mother if she thought that father would be home to supper.

"I know he will," was the firm answer.

When the two little boys came from school, toward evening, they crept around the table, peeping at the pie, and asking all sorts of questions; whether that was really tea that stood on the old stove, and if they might have butter on their bread? and when they were assured that they might, they moved round the room on tiptoe, for fear of disturbing their sick brother, talking to each other with the delighted glances of their intelligent faces.

At dark, the eldest daughter returned, and with a beautiful smile she said, "Mother, I saw father at the corner of the street, and what do you think? he had a lobster in his hand, for supper. And he was as sober as he could be. He did n't notice me, but I heard him say with a laugh, that if he could n't get liquor in Portland, he was sure he should n't go out of his way for it; and the man he was talking with, mother, to crown the whole, was Mr. L., president of the temperance society. O! it does seem as if we should be happy once more. And how nice every thing looks—not nicer than usual," she added quickly, "but we see through different eyes to-night, I suppose."

The mother was still silent, but how high was her poor heart beating with new and joyful hope.

It seemed as if that heart would, at times, leap from its inclosure; and when the husband and father neared the house, she sank, pale and trembling, upon a seat.

Eddy and Willy, the oldest boys, stood in the door-way. Their father caught Eddy, and swung him up with a "hi-yah," then breaking off claw after claw from the huge lobster, he filled their hands. He entered the room carelessly, and glancing at the table, deposited his burden upon it, took off his hat, and for the first time for five months, sat down by the window beside his sick child. Her little folded hands were instantly clasped in his, and as he took them, a tear trembled on his eyelids.

"Have you no brighter light than that?" he asked, pointing to the dying flame that shed a feeble ray over the tidy table. "Send and get some better oil, mother."

"I have no money, Edward," said his wife, timidly.

"No money, eh! Well, I reckon I can let you have a little;" and bending forward, he threw nearly two dollars in change upon her lap. The glance which she gave him, thrilled his whole being. A moan from the little fellow in the cradle startled him. He went and stood uneasily at the child's side, and gazed down into the wan face that looked so suffering and ghastly.

"Mother," he exclaimed, turning abruptly away, and walking the floor hurriedly, "if I have prayed once to day, that this new law might go into operation, I have twenty times. Since yesterday morning, when old Hart told me, that he did n't dare sell me a single glass, I have been thinking what a curse I 've been to you all, even to that innocent babe;" his voice faltered, while his oldest daughter wiped away the tears that were streaming over her cheeks, as she sat silent in the darkest corner of the room.

"And, mother," he continued, "I've made a solemn vow to God, that I would never touch rum again; and just think how much it will assist me, to know that I can't go to this corner and that, to be tempted with the sight of the miserable poison."

"God be thanked!" said the glad wife, bowing her head upon the mantel and hiding her streaming eyes; "for there never was a better husband than you, Edward, when you are yourself. As for dear little Henry, I trust he will get well again soon; do not think of the past, but resolve for the future."

"I will, so help me God," exclaimed the husband, in deep, solemn tones.

Even Elsie was wheeled up to the supper table, and joy beamed on every face, as they sat together.

"In less than a month, mother," said the repentant man, "I mean to put you into a better house; and as soon as I can, I 'll hoist all this old trash out of doors, and we will get as nice furniture as any body need have, in our circumstances. I declare, it is comfort, though, to see you all eating so heartily, and looking so happy. Even Elsie's cheeks are as red as roses."

The child smiled merrily; but the mother kept down a sigh that was swelling in her bosom—she knew that her fair girl would soon be in a happier home than earth can afford. But, O! it was a rich consolation to feel that a sober father would stand beside the dying bed of the little one.

"Father," said roguish Eddy, "I like our mayor, though, do n't you?"

"Like him? that man will have no thorns in his dying pillow; I believe that a thousand lips, at least, are invoking blessings on him to-night."

"God bless him!" said the wife and mother softly: and, O! there was such joy in her heart.—*Olive Branch.*

THE TWINS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICEMAN.

THE records of police courts afford but imperfect evidence of the business already effected by the officers attached to them. The machinery of English criminal law in practice, is so subservient to the caprice of individual prosecutors, that instances are constantly occurring in which flagrant violations of natural justice are, from various motives, corrupt and otherwise, withdrawn not only from the cognizance of judicial authority, but from the reprobation of public opinion. Compromises are usually effected between the apprehension of the inculpated parties and the public examination before a magistrate. The object of prosecution has been, perhaps, obtained by the preliminary step of arrest, or a criminal understanding has been arrived at interval; and it is then found utterly hopeless to proceed, however manifest may have appeared the guilt of the prisoner. If you adopt the expedient of compelling the attendance of the accused, it is, nine cases out of ten, mere time and trouble thrown away. The utter forgetfulness of memory, the loose recollection of facts so vividly remembered but a few hours before, the delicately scrupulous hesitation to depose confidently to the clearest verities evinced by the reluctant prosecutor, render a conviction almost impossible; so that, except in cases of flagrant and startling crimes, which are of course earnestly prosecuted by the crown lawyers, offenses against "our sovereign lady, the Queen, her crown and dignity," as criminal indictments run, if no aggrieved subject voluntarily appears to challenge in behalf of his liege lady, remain unchastised and not unfrequently unexposed. From several examples of this prevalent abuse which have come within my knowledge, I select the following instance, merely changing the names of the parties:

My services, the superintendent late one afternoon informed me, were required in a perplexed and entangled affair, which would probably occupy me for some time, as orders had been given to investigate the matter thoroughly. "There," he added, "is a Mr. Repton, a highly respectable country solicitor's card. He is from Lancashire, and is staying at Webb's Hotel, Piccadilly. You are to see him at once. He will put you in possession of all the facts—surmises rather, I should say, for the facts to my apprehension, are scant enough—connected with the case, and you will then use all possible diligence to ascertain, first, if the alleged crime has really been committed, and, if so, of course to bring the criminal to justice."

I found Mr. Repton, a stout, bald-headed, gentlemanly person, apparently about sixty years of age, just in the act of going out.

"I have a pressing engagement for this evening, Mr. Waters," said he, after glancing at the introductory note I had brought, "and cannot possibly go in the business with the attention and minuteness it requires till the morning. But I'll tell you what: one of the parties concerned, and the one, too, with whom you will have especially to deal, is, I know, to be at the Covent Garden theater this evening. It is, of course, necessary that you should be thoroughly acquainted with his person; and if you will go with me in the cab that is waiting outside, I will step with you into the theater and point him out." I assented, and, on entering Covent Gardent pit, Mr. Repton, who kept behind me to avoid observation, directed my attention to a group of persons occupying the front seats of the third box in the lower tier from the stage, on the right hand of the house. They were a gentleman of about thirty years of age; his wife, a very elegant person, a year or two younger; and three children, the eldest of whom, a boy, could not have been more than six or seven years old. This done, Mr. Repton left the theater, and, about two hours afterward, I did the same.

The next morning I breakfasted with the Lancashire solicitor by appointment. As soon as it was concluded, business was at once entered upon.

"You closely observed Sir Charles Malvern, yesterday evening, I presume?" said Mr. Repton.

"I paid great attention to the gentleman you pointed out to me," I answered, "if he be Sir Charles Malvern."

"He is, or, at least——But of that presently. First, let me inform you that Malvern, a few months ago, was a beggared gamester, or nearly so, to speak with precision. He is now in good bodily health, has a charming wife, and a family to whom he is much attached, an unincumbered estate of about twelve thousand a year, and has not gambled since he came into possession of the property. This premised, is there, think you, anything remarkable in Sir Charles's demeaner?"

"Singularly so. My impression was that he was laboring under a terrible depression of spirits, caused, I imagined by pecuniary difficulties. His manner was restless, abstracted. He paid no attention whatever to anything going on on the stage, except when his wife or one of the children especially challenged his attention; and then, a brief answer returned, he relapsed into the same restless unobservance as before. He is very nervous, too. The box door was suddenly opened once or twice, and I noticed his sudden start each time."

"You have exactly described him. Well, that perturbed, unquiet feverishness of manner has constantly distinguished him since his accession to the Redwood estates, and only since then. It strengthens me and one or two others in possibly an unfounded suspicion, which——But I had better, if I wish to render myself intelligible, relate matters in sequence.

"Sir Thomas Redwood, whose property in Lancashire is chiefly in the neighborhood of Liverpool, met his death, as did his only son, Mr. Archibald Redwood, about six months ago, in a very sudden and shocking manner. They were trying a splendid mare for the first time in harness, which Sir Thomas had lately purchased at a very high price. Two grooms on horseback were in attendance, to render assistance, if required, for the animal was a very powerful, high spirited one. All went very well till they arrived in front of Meredith's place, Oak Villa. This gentleman has a passion for firing off a number of brass cannons on the anniversary of such events as he deems worthy of the honor. This happened, unfortunately, to be one of Mr. Meredith's gunpowder days; and, as Sir Thomas and his son were passing, a stream of light flashed directly in the eyes of the mare, followed by the roar of artillery at no more than ten paces off. The terrified animal became instantly unmanageable, got the bit between her teeth, and darted off with the wildest speed. The road is a curved and a rugged one; and, after tearing along for about half a mile, the off-wheel of the gig came, at an abrupt turn, full against a mile stone. The tremendous shock hurled the two unfortunate gentlemen upon the road with frightful violence, tore the vehicle almost completely asunder, and so injured the mare that she died the next day. The alarmed grooms, had not only been unable to render assistance, but even to keep up with the terrified mare, found Mr. Archibald Redwood quite dead. The spine had been broken close to the nape of the neck; his head, in fact, was doubled up, so to speak, under the body. Sir Thomas still breathed, and was conveyed to Redwood Manor House. Surgical assistance was promptly obtained; but the internal injuries were so great, that the excellent old gentleman expired in a few hours after he had reached his home. I was hastily sent for; and, when I arrived, Sir Thomas was still fully conscious. He imparted to me matters of great moment, to which he requested I would direct, after his decease, my best care and attention. His son, I was aware, had but just returned from a tour on the continent, where he had been absent for nearly twelve months: but I was not aware that Mr. Archibald Redwood had not only secretly espoused a Miss Ashton—of a reduced family, but belonging to our best gentry—but had returned home, not solely for the purpose of soliciting Sir Thomas's forgiveness of his rash espousals, but that the probable heir of Redwood might be born within the walls of the ancient house. After the first burst of passion and surprise, Sir Thomas, one of the best-hearted men in the universe, cordially forgave his son's disobedience—partly, and quite rightly, imputing it to his own foolish urgency in pressing a union with one of the Lacy family, with which the baronet was very intimate, and whose estate adjoined his.

"Well, this lady, now a widow, had been left by her husband at Chester, while he came on to seek an explanation with his father. Mr. Archibald Redwood was to have set out the next morning in one of Sir Thomas's carriages to bring home his wife; and the baronet, with his dying breath, bad me assure her of his entire forgiveness, and his earnest hope and trust, that, through her offspring, the race of the Redwoods might be continued in a direct line. The family estates, I should tell you, being strictly entailed on heirs male, devolved, if no son of Mr. Archibald Redwood should bar his claim, upon Charles Malvern, the son of a cousin of the late Thomas Redwood. The baronet had always felt partial toward Malvern, and had assisted him pecuniarily a hundred times. Sir Thomas also directed me to draw, as quickly as I could, a short will, bequeathing Mr. Charles Malvern twenty thousand pounds out of his personals. I wrote as expeditiously as I could, but by the time the papers were ready for his signature, Sir Thomas was no longer conscious. I placed the pen in his hand, and I fancied he understood the purpose, for his fingers closed faintly upon it; but the power to guide was utterly gone, and only a slight, scrambling stroke marked the paper as the pen slid across it toward the falling arm.

"Mr. Malvern arrived at the house about an hour after Sir Thomas breathed his last. It was clearly apparent, through all his sorrow, partly real, I have no doubt, as well as partly assumed, that joy, the joy of riches, splendor, station, was dancing at his heart, and, spite of all his efforts to subdue or conceal it, sparkling in his eye. I briefly, but as gently as I could, acquainted him with the true position of affairs. The revulsion of feeling which ensued entirely un-manned him; and it was not till an hour afterward that he recovered his self-possession sufficiently to converse reasonably and cooly upon his position. At last he became apparently reconciled to the sudden overclouding of his imaginatively brilliant prospects, and it was agreed, as he was a relative of the widow, that he should break the sad news to her. Well, a few days after his departure, I received a letter from him, stating that Lady Redwood—I do n't think, by the way, that, as her husband died before succeeding to the baronetcy, she is enentitled to that appellation of honor; we, however, call her so out of courtesy—that Lady Redwood, though prematurely confined in consequence of the intelligence of her husband's untimely death, had given birth to a female child, and that both mother and daughter were as well as might be expected. This, you will agree, seemed perfectly satisfactory?"

"Entirely so."

"So I thought. Mr. Malvern was now unquestionably, whether Sir Charles Malvern or not, the proprietor of the Redwood estates, burthened as with a charge, in accordance with the conditions of the entails, of a thousand pounds life annuity to the late Mr. Redwood's infant daughter.

"Sir Charles returned to the Redwood manor house, where his wife and family soon afterward arrived. Lady Redwood had been joined, I understood, by her mother, Mrs. Ashton, and would, when able to undertake the journey, return to her maternal home. It was about two months after Sir Thomas Redwood's death that I determined to pay Lady Redwood a visit, in order to the winding up of the personal estate, which it was desirable to accomplish as speedily as possible; and then a new and terrible light flashed upon me."

"What, in heaven's name!" I exclaimed, for the first time breaking silence—"what could there be to reveal?"

"Only," rejoined Mr. Repton, "that, ill and delirious as Lady Redwood admitted herself to have been, it was her intimate, unconquerable conviction *that she had given birth to twins!*"

"Good God! And you suspect?"

"We do n't know what to suspect. Should the lady's confident belief be correct, the missing child might have been a boy. You understand?"

"I do. But is there any tangible evidence to justify this horrible suspicion?"

"Yes; the surgeon-apothecary and his wife, a Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who attended Lady Redwood, have suddenly disappeared from Chester, and, from no explainable motive, having left or abandoned a fair business there."

"That has certainly an ugly look."

"True; and a few days ago I received information that Williams had been seen in Birmingham. He was well-dressed, and not apparently in any business."

"There certainly appears some ground for suspicion. What plan of operations do you propose?"

"That," replied Mr. Repton, "I must leave to your more practiced sagacity. I can only undertake that no means shall be lacking that may be required."

"It will be better, perhaps," I suggested, after an interval of reflection, "that I should proceed to Birmingham at once. You have of course an accurate description of the persons of Williams and his wife ready?"

"I have; and very accurate pen-and-ink sketches I am told they are. Besides these, I have also here," continued Mr. Repton, taking from his pocket-book a sheet of carefully folded stain-paper, "a full description of the female baby, drawn up by its mother, under the impression that twins always—I believe they generally do—closely resemble each other. 'Light hair, blue eyes, dimpled chin' and so on. The lady—a very charming person, I assure you, and meek and gentle as a fawn—is chiefly anxious to recover her child. You and I, should our suspicions be confirmed, have other duties to perform."

This was pretty nearly all that passed, and the next day I was in Birmingham.

The search, as I was compelled to be cautious in my inquiries, was tedious, but, finally successful. Mr. and Mrs. Williams I discovered living in a pretty house, with neat grounds attached, about two miles from Birmingham, on the coach road to Wolverhampton. Their assumed name was Burridge, as I ascertained from a servant girl, who fetched their dinner and supper beer, and occasionally wine and spirits, from a neighboring tavern—that they had one child, a few months old, of whom neither father nor mother seemed very fond. By dint of much perseverance, I at length got upon pretty familiar terms with Mr. Burridge, alias Williams. He spent his evenings regularly in a tavern: but, with all the painstaking, indefatigable ingenuity I employed, the chief knowledge I acquired, during three weeks of assiduous endeavor, was that my friend Burridge intended, immediately after a visit which he expected shortly to receive from a rich and influential relative in London, to emigrate to America, at all events to go abroad. This was, however, precious information, and very rarely, indeed, was he, after I obtained it, out of my sight or observation. At length perseverance obtained its reward. One morning I discovered my friend, much more sprucely attired than ordinarily, make way to the railway station, and there question with eager looks every passenger that alighted from the first-class carriages. At last a gentleman, whom I instantly recognized in spite of his shawl and other wrappings, arrived by the express train from London. Williams instantly accosted him, a cab was called and away they drove. I followed in another, and saw them both alight at a hotel in New street. I also alighted and was mentally debating how to proceed, when Williams came out of the tavern and proceded in the direction of his home. I followed, overtook him, and soon contrived to ascertain that he and his wife had important business to transact in Birmingham the next morning, which would render it imposible he should meet me as I proposed, till two or three o'clock in the afternoon at the earliest, and the next morning, my, esteemed friend informed me, they would leave the place, probably forever.

An hour after this interesting conversation, I, accompanied by the chief of the Birmingham police, was closeted with the landlord of the hotel in New street, a highly respectable person, who promised us every assistance in his power. Sir Charles Malvern had, we found, engaged a private room for the transaction of important business with some persons he expected in the morning, and our plans were soon fully matured and agreed upon.

I slept little that night, and, immediately after breakfast, hastened, with my Birmingham colleague, to the hotel. The apartment assigned for Sir Charles Malvern's use had been a bedroom, and a large wardrobe, with a high wing at each end, still remained in it. We tried if it would hold us, and, with very little stooping and squeezing, found it would do very well. The landlord soon gave us the signal to be on the alert, and in we jammed ourselves, locking the wing doors on the inside. A minute or two afterward, Sir Charles and Mr. and Mrs. Williams entered, and paper, pens and ink having been brought, business commenced in right earnest. Their conversation it is needless to detail. It will suffice to observe, that it was manifest Sir Charles, by a heavy bribe, had induced the accoucher and his wife to conceal the birth of the male child, which, as I suspected, was that which Williams and his spouse were bringing up as their own. I must do the fictitious baronet the justice to say, that he had from the first the utmost anxiety that no harm should befall the infant. Mr. Malvern's nervous dread lest his confederates should be questioned, had induced their hurried departure from Chester, and it now appeared that he had become aware of the suspicions entertained by Mr. Repton, and could not rest till the Williamses and child were out of the country. It was now insisted by the woman more especially, that the agreement for the large annual payment to be made by Sir Charles should be fairly written out and signed in plain "black and white," to use Mrs. Williams's expression, in order that no future misunderstandings might arise. This Mr. Malvern strongly objected to; but, finding the woman would accept of no other terms, he sullenly complied, and at the same time reiterated, that, if any harm should befall the boy—to whom he intended, he said, to leave a handsome fortune—he would cease, regardless of consequences to himself, to pay the Williamses a shilling.

A silence of several minutes followed, broken only by the scratching of the pen on paper. The time to me seemed an age, squeezed crooked, stifled as I was, in that narrow box, and so I afterward learned it did to my fellow sufferer. At length Mr. Malvern said, in the same cautious whisper, in which they had all hitherto spoken, "This will do, I think," and read what he had written. Mr. and Mrs. Williams signified their approval; and, as now matters were fully ripe, I gently turned the key and very softly pushed open the door. The backs of the amiable trio were toward me, and as my boots were off, and the apartment was thickly carpeted, I approached unperceived, and, to the inexpressible horror and astonishment of the parties concerned, whose heads were bent eagerly over the important document, a hand, which belonged to neither of them, was thrust silently but swiftly forward, and grasped the precious instrument. A fierce exclamation from Mr. Malvern, as he started from his seat, and a convulsive scream from Mrs. Williams as she fell back in hers, followed; and, to add to the animation of the tableau, my friend at the opposite wing emerged at the same moment from his hiding place.

Mr. Malvern comprehended at a glance the situation of affairs, and made a furious dash at the paper. I was quicker as well as stronger than he, and he failed in his object. Resistance was, of course, out of the question; and in less than two hours we were speeding on the railroad toward London, accompanied by the child, whom we entrusted to Williams's servant maid.

Mr. Repton was still in town, and Mrs. Ashton, Lady Redwood, and her unmarried sister, in their impatience of intelligence, had arrived several days before. I had the pleasure of accompanying Mr. Repton, with the child and his temporary nurse, to Osborne's Hotel, in the Adelphi; and I really at first feared for the excited mother's reason, or that she would do the infant a mischief, so tumultuous, so frenzied, was her rapturous joy at the recovery of the lost treasure. When placed in the cot beside the female infant, the resemblance of the one to the other was certainly almost perfect. I never saw before nor since so complete a likeness. This was enough for the mother; but, fortunately, we had much more satisfactory evidence, legally viewed, to establish the identity of the child in a court of law, should the necessity arise for doing so.

Here, as far as I am concerned, all positive knowledge of this curious piece of family history ends. Of subsequent transactions between the parties I had no personal cognizance. I only know there was a failure of justice, and I can pretty well guess from what motives. The parties I had arrested in Birmingham were kept in strict custody for several days; but no inducement, no threats, could induce the institutors of the inquiry to appear against the detected criminals.

Mrs. and Miss Ashton, Lady Redwood and her children, left town the next day but one for Redwood Manor; and Mr. Repton coldly told the angry superintendent, that "he had no instructions to prosecute." He, too, was speedily off, and the prisoners were necessarily discharged out of custody.

I saw, about three weeks afterward, in a morning paper, that Mr. Malvern, "whom the birth of a posthumous heir in a direct line had necessarily deprived of all chance of succession to the Redwood estates, and the baronetcy, which the newspapers had so absurdly conferred on him, was, with his amiable lady and family, about to leave England for Italy, were they intended to remain some time." The expressed, but uncompleted, will of the deceased baronet, Sir Thomas Redwood, had been, it was further stated, carried into effect, and the legacy intended for Mr. Malvern paid over to him. The Williamses never, to my knowledge, attained to the dignity of a notice in the newspapers; but, I believe they pursued their original intention of passing over to America.

Thus not only "Offense's gilded hand," but some of the best feelings of our nature, not unfrequently "shove by justice" and place a concealing gloss over deeds which, under other circumstances, would have infallibly consigned the perpetrators to a prison, or perhaps the hulks. Whether, however, any enactment could effectually grapple with an abuse which springs from motives natural and amiable, is a question which I must leave to wiser heads than mine to discuss and determine.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

"The school, ma'am, 's coming — the school, ma'am, 's coming!" shouted a dozen voices, at the close of a half hour's faithful watch to catch a glimpse of our teacher. Every eye was turned toward her with the most scrutinizing glance—for the children, as well as others, always form an opinion of a person, particularly of their teacher at first sight.

"How tall she is!" exclaimed one.

"Ho, I ain't afraid of her, nor a dozen like her," cried the "big boy" of the school.

"Nor I, either," cried the big boy's little ally, "I could lick her easy enough; could n't you, Tom?"

"Yes, and I will, too, if she goes to touch me."

"Hush," cried one of the little girls, "she will hear you."

By this time she had nearly reached the door, round which we were clustered, and every eye was fixed upon her face with an eager yet bashful gaze, uncertain, as yet, what verdict to pass upon her.

"Good morning, children," she said, in the kindest voice in the world, while her face was lighted by the sweetest smile imaginable. "This is a beautiful morning to commence school, is it not?"

"I know I shall love her," whispered a little pet in my ear.

We all followed her into the school room, except Tom Jones and his ally, who watched till the rest were seated, and then came in with a swaggering, noisy gait, and a sort of dare-devil, saucy look, as much as to say, "who cares for you?"

Miss Westcott looked at them kindly, but appeared not to notice them further. After a short prayer, and reading a chapter in the Bible, she passed round the room and made some inquiry of each one in regard to themselves and their studies.

"And what is your name?" she asked, laying her hand upon Tom's head, while he sat with his hands in his pockets, swinging his body forward and backward.

"Tom Jones," shouted he, at the top of his voice.

"How old are you, Thomas?" she asked.

"Just as old agin as half," answered Tom, with a saucy laugh.

"What do you study, Thomas?"

"Nothing."

"What books have you?"

"None."

Without appearing to be at all disturbed by his replies, Miss Wescott said: "I am glad that I am to have one or two large boys in my school; you can be of great assistance to me, Thomas, if you will stop a few moments after school this afternoon; we will talk over a little plan I have formed."

This was a mystery to all, and particularly to Tom, who could not comprehend how he could be useful to anybody, and, for the first time in his life, he felt as if he was of some importance in the world. He had always been called the "bad boy" at school, and he took a sort of pride in being feared by the children and dreaded by the teacher.

Miss Wescott at once comprehended his whole character, and began to shape her plans accordingly. She maintained that a boy, who, at twelve years of age, had made himself feared among his school fellows, was capable of being made something of. Heretofore all influences had conspired to make him bad, and, perhaps, a desperate character; she was determined to transform his character by bringing opposite influences to work upon him; and to effect this, she must first gain his confidence, which could not be done in a better way than by letting him feel that she placed confidence in him.

When school was out, more than half the scholars lingered about the door, wondering what Miss Westcott had to say to Tom Jones. He had often been bid to remain after school, but it was always to receive punishment or a severe lecture, and, nine times out of ten, he would jump out of the room; but it was evidently for a different purpose that he was to remain now, and no one wondered what it could be more than Tom Jones.

"Do n't you think, Thomas, that our school room would be far pleasanter if we had some evergreens to hang around it; something to make it more cheerful?" inquired Miss Westcott.

"Yes 'm, and I know where I can get plenty of them."

"Well, Thomas, if you will have some here by eight o'clock to-morrow morning, I will be here to help you to put them up, and we will give the children a pleasant surprise. Here are some books I will give you, Thomas; you may put them in your drawer—they are what I want you to study."

"But I can 't study geography and history," exclaimed Tom, confusedly, "I never did."

"That is the reason why you think you cannot," replied Miss Westcott. "I am quite sure you can, and you will love them, I know."

"Nobody ever cared whether I learned or not before," said Tom with some emotion.

"Well, I care," said Miss Westcott, with earnestness; "you are capable of becoming a great and good man; you are now forming a character for life, and it depends upon yourself what you become. The poorest boy in this country has an equal chance with the wealthiest, and his circumstances are more favorable for becoming eminent, for he learns to depend upon himself. I will assist you all I can in your studies, Thomas, and I know you will succeed. Remember that I am your friend, and come to me in every difficulty."

Tom Jones had not been brought up; he had come up, because he had been born into the world and could n't help it. But, as for any mental or moral training, he was as fruitless of it as a wild bramble of a pruning knife. His father was an intemperate, bad man, and his mother a totally inefficient woman. At home he received nothing but blows, and abroad nothing but abuse. His bad passions were, therefore, all excited and fostered; and his good ones were never called out. He always expected that his teachers would hate him, so he whetted anew his combative powers to oppose them, and he had made up his mind to turn "the new school ma'am out of doors." When, therefore, Miss Westcott declared that she was glad to have him in her school, he was amazed: and that she should manifest such an interest for him, and give him a set of books, was perfectly incomprehensible to him. Miss Westcott understood his position and character, and determined to modify them. She felt that he was equally capable of good and bad actions, though the bad now predominated. She knew that his active mind must be busy; one might as well think of chaining the lightning, as bending down by force that wild spirit to his books. She would give him employment; but such as would call out a new train of ideas and thoughts. He must feel that he was doing good for others' sake, and that he was not guided alone by his own wayward will, and yet there must be no *appearance* of restraint upon him; he must *choose* to do good.

Tom Jones went home that night with a new feeling in his breast; for the first time in his life he felt that he was capable of rising above his present condition, and becoming somewhat greater and better than he was. His mind became inundated with new and strange emotions, and, like a mighty river turned from its course, his thoughts and energies, from that hour, sought a new direction.

The next morning he was up with the dawn, and when Miss Westcott arrived at the school-house, she found Tom Jones there with the evergreens.

"Good morning, Thomas," she said kindly; "so you are here before me; you must have risen early, and I see you have found some beautiful evergreens. Now if you will help me hang them, we will have the room all arranged by nine o'clock."

"I have brought a hammer and some nails," said Tom; "I thought we should need some."

"Yes, so we shall; I am glad you thought of it," replied Miss Westcott.

That day every scholar looked amazed to see

Tom Jones actually studying his book, and hear him answer several questions correctly, and they were still more confounded when, at recess, Miss Westcott said:

"Thomas, you will take care of these little children, will you not, and see that they do not get hurt? You must be their protector."

One would as soon have thought of setting a wolf to guard a flock of lambs, as Tom Jones to take good care of little children.

"Well," exclaimed Sam Evans, "I never saw such a school ma'am in all the days of my life; did you, Tom?"

"No," replied Tom; "but I wish I had, and I would have been a different boy from what I am now; but I am going to study now, and learn something. Miss Westcott says I can, and I am determined to try."

I was astonished to observe the effect that Miss Westcott's treatment of Tom had on the scholars—they began to consider him of some importance, and to feel a sort of respect for him, which they manifested first, by dropping the nickname Tom and substituting Tommy, which revealed certainly a more kindly feeling toward him.

In less than a week, Miss Westcott had the school completely under control, yet, it was by love and respect she governed, and not by any iron rule; she moved among her scholars a very queen, and yet so gained their confidence and esteem, that it did not seem to them submission to *another's* will, but the promptings of their own desire to please. One glance of her dark eye would have quelled an insurrection, and one smile made them happy for a day.

Julia Westcott taught a school with a realization of the responsibilities resting upon her, and she bent her energies to fulfill them. Carefully and skillfully she unlocked the soul's door and gave a searching glance within, in order to understand its capabilities, and shaped her course accordingly. The desponding and inactive she encouraged; the obstinate subdued; to the yielding and fickle she taught a strong self-reliance. She encouraged the *one rain drop* to do all the good it could, and the rushing torrent she turned where it would fertilize rather than devastate.

There are, in every school, some dormant energies which, if aroused, might shake the world; there are emotions and passions which, if let loose, will, like the lightning of heaven, scatter ruin and blight; but, if controlled, may, like that element, become the messenger of thoughts to the world. In that head you call *dull*, may lie slumbering passions, like some pent up volcano; open that closed crater and see if there do not belch forth flames which your hand cannot stop.

* * * * * *

The sower, in the parable, sowed good seed, but that only which fell upon good ground bore fruit; had the thorns been rooted out and the soil enriched, would not the other fields have yielded a harvest also? I have seen a teacher make his entrance into a school by reading a list of rules, two or three feet in length: "You *must* do this—you *must* not do that;" without a single remark upon the propriety, the why and wherefore of the thing, but only "*you must, or must not, do so.*"

You might as well expect to cure a man of stealing by pelting him with bibles. The truth certainly hits *hard* enough—and so would stones. Let a man feel the beauty, as well as the violence of the law, and he will be quite apt to profit by it.

Julia Westcott understood human nature. She made it a study, as every teacher ought to do. She rooted out error and prejudice from the minds of her pupils, showed them the evil of sin and the beauty of virtue, the advantage of education and the consequence of ignorance—taught them their own capabilities and responsibilities, and she adapted her instructions to capacities and necessities. And thus she went on, year after year, scattering good seed on good ground, and she reaped an abundant harvest. From many a happy home and high place came a blessing upon her; and there is no one who breathes her name with greater reverence or remembers her with more grateful affection than "Tom Jones," who has filled, with ability, one of the highest judicial offices in the Union, and freely acknowledges that he owes his present character and position, under God's providence, to her treatment and instructions.

Truly, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—*Exchange.*

TEMPERANCE CAMP-MEETING AT CRAWFORDSVILLE.

We have just returned from this camp-meeting, where we have spent the past week; and we can say that we have not, in a long while, enjoyed so pleasant a time. On Monday we rode through a most disagreeable dust, and arrived at Crawfordsville early on Tuesday morning. Here we found that, for five or six weeks, this town had been in a great commotion on the subject of temperance.

Bro. Ross, "the man with the still," had been there, and had held meetings every day and night, nearly, during that time. When the excitement commenced, there were nine "*liquor hells*" in the place—but before the camp-meeting commenced, five of them had been closed and their liquors destroyed.

On Tuesday, at ten o'clock, the camp-meeting was commenced in a beautiful grove north-east of the town. On account of the rain, there was a small attendance on the forenoon of the first day. During the forenoon, however, a liquor seller named Newton, had concluded to quit the traffic and sign the pledge, which he did, before the assembly. He then offered all his stock of liquors as a sacrifice to the good cause; and, at one o'clock, the multitudes who had by this time assembled, gathered in the street in front of his establishment, and all the stock of liquors on hand were rolled into the street. We were called on for a speech, and, mounting a barrel of whisky, we spoke a few moments, when Bro. Ross came forward with his hatchet and demolished the whole concern, and the mixed liquors ran in a large stream down the gutter.

The meetings were continued during the afternoon, on the camp-ground, notwithstanding the rain, and in the evening at one of the churches.

By Wednesday night the crowd had increased to a vast assembly, and Rev. Prof. Twining, who had just returned from Maine, was called to the stand, and made a splendid effort. He read the Maine liquor law, and, after full discussion, it was unanimously voted that the principles of this law be our temperance platform.

Hon. Horace E. Carter, in the afternoon, made one of his finest efforts, and when he closed seventy signed the pledge.

On Thursday the Odd Fellows had a celebration in town, which we did not attend, and therefore shall not attempt to describe; but, notwithstanding this, there was a considerable crowd on the ground, and a fine speech was made by Rev. S. Frazier, of this county.

But Thursday afternoon was the capsheaf of all the temperance meetings we have ever seen. A procession, nearly a mile in length, was formed, composed of the Cadets, Daughters, Sons, Templars, Odd Fellows, Rossonians, Washingtonians, citizens, ladies and strangers, and, after marching through the town, repaired to the camp-ground, where they were addressed by Bro. Ross, in his usually powerful and and effective manner; and by the Hon. Henry S. Lane, in decidedly the best temperance speech we have heard since we listened to Mr. Gough. The effect was, that some of the hardest cases in the country signed the pledge. At this time the number on the ground was variously estimated at from three to five thousand! We are satisfied that there was at least four, one-half of whom were ladies.

During the meetings, addresses were also made by Rev. Messrs. Boyd, Greene, Gee, and many others, whose names we do not recollect; but we believe every clergyman in Crawfordsville and vicinity was present, and took a decided stand.

Col. Samuel C. Wilson was the presiding officer, assisted by five Vice Presidents and two Secretaries.

On Friday we were compelled to leave for home; but, as Gen. Carey was expected, and as the meeting was to continue several days, we would not be surprised if it should swell in numbers to ten thousand.—*Temperance Chart.*

THINGS THAT I LOVE.

BY CHARLES LELAND PORTER.

I love to linger, at close of day,
On some lofty rock bound shore,
And see the dark rolling billows at play,
And list to their ceaseless roar.
O! what is your mission, ye restless waves?
Do ye come in war or in peace?
Will never your fury and rage be quelled,
Or your surges' boiling cease?

I love, when Winter around him casts,
To shield from the piercing cold,
His mantle with icicles decked, more bright
Than orient purple and gold,
To ride with the merry sleigh and bells,
And the gaily prancing steed,
With a sister dear warmly robed by my side;
O! that were a joy indeed.

I love to list to the falling shower,
When the thunder rolls above,
And lightning leaps from cloud to cloud;
O! this is a scene I love:
And when the storm-god's voice is hushed,
And his rolling car is still,
To see the flow'rets, pendant with pearls,
Smiling sweetly from valley and hill.

I love to roam in the forest home
Of the wild bird soaring free,
And hear, with a rapture of fond delight,
His joyous minstrelsy:
He ne'er has to check the rising sigh—
He feels no sorrow or fear—
Nor ever, I ween, is his little round eye
Bedewed by a falling tear.

I love to hear, at sunset hour,
Faint echoing from afar,
O'er the blue lake's smiling silvery face,
The sound of the sweet guitar;
Its strains, so pleasing and yet so sad,
Send a thrill o'er the pensive soul,
And chime with the water's melody,
And the wavelet's rippling sound.

I love, when, wandering, I have strayed
Far from my father-land,
To meet with the smile of sympathy,
The cordial grasp of the hand;
But let Fashion's formal smile and bow,
By me be forever forgot—
And let them rest in oblivion now,
For surely I love them not.—*Ex.*

RUNAWAY MATCHES.

Kate Coryngham, in the American Courier, makes the following sensible remarks about runaway matches:

"But runaway matches seem to be marked with Divine displeasure. I have never heard of a happy one. Not far from us resides a widow lady who eloped from an excellent mother, when young, with a worthless young man. She is now the mother of three grown daughters, every one of which has eloped and left her—the youngest only last June, at fifteen years of age—and she was left desolate and broken-hearted. Thus is the example of the mother followed by the children; and who can she blame but herself? But the worst remains to be told: the eldest has already been deserted by her husband, who has gone to California, and she had to seek shelter in the home of her childhood; the second daughter is suing for a divorce, though she has not been thirteen months married.

"Ah, girls! never, in an evil hour, place your hand in that of a young man who would counsel you thus to leave your paternal home! It is cruel to deprive those who have nourished you, and, with sweet hope, looked forward to the day of your marriage beneath their own roof; it is cruel to rob them of their happiness. It is their blessed privilege to bless your union, to witness your own and your husband's joy. How can you then rob them of their participation in that joyous bridal, toward which they have been so many years looking forward? Daughters who elope wrest from their parents that crowning joy of a father's and a mother's life—the gratification of seeing their daughter married at their own fireside. A bridal elsewhere is unnatural, and God's blessing will not follow it."

CLIPPINGS.

BY SCISSORS.

"God Wills It."—"God wills it," was the watch-word of those Christian warriors, who, burning with the fire of religious enthusiasm, rushed to the fields of Palestine to obtain possession of the Holy Land from out the hands of the infidels. At the enthusiastic preaching of Peter the Hermit, as he journeyed from province to province, under favor of His Holiness, Urban the Second, the chivalry of Europe was aroused, and, under the banner of the cross, a mighty army was soon moving toward the land of "hallowed affection."

"God wills it," was the war-cry of the Christian army, when, on the plains of Judea, they met the Moslem hosts in battle. Like magic, the sound spread from rank to rank, and inspired their hearts to daring deeds of desperation. The chivalrous knight heard the cry, and clutched his shield with phrensied grasp. The Moslem warriors fell like rain beneath the strokes of their well tempered blades; and, after lingering toil and pain, the Crusaders beheld, with inexpressible joy, the burnished crescent fall from above the glittering towers of the Holy City. The banner of the cross proudly waved its broad folds over the walls of Jerusalem, as the ardent devotees bowed in solemn devotion over the holy sepulcher, while the plaintive notes of the Te Deum were wafted to heaven on the soft breeze from fair Olivet's brow.

"God wills it," are words which afford to the afflicted heart the most soothing consolation. Behold a tender-hearted mother, as, with mournful look, she wends her way to the new-made grave of her first born. The breezes hum in moanful symphonies through the drooping willows—tender branchlets—but she heeds not the plaintive sounds. Gray evening overhangs the beauteous landscape with its somber drapery, yet she knows it not. Her soul is lost in lamentation—she weeps, she groans, and sighs under the cruel hand of affliction, and knows no solace, till, as wafted on the floating air, a sweet, melodious voice seems speaking in her ear, "God wills it." Her countenance glows with beaming joy, and she quits the lonely spot with light and cheerful step.

Hath affection twined her bewitching chain around thy heart, and, in a cruel moment, vile deception shown its hideous form, to dissipate the sweets of love?—sigh not, but in the lone hours of solitude and retirement say to thyself "God wills it," and be content.

Hast thou long worshiped at the shrine of mammon, and, in a bitter hour, hath misfortune come and left you penniless? learn not to fix thy hopes on the glittering dust of earth, or hang thy happiness on thy well filled coffers. Art thou ambitious, and dost thou lust for the plaudits of thy fellows? would'st thou win the warrior's laurels, or wear the victor's coronial wreath? remember, unthinking mortal, that man is an heir to disappointment and affliction; and, if thou could'st arrive at the acme of fame, and bask in the effulgent rays of the meridian sun of human glory, that misfortune is following on thy course. Be wise from thence, for it is the will of God that man shall feel the bitter pains of humbled pride.

Then, sorrowing Christian, look up! Does the cause of thy Master languish? Do wicked men sneer and persecute? Heed not their vile blasphemy. Despair not, for "God wills it." Labor on in your noble work of humanity. Persevere in your heavenly course. Yours will be a rich and sure reward. Notwithstanding all the ills and woes to which mankind are heir, a peaceful rest is yet in store. Thick clouds may lower o'er the way, and hide the future from view, yet the mild beacon light of Truth will shed forth its cheering rays, to guide the traveler safely to a blissful home. Christ, the Master, says, "Yet a little while, and ye shall see me." How cheering the promise! How soothing the thought!

THE SISTER'S INFLUENCE.—We recently heard an interesting young man exclaim, with great earnestness of manner, "Would to heaven I had been blessed with an affectionate, intelligent sister, to grow up with me. I am sure I should have been preserved from many a folly and many a vice by a loving sister's influence." So almost any reflecting young man would think. It would seem as if it were next to impossible not to be favorably impressed by female views, and manners and affections, exerted by so near a relative as an own sister. Much depends upon circumstances, however. It is requisite that the sister be prudent, intelligent, affectionate, and that the brother shall be governed by something like a chivalrous devotion to her, paying her that respect, and showing all those attentions which female worth and lovliness should ever receive from manly bosoms.

With these conditions observed, brother and sister reciprocally exert an ennobling conservative influence, and both are likely to form characters superior to what either would acquire if living apart and unrelated.

But it too often happens that young men are willing to regard their sisters as mere waiting maids to minister to their convenience and comfort. It is no part of their plan or practice to yield a generous return of attention, respect and kindness. The sister is the butt for all the brother's smart flings at woman's weakness and foibles, not the cherished ideal of female worth and grace; too often the brother looks abroad for those qualities, when by his side is one whom stranger eyes will justly regard as a model of loveliness, excellence and grace.

Our rule is this: that any young man who tenderly loves his sister and yields her the respect and attention which are her due, cannot fail to derive from her an ennobling and purifying influence.

The Power of Woman.—The power of Woman, especially of young woman, to control the fashions of men, and all kinds of fashions, is equally despotic. Whatever she wants man to do or become, she can induce him to be. Her power is almost magic and resistless. Let every male reader consult the inner temple of his own soul touching the influence she exerts over him, and he will bear the living testimony that we underrate rather than over-estimate the power of the "weaker sex" over the stronger. Would to God that woman was prepared to wield, and did wield, the influence aright, and to its fullest extent—that she would do for man what she can do.

Too Severe—You may Awake Passion.—Now and then a very prudent man tells our agents, "I fear your terms are too severe, and that you will stir up passions." It was uncommon coolness of the Irishman, after he was knocked down the second time, to tell his assailant, "knock me down two times more and I will fight you." Now how many times shall the dram shops, and those in their interest, knock us down before we may speak to them in plain terms? How long shall we suffer the tortures they put on us, before it will be prudent and proper to scream out? Have we more children to be murdered? More neighbors to be inveigled and ruined? More wives and daughters to be impoverished and turned weeping upon the highways? In Heaven's name when may we be even severe, and fearless of the passions of our destroyers, rage as they may, if we may not be as now?

For long, long years, we have coaxed the dram shops in mildness and mercy. All the persuasions that Heaven has allowed to earth have been applied to them, and they have insultingly increased their drafts upon earth's patience and Heaven's endurance, till the divinity that stirs within us commands us to change our milk and water tones to words of defiance and war. No man, no people, are safe now in any position but of defiance and war. The language of peace and persuasion in the present state of the case, is the language of base submission and a cruel surrender of our families to the destroyer.

Our business is to exterminate the dram-shops. And shall we not tell them of it? Our intent is to sue them and to indict them, and to get up laws to scout them from the face of the earth. And may we not tell them so in plain terms? Tell us not of the "passion" that may be stirred. Be it remembered, we too have passions, and we intend to give them in charge of wisdom and justice to sweep these monsters away.—*Carson League.*

Ladies as Physicians.—The idea of introducing women into the medical profession is making rapid progress, and gaining in favor with many through the country. In the August number of Godey's Lady's Book, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the editress, has taken up the subject and thus writes as earnestly as she thinks:

"There are a few self-evident propositions, and it would be questioning the common sense of mankind to doubt the general belief on these points. One is, that women are better qualified by nature to take charge of the sick and suffering; a second, that mothers should know the best means of preserving the health of their children; and a third point is, that female physicians are the proper attendants for their own sex in the hour of sorrow."

In speaking of the exclusion of females from the practice of medicine, she says:

"To this practice, and, consequently, to the increased ignorance and helplessness of women, as regards their own diseases and their children's well being, we believe is, in a great measure, to be attributed the increased and increasing constitutional ill-health of the American people."

THE TEMPLE OF HONOR.—"Among the ancients, the only access to the Temple of Honor was by the road of virtue.

'As the ancients, heretofore,
To Honor's Temple had no door,
But that which through virtue's lay.'

And happy is the country where honor is sought after by virtuous means; where to be poor, or to be suspected of poverty, is no reproach, and to be rich is not the only nor the highest title of respect."—*Acton.*

MAINE.—The escutcheon of Maine bears the following motto: "*Dirigo,*" I LEAD, or I DIRECT. Well is she entitled to bear such a motto in the temperance host, and nobly does she sustain it. She has at one step placed herself far in advance of any of her sister states, and commenced a new era in the history of temperance reform. THREE TIMES THREE, for MAINE! She is the star that ever shines.

I. O. O. F.—The Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the United States report the following as to their numbers and finances on July 1, 1851: Lodges, 2,633; members, 189,376; initiations the past year, 30,920; revenue, $1,309,673; appropriated for relief, 491,896.

A DILEMMA.—When Socrates was asked whether it were better for a man to marry or live single, he replied, "Let him do either, and he will repent it." "It must be recollected, however," says my aunt, Tabitha, "that this was after he had endured for some years the pestilent tongue of the worst scold that history has any record of."

EXTRAVAGANCE.—Extravagant living, in city or country, is the principal cause of bankruptcy. "It is other people's eyes that ruin us." A man or a family are in a bad way, who have no other rule of living, than, "to do as other people do."

AN ALL-SUFFICIENT REASON.—At a recent term of the court in an eastern county, J * * * s H * * * n, or "Uncle Jemmy," as he is familiarly called, was a juryman. Several actions of H * * * *, a clock vender, came on for trial. All the cases, good and bad alike, going against the plaintiff, some one asked "Uncle Jemmy" how it happened: "Why," said he, "*most all of the jury had some of them clocks!*" There was "retribution" moral and legal!—*Knickerbocker.*

THE DOCTOR'S WELCOME.—Down east there resides a certain M. D. One very cold night he was aroused from his slumbers by a very loud rapping at his door. After some hesitation he went to the window and asked:

"Who 's there?"

"Friend!" was the answer.

"What do you want?"

"Want to stay here all night."

"Stay there, then!" was the benevolent reply.

THE OBTUSE BOY.—"I say, boy, stop that ox."

"I have n't got no stopper, sir."

"Well, head him, then."

"He 's already headed, sir."

"Confound your impertinence; turn him."

"He 's right side out already, sir."

"Speak to him, you rascal, you."

"Good morning, Mr. Ox."

GIRLS who "aint" handsome, hate those who are—while those who are handsome, hate one another. Which class has the best time of it?

TO CURE THE ITCH.—Swallow a cat, tail foremost.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LEGAL SUASION.

The true friends of temperance, with few exceptions, have become convinced that, to complete the temperance reform, we must call to our aid the strong arm of the law. Here and there is one who seems to have an instinctive dread of "mixing temperance with politics." Such men appear to think it right to labor in the Temple hall or Division room, and in the public meeting, for temperance; but, on election day, they let party politics outweigh their temperance principles, and pay homage to Bacchus, by voting for those whose interests or sympathies are enlisted on the side of the liquor traffic. They think those who will vote only for tried temperance men, carry the matter too far. Those whose craft is in danger, and rum-loving politicians, sympathise with them strongly, and even *profess* to think temperance a good thing — "the cause is too holy to be carried into politics."

It has ever been thus, since the first star of temperance rose on our rum-cursed world. When the doctrine of total abstinence was first preached, those who pretended to be friends of the cause, were afraid "it was carrying the matter too far—it could never prosper under such colors." But Washingtonianism proved them false prophets. At length, some leading friends of temperance organized benevolent societies, making total abstinence the leading feature. These fault-finders were then willing to admit "that total abstinence was the true doctrine," but "temperance societies, meeting in secret, would injure the cause." But Temples, Divisions, Unions, Tents and Sections, have been organized in almost every village in our country, and the members of these several Orders have proved themselves the most efficient soldiers in the cold water army. They have rescued thousands and tens of thousands from the degradation of drunkenness, and made their families comfortable and respectable. The past history of the reform has proved that, while the traffic in intoxicating drinks is upheld, or not restrained by law, it will find its victims, and the efforts of philanthropists are now directed to the law-making power, asking for prohibitory laws and suitable penalties.

This class of grumblers and fault-finders are now willing to admit that these secret societies have done good—that they are now the only hope of the reform—but they are "opposed to legislation on this subject." This class of people seem anxious to keep just near enough to temperance men so as not to lose sight of them; and they appear equally anxious to be on good terms with the manufacturer and vender of ardent spirits. Those engaged in the traffic sometimes profess great love for temperance, and fear a few fanatics will injure the cause. They hold the half-way, milk-and-water men up to the world as models—men who are true philanthropists—who wish to benefit mankind and at the same time not infringe on the rights of any one class of society. Politicians who care more for the success of their party than the good of their country, agree with them perfectly. They profess to think temperance good enough in its place, and too good to be mixed with politics. They do not seem to be aware that, by this, they admit that their profession is too corrupt for a sober, temperate man to engage in.

The right of suffrage should be most dear to every freeman. It is the most valuable legacy bequeathed to us by our forefathers—one for which they fought and bled—and he who does not exercise it for the best good of his country, regardless of party dictation, is recreant to his trust. A man is as much accountable to his God and his country for the proper discharge of this duty, as for any other. An American citizen is in duty bound to inform himself who, of all the candidates for office, are best qualified to perform the duties of the offices to which they aspire, and to vote only for such as are honest and capable. He who suffers a party to dictate to him how he shall vote, is unworthy of the privileges of citizenship. He is not free, and deserves not the rights of freemen.

The friends of temperance are carrying on their work with renewed vigor. Past experience convinces them that, by concert of action, they can secure the passage of wholesome laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage. At the late national temperance convention in Saratoga, the Maine law was freely discussed and unanimously approved by the leading friends of the reform from almost every state in our Union. These able champions will agitate the subject in their several states, and the result will be, the unholy traffic will soon be outlawed in our whole country. Those interested in the traffic already begin to fear—they imagine they see "the hand-writing on the wall" that dooms their accursed business. Multitudes of crushed and bleeding hearts, that have long sent up to heaven the sad, low wail of agony, are praying devoutly for the blessed time when the cause of their sorrow shall be removed—when "he who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips" shall, like other felons, receive the punishment due to his crime. And He who has promised to hear and answer the prayers of the widow and orphan, and "avenge them of their adversaries," will surely answer the prayers of these more than widowed wives and worse than orphan children of the poor inebriate.

THE ROCHESTER RAPPERS.

The Misses Fox and Mrs. Fish have visited our city twice the past summer. They are the individuals about whom so much has been said and written, who profess to be the media through which the spirits of the departed hold converse with their friends on earth. We believe there are others who make the same pretensions, but those mentioned here claim the honor of being the first discoverers of this mode of communication with the spirits of the dead.

During their first visit to Cincinnati, at the invitation of a friend, on two occasions, we spent a few hours with them, willing to be convinced of the truth of their pretensions, provided sufficient evidence could be given to satisfy an unprejudiced mind. For the information of our readers, we will relate what we saw and heard, give our opinion, founded only on our own observation, and leave our readers to form theirs.

At their "sittings," as they term them, the three ladies are generally seated at one side of a large table, and the spectators at the three other sides, all sitting near the table. "Raps" are soon distinctly heard about the table, resembling a noise made by drumming with the fingers on a table covered with a thick cloth. The spectators are then requested by the ladies to ask questions for the spirits to answer, commencing at one side of the ladies, and going round in regular order. A great many questions, the answers to which were known only to those propounding them, were answered correctly. When a question was not answered, the questioner was requested to put it in some other form, or to write several answers on paper and call them over mentally or by pointing to them, and when he came to the right one a correct answer was generally given by a rap. As far as we could learn, no answer was given to a question which was not known to the person asking it. This convinced us that, if these raps are really made by spirits, they are of no real utility to any one. The rappers claim that circumstances of the greatest importance to those interested are often made known; but as we did not personally know of any such, we had to take their words for it. They all occurred at some distant place. The simple fact, that correct answers (known only to the individual asking the question) are generally given, convinces many that they are really made by spirits.

We carefully watched the countenances and motions of the ladies and those who were asking questions, and noticed that, all the time, one of the ladies closely watched the questioner, while the other two appeared quite indifferent to what was going on. Each seemed to take turns in their attentions to the one asking questions. By changing the form of questions, as was often done, any close observer, of ordinary mind, could answer many of the questions correctly. We make no claims to extraordinary acuteness in this respect; yet, when watching the person asking a question, we mentally answered at least one-fourth of the questions asked. We are satisfied that, with a year or two of practice, we could correctly answer at least as many as the spirits get credit for answering. Let any person try the experiment, and he will be astonished at the result. It must, however, be borne in mind that, when persons are in company with those who profess to be media through which spirits converse with mortals, the very thought that it *may* possibly be true, prevents a person from asking questions with that indifference and composure of manner he would feel under other circumstances. Hence, on arriving at the correct answer, he almost invariably betrays some emotion, which enables a close observer to know when to "rap" or answer. For instance, a person present with us inquired if "there was a spirit present that would converse with him;" a rap was heard, indicating an affirmative answer. After several questions as to who it was, when she died, &c., he asked "*where* she died." After waiting a while, he was told to "write down the names of several counties, and call them over mentally otherwise, and when he got to the right one there would be an answer." He did so; and asked aloud, pointing to his paper with a pencil, "is it this? is it this? is it *this?*" (Rap.) He then remarked, "The answer is right; I am convinced these sounds are made by spirits, for I am certain not a person in the room, except myself, knows in what county my mother died." And yet we perceived quite a difference in his tone when he came to the right answer, and were ready to answer his question as soon as the rap was given. Another person was inquiring of what was represented to be the spirit of a deceased friend, and asked "where did you die?" Being told to name several places, he did so, and on naming *Covington*, a rap was heard. He spoke the word "Covington," just as if he expected a rap on pronouncing it. He then asked, "on what street did you die?" He was told to name several streets. He called over "Market," "Third," "Scott," and several others. No answer. But raps were heard, which he was told meant the alphabet was wanted. It was called over by one of the ladies till "S" was called, when there was a rap; and so on till "Scott" was spelled. This was right. One of the ladies then remarked that she "did not know the name of a single street in Covington," though several had just been called in her hearing, and "Scott" was pronounced with some emotion.

In their advertisements, these ladies request investigation, and even ask the appointment of committees to examine them and see if any thing can be discovered about them by which these raps can be made. During their late visit to this city, a committee of ladies was appointed, who, after several examinations, reported "that, when their feet and knees were held and exposed to view, no raps were heard; but when sitting before a table or in a closet there were frequent raps."

Though they profess to court investigation, yet, if a person asks them a question implying a doubt of the truth of their pretensions, they become angry and cut the matter short by saying, "O, that has been tried so often, that we do n't think it worth our while to try it again." The oldest sister, Mrs. Fish, can hardly restrain her rage when speaking of ministers of the gospel. She accuses them of persecution, and says they do not wish people to believe in the rappings, because, if they do, ministers cannot have so much influence over them as now.

We look upon the matter as a money-making scheme, got up solely for that purpose. It is on a par with many other speculations of our day, whose object is to make money, regardles of consequences. We are aware there are some who honestly believe it true, but we are convinced they have not examined the subject thoroughly and candidly. We believe any two or three shrewd persons can, by a little practice, answer questions quite as correctly as these ladies, and do it any other way as well as by "rapping."

THE MAGAZINE.

In our last we made some remarks in regard to the prospects of the Magazine. Since then subscriptions have been coming in, though not so fast as before. As nearly all subscriptions are received at the beginning of a volume, we have to depend mostly on the receipts of the first three or four months to carry the work on the whole year.

The friends of the Magazine will please bear in mind, that the SECOND YEAR *of a work of this* KIND *is its* TIME OF TRIAL. Many persons will sustain a work one year and then withdraw their support, thinking they have given it a fair start and that it can then go on without their aid. A large portion of subscribers is thus lost the second year, and before the work is fairly established. We stated, when we first started the Magazine, that we would expect nothing for the time devoted to it the first year. The receipts and expenses of that volume were about equal. At the beginning of this volume we informed the patrons of the Magazine, that we expected at least a moderate compensation for the time devoted to this volume, and all the receipts beyond this and the cash paid out, would be expended in improving the work. If the friends of the work expect to see it improved, they must exert themselves to increase its circulation. The subscription list has to be renewed every volume, and it is not now so large as at the close of the first volume, though it is somewhat larger than at this time last year.

Let its friends remember that the future existence of the Magazine depends greatly on its success during this year. No one can be expected to give the time necessary to carry on a work like this, more than one year without some remuneration.

We here return our heartfelt thanks to those who have been so active and successful in obtaining subscribers. If there were such brethren in every Temple in our Order, our list might be doubled in one month.

We call upon the brethren generally to give the work their countenance and support. The prosperity of the Order depends in a great measure on the press, and as the Magazine is the *only* work ever published for the benefit of the Temple Order, it has a *peculiar* claim on its members for support.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have lately received but few contributions for the Magazine from the brethren. Why is this? We wish every member of the Order to feel himself under some obligations to contribute according to his time and talents to our pages. Nothing gives a work of this kind more interest, than short, well written articles, descriptive of the state of the temperance cause and the progress of our Order in different localities. A few months ago we had more favors of this kind than we could find room for, and some had to lie over till they lost their interest. Occasionally we receive a communication that we prefer not to publish. But let no one be discouraged at *one* failure. *Try again.* We claim not to be infallible, and may overlook the merits of some articles and discover them in others.

We are always thankful for contributions, and will try to find a place for such as are judged worthy.

Miss E. M. T., of M., is informed that we had no allusion to her in our remarks in relation to paying postage. We will comply with her request.

We have, in a few instances, been misunderstood in our remarks in reference to postage. None of them were intended for those who *pay their postage*, as most of our correspondents do.

We are always willing to supply subscribers with missing numbers when they pay postage on letters requesting us to send them, and when a number is not received in consequence of any neglect at this office, we are willing to pay postage. As we have said before, most of such losses are chargeable to the Post Office Department, and when we supply *all* missing numbers gratuitously, we make up more than are justly attributable to us.

REVISED CONSTITUTIONS.

The amended Constitutions of our Order have been ready for distribution for some time. Two copies have been sent to each Temple under the immediate jurisdiction of the National Temple, and a number to such Grand Temples as have ordered them. As we do not know how many are wanted in different Grand Temples, we shall not send till we hear from them. They contain the Social Degree Regulations, and the Decisions of the National Temple now binding on the Order.

END OF THE TERM.

Before this number reaches many of our readers, the semi-annual term will have expired. We call the attention of Subordinate Temple officers everywhere to the importance of promptly sending their semi-annual returns to their destination. This is indispensably necessary to Grand Temple officers to enable them to make out correct reports.

Deputies should also send their reports to G. W. T.'s in time for their reports to Grand Temples.

Subordinate Temples should make arrangements to have their Temples represented at the coming November meetings.

Grand Temples should, at the coming meetings, fix their May sessions early enough in the month to prepare for the National Temple meeting in June. Some of our Grand bodies did not close their last annual sessions in time for a letter to reach the National Temple before its adjournment.

FRATERNAL ITEMS.

An application and fee for a Subordinate Temple Charter has just been received for St. George Temple, No. 1, to be located in Liverpool, England. This is an important era in our history. We now have two or three Temples in British America, and now the Order is to be planted in the "Fast Anchored Isle."

Tennessee.—We learn from the "Organ," published at Nashville, that Columbia Temple, No. 27, was lately organized at Columbia with twenty members, with the best of prospects; and another at Murfreesborough, name and number not given.

Pennsylvania.—From the "Token," published at Pittsburg, we learn that an application for a Temple charter has been sent to the G. W. R. from Birmingham, to be called "Alliquippa Temple," in honor of the Indian queen of that name, who once lived in that vicinity, and who never drank any thing stronger than water.

Indiana.—Bro. A. M. Jackson, of New Albany, writes: "My situation has given me an opportunity to judge somewhat of the character of the people, when operated upon by a respectable journal, whether it be our daily, weekly or monthly periodicals, and I am fully satisfied that nothing so adds to the influence of a party or association, as to have its claims advocated by a moderate and decisive periodical work, such as the Templar's Magazine; and I hold it to be the duty of every Templar, under his obligation, to give 'aid and comfort' to your Magazine, so that the cause of temperance may be thereby advanced.

"The Subordinate Temple in this city is in a very prosperous condition, and we entertain some hopes of numbering one hundred members by the time of the meeting of the Grand Temple in November, in this city.

"The Social Degree was instituted some time in July, and now numbers some fifty members, and has given full satisfaction to *all* who have taken it."

New York.—Bro. L. Mills, G. W. T., writes: "Our Temples are doing very well. Since the adjournment of the annual session, several old Temples have been revived, and the others are working with increased efficiency and zeal. I think we shall render a good account of ourselves in the next returns."

Ohio.—Bro. Ambler, G. W. T., writes from Salem, Sept. 13, that he has lately visited the Temples at Harrisville and Wellsville. At the latter place he instituted the Social Degree, with twenty members. The

Temples at both places are doing well. The Social Degree work has lately been sent to McConnelsville and New Lisbon, both of which have been organized but just long enough to be entitled to it.

MISSISSIPPI.—Bro. Charles W. Vick, D. G. W. T., of Vicksburg, writes: "I take pleasure in stating that our Order is doing well in this place. Although it has had many obstacles to contend with, yet, of late, it is more on the increase, and is beginning to present that strong array, that firm front and united, zealous action, which will insure its future success. The ladies of this place do not take as much interest in the Social Degree as was expected, but still there is hope for its merited success.

"Inclosed I send you five dollars for the Magazine, and hope soon to be able to send more. It has, so far, given general satisfaction."

ALABAMA.—Bro. Cortright, writing from Mobile, Alabama, sends twelve subscribers and twelve dollars. He had previously sent thirty-seven subscribers and forty dollars. He says nothing about the Order—but the number of subscribers (an increase of twelve over last year) shows that the Order is prospering.

GRAND TEMPLES.

GRAND TEMPLE OF PENNSYLVANIA will hold a semi-annual session in Pittsburg, during the fourth week of November. A full representation of the Order, from all parts of the State, is expected, as a new code of by-laws and principles of discipline, the regulation of the price of degrees, together with much other important business, will at the time be acted upon.

J. P. SIMONS, G. W. R.

GRAND TEMPLE OF CONNECTICUT will hold its regular semi-annual session in Middletown, the second Wednesday of November, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

JAMES NICHOLS, G. W. R.

GRAND TEMPLE OF KENTUCKY will hold its regular semi-annual session in Covington, on the third Wednesday in November, on which occasion a public celebration will be held. Members of Grand Temples, and the Order generally, are respectfully invited to participate.

W. H. JOHNSON, sr., G. W. R.

GRAND TEMPLE OF ALABAMA will hold its regular semi-annual session in Camden, Wilcox county, the fourth Monday in November. W. J. CLOPTON, G. W. R.

GRAND TEMPLE OF INDIANA will hold its semi-annual session, in New Albany, on the third Wednesday (the 19th) of November, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

C. WOODWARD, G. W. R.

GRAND TEMPLE OF OHIO will hold its semi-annual session in Wooster, the second Tuesday (the 11th) of November, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

J. WADSWORTH, G. W. R.

BACK NUMBERS.

WE are often written to for ALL the numbers of the First Volume. We are *entirely out* of the *first six*, but have a number of the last six still left, which we will furnish at forty cents for the six.

DIED:

IN this city, Sept. 22, WILLIAM W., only son of J. and SARAH J. WADSWORTH, aged two years and six months.

October 15, in this city, after an illness of three weeks, Bro. CLINTON W. LEE, W. V. T. of Washington Temple, No. 2, and Past P. T. of Social Degree, No. 1, aged twenty-five years.

His remains were followed to the tomb by the brethren and a large concourse of mourning friends.

During two years' residence in this city, Bro. LEE endeared himself to all who made his acquaintance. For six months before his sickness he was an inmate of our family, and seldom has it been our lot to enjoy more pleasant companionship than during his brief stay with us. He left us a few days during the sickness of another member of the family, and, while absent, Death marked him for his own. He died a worthy Templar and true Christian, and our loss is his gain.

A more extended notice of his life and services in our Order will be published in a future number of the Magazine.

THE

TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE.

CINCINNATI, DECEMBER, 1851.

LUCY CAMERON; OR, HONESTY'S REWARD.

BY JOHN M. EVANS.

CHAPTER I.

"Alas, for the rarity of Christian charity!"

"LUCY, my child, you can now leave me for a short time, and carry to Mrs. Harding the stool covers you embroidered for her. Do not ask for the money; though you may inquire to see her. Doubtless she will pay you. Indeed, I feel confident she would, were she aware of our utter destitution."

"But, mother," replied Lucy, "in case she does not, what will become of us during the bitter night which threatens us? We have neither fuel nor bread; and, unless we are relieved in some manner, we *must* perish. Shall I solicit alms, Mother? I feel willing in this extremity to resort to anything that will honestly secure your comfort."

"No, my daughter; I cannot endure the thought of such degradation. I am very feeble at present, but hope in a few days to be able to do something that will enable us to survive this bitter winter. Go now, my child; I think Mrs. Harding will pay you, and that will enable us to procure the necessaries of life for some time to come."

Lucy obeyed, and was, with few exceptions, the only female to be seen threading the icy streets. The chilling atmosphere of a midwinter's day seemed to render abortive every effort made by the sun's rays to melt the heaps of drifted snow that had fallen during the previous night. The leafless trees groaned beneath their glittering loads, while the sound of merry sleigh-bells filled the clear air with music, that told of gladsome hearts reveling in the pleasures afforded by such an occasion. The wary pedestrian, forced to tread the icy pavement, appeared too much absorbed in thoughts of personal safety to bestow attention upon any passing object; those who had warm homes and happy smiles to greet their return, seemed to forget the existence of poverty, or the necessity of its relief, as each hurried on.

But, amid the piercing cold that chilled her slender and thinly-clad form, Lucy pursued her way, till she arrived in front of one of those elegant mansions that grace the western part of Walnut street, and, with mingled feelings of hope and fear, was ushered into the drawing-room; when she was informed that Mrs. Harding was engaged with company, and could not be disturbed.

Lucy replied that she desired to see her, and would await her arrival; while the scrutinizing glances of suspicion cast at her apparel by the servant added new pangs of grief to those already inflicted to torture her gentle heart. Everything around was of the most costly magnificence, and, as her eyes wandered from one object to another, she felt her fainting spirits revive at the thought that she could not be refused a sum so small by one who would esteem it a trifling matter to spend hundreds on a single evening's entertainment. Alas! how little did she know of the ingratitude of the human heart! how ignorant of the unsympathizing character of those who have never experienced the deprivation of anything that wealth can procure, much less the agonizing pangs of hunger! How long appeared each moment, as thoughts of her suffering parent were forced upon her mind, while seated in that elegant apartment. The mellow light shed around by the gorgeous curtains which hung in ample folds from the ceiling, the cheerful warmth imparted to her exhausted frame, stole gradually o'er her senses, till she became wrapt in profound slumber. Then visions of the past, with all its hallowed associations, were recalled to mind; her thoughts traveled with rapid flight, and roamed once more amid the happy scenes of bygone years, when life was but a dream of holy bliss; when hope wreathed with glad smiles her youthful brow; when a father's protecting care, a mother's love, shed their influences around. Again she seemed borne through years of deep suffering and poverty; no cheering ray could penetrate the thick cloud that enshrouded her. Nothing but that mother's love shed light upon her rugged path to guide her footsteps through the gloom. With no eye to sorrow, no heart to sympathize, she felt alone in the world and prayed for death to relieve her bitter lot. But, before the lispings of her spirit had ceased, she was impelled, as if by an unseen hand, through the opening future. Darkness had vanished; yet each object appeared devoid of any definite form, and a mist seemed settling over each scene she had fondly hoped would teem with brightness and beauty. But gradually her spirit was wafted on to regions of purer bliss, surrounded by creations of beauty surpassing anything her wildest dreams had ever conceived. The bloom of perpetual spring shed its richest fragrance around, while no cloud obscured the bright sun that shed its cheering rays upon the glowing prospect opened to her view. Alas, that such dreams should ever cease!

But Lucy was awakened to the realities of her situation by the entrance of Mrs. Harding, who expressed her entire satisfaction with the embroidery, and commended, in the highest terms, her industry and taste. But each word of praise that fell from her lips was unheeded by the blushing child, who could scarcely restrain her emotion when informed she could call in a few days and receive her pay. Thoughts of her desolate home, her invalid mother, coursed rapidly through her mind, and, with a heavy heart, she wended her way along the street till she reached the Exchange. For a long time she struggled with a sense of duty toward her parent, almost regretting the course she had pursued in not informing her friend of the poverty which surrounded her home. She felt as if *she* could endure almost anything; but her mother—the very name seemed to arouse all her slumbering energies, and she determined to station herself at the point she had reached and solicit, from those who passed, sufficient at least to prevent the horrors of starvation.

For two hours her slender form was visible among the moving throng; her disordered auburn tresses, rudely tossed by the cold wind, revealed a face of classic beauty, and displayed a forehead finely developed, showing that intellect slumbered beneath that coarse and humble garb; whilst the expression of her strongly marked countenance told of sorrow, and the glistening tear-drop, that hung like a pearl from her silken eyelashes, spoke to the heart in language more powerful, in appeals more earnest, than plaintive words or piteous moans.

But the mute eloquence of that child was comparatively lost upon the unthinking crowd. Human nature is ever prone to forget, in the enjoyment of Heaven's blessings, that all are not favored alike—that, amid the wealth which surrounds many, others are suffering from the pangs of hunger and cold. When the piercing blasts of winter howl around our comfortable homes, when we partake at the well-furnished board, or gather around the cheerful blaze of our quiet firesides, should not our aspirations of thanksgiving be mingled with a desire and determination of seeking, from the abodes of wretchedness and misery, those who are suffering from the deprivation of what we so richly enjoy?

Sick and disheartened, her fragile limbs trembling like an aspen from the intense cold, Lucy determined to seek her cheerless home, and communicate to her mother the ill success that had attended all her efforts. While crossing the street, her attention was suddenly arrested by the brilliancy of an object half buried in the snow, which, on removing, proved to be a most costly and beautiful silken purse, apparently well filled with coin and notes. She hastily placed the treasure in her bosom, and, with a heart beating with strange emotions, hurried on.

CHAPTER II.

Lucy Cameron was the daughter of parents who had once moved in the first circle of society. Her father had, at an early age, inherited a large fortune from a branch of an English family to which he was connected, and, on attaining his majority, selected from among his acquaintances one whom he thought could render him happy, and bestow the love he so much desired. In his choice of a companion, he was not actuated by any of the motives that so often influence persons of wealth in forming an alliance with one equally endowed. The glitter of gold could not dazzle his vision, or tempt him to sacrifice life's holiest enjoyment at the shrine of Mammon. The inexhaustible mine of love, the superior qualities of mind, were the only attractions that could be presented to his view.

Mrs. Cameron, though possessed of no extraordinary personal beauty, was rendered peculiarly attractive by an amiable disposition, sweetened by the hallowed influences of religion, that, in after years, supported her through life's deepest gloom, and taught her to place dependence only upon the sure promises of God; and, though forced to mingle, to a certain extent, with the gayeties of life, though surrounded by the meteoric blaze of fashion, her mind proved superior to all their unholy influences, and retained through life its purity and pristine beauty.

Lucy was their only child, and, at the time our tale commences, had nearly attained her thirteenth year. Though surrounded from childhood with all the luxuries of wealth, her mother had early commenced that proper system of moral culture which exerted so happy an influence in expanding her youthful mind—in bringing into action all the energies of her nature, which so well prepared her for enduring with fortitude the trials of after life.

Among those who esteemed it an honor to boast the acquaintance of the Camerons, was the family of Mr. Harding, who had long enjoyed the reputation connected with giving the most expensive parties and delightful *soirees*, of parading the most elegant liveried establishment, and living in a style of princely magnificence that surpassed anything then known in our unpretending city. Their means, however, were supposed to be more than ample for the display of such extravagances, as Mr. Harding had, for many years, been numbered among our most successful merchants; but the general prostration pervading the business community several years since, the immense losses sustained by those engaged in commercial pursuits, seriously affected him. For a time he seemed tottering upon the verge of ruin, with no matured plan by which he could avert the blow which threatened all his efforts.

Bills to a large amount would fall due in a few days, and every dollar of available means was exhausted. In this dilemma, and as a last resort, he determined to presume upon his acquaintance with Mr. Cameron, and apply to him. Accordingly, he was waited upon, and his indorsement obtained for the amount. But the relief thus furnished was only of a temporary nature; other notes, on coming due, were severally dishonored, till, compelled to yield, the once wealthy Mr. Harding was publicly declared a bankrupt.

Mr. Cameron, when too late, saw the error he had committed in giving his name for so large an amount without fully securing himself; but all such precaution had been neglected, owing to the implicit confidence reposed in the statements which had been made.

But, as is frequently the case, a compromise was effected in some way, and Mr. Harding enabled to continue his business as formerly, without a perceptible change in any of his vast expenditures.

The loss sustained by Mr. Cameron, though keenly felt, left him an income equal to all his wants, derived from investments in stocks, that had hitherto yielded him the highest per centage. But the complete revolution that was working such fearful changes throughout the monetary affairs of the nation, reducing many from affluence to poverty, and elevating others to the highest position of wealth, was not without its direct influence upon him. The alarming depreciation of all description of stocks in which his wealth was invested, forced him into an arrangement that would secure a competency during life. But at this juncture of affairs, before the arrangement was completed, he was attacked with a disease that baffled all human skill, and left no possible hopes of recovery. So rapid was the working of the disease upon his enervated system, that, before one week had passed, Death claimed his victim; and, as if exulting over a shining mark, bore from their midst the father and protector, blasting all the fond hopes of years, and marking his course of desolation with the tears of the widow and the orphan.

On examining into the affairs of Mr. Cameron, it was ascertained that the largest amount to be realized from his estate would be barely sufficient to discharge the liabilities he had contracted, in part by the relief extended to Mr. Harding; thus leaving his wife and daughter, desolate and alone, to struggle with all the horrors of abject poverty.

This severe trial following in quick succession the sad bereavement Mrs. Cameron had sustained, was one she had little expected, and was wholly unprepared to meet; but religion, which hitherto had shed around its holy influences, sustained her even amid this. Thrown entirely upon her own resources, she determined to exert every effort to maintain herself and child without the assistance of others. Accordingly, she rented an apartment, and furnished it with the few articles that remained to remind her of former days, in the suburbs of the city, away from all the cherished associations of youth; and here the chalice of sorrow, containing life's bitterest portion, was quaffed without a murmur, while her prayers ascended on high in behalf of her child—pure breathings of the soul, perfumed by the incense of a mother's deep, undying love.

By many who had flocked around when occupying the position assigned by the potency of wealth, she was now deserted; and Mr. Harding, though early apprised of the change that had reduced her to actual poverty, dismissed the subject without affording that relief which it was his duty to bestow: the poisoned shaft of avarice had steeled his heart, and closed all its fountains of sympathy and benevolence. His companion, on the contrary, seemed to evince a lively interest in the unfortunate condition of Mrs. Cameron, and supplied her with employment, for which she was amply compensated; but she seldom visited her humble abode, and, consequently, was not aware of the many privations to which she was subjected, or the utter destitution that surrounded her.

Lucy, though naturally of a lively and cheerful disposition, felt at times her strength almost forsake her, when beholding the sufferings endured by her gentle mother; yet, amid the gloomy prospect that opened to her view, gleams of future bliss would occasionally flit like shadows across her path, to illume with transient brightness her forlorn condition. She exerted every effort in contributing to their support. Although very young, she possessed a mind equally matured to many of more advanced years; and, with an excellent education, together with her varied accomplishments, she succeeded in obtaining permission to instruct the younger children of a lady to whom she had been recommended by a former friend of her father. In this situation she continued to discharge her duties to the satisfaction of all for several months; but the compensation received was barely sufficient, with the united efforts of her mother, to procure the necessaries of life, even during the summer months. The severities of winter began to increase, and the failing health of Mrs. Cameron required the constant attention of Lucy, who was obliged entirely to relinquish her charge, thus depriving them of a small, though important, source of revenue. But the strong feelings of devotion cherished toward her parent would not permit Lucy to leave her alone, and, with the watchful care of love, she strove to alleviate her sufferings, and cheer with smiles the tedious hours as they passed on.

Her sylph-like form glided with noiseless tread through that humble home, brightening with beauty each object around, while her face beamed with the high and holy purposes of her soul, that seemed to blend in sweet unison with the calm expression of resignation that played upon the faded beauty and careworn features of the sufferer. To her nothing was deemed a sacrifice that could contribute to her mother's relief; and, with willing hands, was each leisure moment employed in services that could procure something to soothe the feverish throbbings of disease, or appease the keen demands of hunger.

For weeks the cheering sun, whose light stole through the narrow casement, had not gladdened her heart with its warming rays. The fragrant breath of summer, perfumed with the odor of innumerable flowers, had passed away without bringing to her its former joys, or twining with its gay wreaths her youthful brow. The solemn beauties of autumn, its softened light, its gentle breath, its gorgeous tints of crimson and gold, its sere and falling leaves, had all departed; while she, the fairest of earthly flowers, was blooming unseen, unknown, amid the narrow confines of sorrow and poverty.

CHAPTER III.

On reaching her desolate home, with trembling steps Lucy ascended the stairs that led to her apartment. For a time she lingered upon the threshold, as though afraid to enter, dreading the effect of her unsuccessful efforts in the weakened condition of her mother. While thus hesitating, she thought she could distinguish a faint moan, as if proceeding from some one in distress. She entered, and, with feelings of horror, beheld the object of her solicitude stretched upon the cold floor, where it was supposed she had fallen in attempting to reach a vial containing some medicine, that had been placed upon a stand near her bedside. Lucy immediately applied such restoratives as it was in her power to administer, but without producing the desired effect; and, with the assistance of a female occupying an adjoining apartment, Mrs. Cameron was placed upon her couch, and rendered as comfortable as circumstances would admit.

But the utter destitution that surrounded them forced Lucy to devise means by which fuel and food could be obtained. The few pennies she had received during the day were soon expended in procuring these necessaries; and now the purse, which hitherto had been almost forgotten, was examined, and found, to her surprise, to contain about two hundred dollars, besides a ring, richly studded with diamonds, which she knew to be of infinitely more value than all the money the purse contained. Here was presented a temptation that few, under similar circumstances, could have resisted. Though every effort would doubtless be made by the unfortunate owner for its recovery, she felt confident that no clue existed by which it could ever be traced to her possession; while the relief a small portion alone could purchase would prove of inestimable value. But she dare not apply it to her own use; and, with this determination, replaced every dollar, and deposited the purse with its contents in a place of safety, to await the moment when it could be restored to its rightful owner. And this incident, though apparently trivial in its nature, marked the most eventful era in the life of Lucy Cameron, developing those principles of honesty and virtue which shone with such resplendency amid the darkness that surrounded her.

But the severest trial she was to experience yet awaited her. Though forced to descend from the high position she had once occupied, and partake of privation and poverty in almost every form, she had endured all without a murmur; but a separation from her fond parent had scarcely entered her mind; and when no possible hopes of her recovery could longer cheer the gloomy moments, when assured that the tide of life was fast ebbing, nothing could exceed the anguish that took possession of her breast.

For hours she knelt by the side of the unconscious sufferer, watching each movement of that expressive face, eager to catch the least sign of returning animation, till the dark shadows of death began slowly to gather around, and the spirit of her who had so nobly fought life's battle was borne hence to claim the reward of those who endure unto the end.

At length the gray dawn announced to the weary watcher the welcome approach of morn. Darkness that, like a pall, had enshrouded the world, was gradually receding before the light that now streaked the eastern horizon, while the lone voices of night were hushed amid the busy throng that hurried along the streets. Lucy, unable what course to pursue in regard to the interment of her mother, with no one to advise, determined to call upon Mrs. Harding and acquaint her with all the circumstances attending her death, and the extreme poverty to which she was reduced. Accordingly, she took her bonnet and shawl, and, after carefully fastening the door of her apartment, wended her way toward Walnut street.

But how different was the nature of her emotions compared with those of the previous day! She felt, indeed, as one alone in the world, deprived of the object around whom all the tender affections of her nature had for years entwined with a tenacity that death itself could not sever, and without the means necessary to the performance of love's last sad tribute.

On reaching the residence of Mrs. Harding, though very early, she was conducted into the drawing-room to await her arrival. With a mechanical movement, she drew from the table by which she was seated a morning paper, and the first thing that attracted her attention was an offered reward of fifty dollars for the return of a purse, supposed to have been lost, answering in every particular the description of that now in her possession. She immediately arose, and informed the servant that she would not wait for Mrs. Harding; and, after a short walk, reached the dwelling referred to in the notice she had so recently seen. After stating the nature of her visit, she was ushered into an elegantly furnished parlor, when, for the first time, the thought occurred to her that the purse had been left at home. In her eagerness to ascertain the owner, and obtain the just reward, she had not reflected upon the possibility of her object being defeated, or, at least, its consummation considerably delayed by such neglect. But these reflections were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a lady, to whom Lucy, with ill-suppressed emotions of grief, related all the circumstances connected with finding the purse, the accidental discovery of its owner, and her neglect in not having it with her. She was listened to with attention, that evidently evinced no common interest in the singular and affecting narrative of her youthful visitor.

"Do not distress yourself, my child; here is the reward: take it and apply it to whatever use you see proper. I will call at your residence in a few hours to claim the purse, and render whatever pecuniary aid you may require; for, be assured, such honesty will never go unrewarded by me. But you have not yet given me your name."

"Lucy Cameron, ma'am."

"Cameron! Cameron! Is it possible that you are the daughter of her who was once my dearest friend? Was your mother's name formerly Mary Caldwell?" inquired the lady.

"The same," was Lucy's reply.

"Then permit me to welcome you to my home, with all it affords. When a poor and friendless orphan, she interested herself in my behalf, and never can I forget what her friendship wrought for me. For years our intimacy continued, till I was summoned to a distant land to take possession of a large fortune I had unexpectedly inherited, and there united myself in marriage to my present husband. For a time, we kept up a regular correspondence, by which means I was apprised of her union with Mr. Cameron; but gradually this pleasant interchange of thought ceased, from which time I have been unable to obtain any information concerning her, having returned to my native land but two months since. But now, my child, return to your home, and I will follow in a short time."

With suffused eyes, Lucy returned thanks for this unexpected kindness, and prepared to depart. She could with difficulty realize the important change that had thus suddenly transformed her to wealth and station. The events of that morning seemed like the confused and faint recollection of some dream, like the pleasant visions that so often stole around her sleeping moments, clothed with the bright images of beauty, that the stern realities of life so speedily dispelled on waking. The coincidence, so strikingly singular in its nature, furnished a theme from which she could not divert her thoughts till she reached her humble abode. She now felt the truth of those lessons instilled into her youthful mind, which taught implicit confidence and entire dependence upon Him who hath promised to deliver the distressed, and whose inscrutable ways are often hidden from mortal vision, to be revealed only amid the light that encircles his throne.

Lucy had scarcely reached her home, before she was aroused by the noise of a carriage that drew up before her door, from which alighted her new-found friend, Mrs. Vinton, who made every arrangement for the removal of Mrs. Cameron's remains to her own dwelling, from which she was attended to her final resting place by a large concourse of former friends, among whom the singular discovery made by Mrs. Vinton had already widely circulated; while Lucy forever abandoned the scenes of sorrow with which she had so long been familiar, exchanging them for others more congenial to the finer feelings of her nature.

CHAPTER IV.

Time's rapid flight had borne away four years since the events alluded to in our last chapter.

Life's joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, crowded in that short space, were slumbering amid the ruins of the past, while here and there arose the scattered monuments of human folly, looming high through the dark shadows of bygone years. To many, the gorgeous tints that at first clothed each object with transcendent beauty, proved transient as the rainbow's hues, or fleeting as the dewy breath of morn. The glad smiles of hope which invited the youthful aspirant on, no longer cheer his course; but, like the summer cloud that flings its darkened shadow o'er earth's loveliest scenes, the blighting frowns of adversity rest upon him, to hush the joyous strains his heart poured forth, and wake instead the heavy tones of deep despair.

But Lucy, who had drained the bitter dregs of sorrow's cup, was now the recipient of that tender regard bestowed by one who entertained toward her feelings that maternal love alone can equal. The depths of Mrs. Vinton's heart had been stirred by the recital of sufferings endured, by the recollection of hallowed associations connected with the memory of her endeared mother, as well as by the peculiar gentleness and beauty of Lucy, that caused all the hidden affections of her soul to gush forth. The sweet name of mother had never been addressed to her, nor had any object, save her husband, received from her love equal to that bestowed upon the child of her adoption; and each year, as Lucy budded in womanhood, developed some fresh feeling of the heart, and added to her beauty new charms to enhance her loveliness.

Mr. Vinton, though possessed of but few of the finer feelings of poetic love, could not long remain insensible to her superiority; but gradually the affections of his heart became entwined around her with all the hallowed purity of a father's love, strengthened and increased with the lapse of each year. Time's finger, with gentle touch, had healed the deep wound produced by the loss of her mother, and assuaged the poignant grief that crushed her young heart; while the cheerful glow of contentment and the bright smiles that [illegible] her features, like the rich sunlight upon [illegible] bosom of some placid lake, told that she was happy.

The dark vail that had so suddenly been thrown around to check the aspirations of her youthful nature and dispel the bright phantoms of her dreams had been removed, and once more was she permitted to enjoy the society of refinement and wealth, sweetened by the unalloyed love of fond hearts. But, unlike many others, she was not entirely dependent upon what surrounded her to impart happiness; her spirit delighted to revel amid the purity of its own creations, and feast upon the holy communings it sought with nature's God.

Though susceptible to all the finer feelings of the heart, Lucy had never yet experienced any of those emotions peculiar to the mastering passion of love. The affection she had evinced for her mother, the cherished regard she entertained toward her kind benefactors, was pure and ardent; but with it were incorporated none of those feelings that were yet to sway her woman's heart. Already had seventeen summers bloomed around, and she, though unconsciously, had become the bright star of the circle in which she moved; her surpassing loveliness of person, amiable diposition and versatility of talent, all combined to render her an object of universal admiration. An accession so desirable to the lists of wealth and beauty is always hailed with delight by those numbered among the ranks of fashion; consequently, the *debut* of Lucy into society was an event marked by the greatest *eclat.* Many who had formed her acquaintance in the more private circles of youth, had awaited with anxiety the period when she could be ushered before the world. But all the blandishments spread around, the whispered notes of adulation that frequently reached her ear, proved insufficient to captivate the affections of her heart, or induce her to deliver to the keeping of fawning sycophants the priceless gems which it enshrined.

But, on the evening to which we now allude, the brilliantly illuminated parlors of Mr. Vinton were fast filling with beauty and fashion, to celebrate her eighteenth anniversary. Jewels glittered amid the joyous host; music, with its sweetest strains, stole in soft tones around, to still the hum of busy voices, as it mingled with the fragrant summer air borne through the latticed casement. Lucy, attired with that peculiar neatness characteristic of her refined taste, moved with dignified and graceful beauty among the happy throng, attended by those who esteemed it an honored position to remain at her side and bask in the warm sunlight of her smiles. Among the gay crowd that surrounded her, she observed one apparently absorbed in conversation, but whose gaze seemed constantly fixed upon her. That he was, in the general acceptation of the term, handsome, we will not admit; but his countenance was marked by a peculiar expression of manly beauty which distinguishes so few that it never fails to attract attention. His figure was tall and commanding, his hair vieing with the raven's plume of glossy blackness, while his mouth was partially concealed by the shade of a finely-formed mustache, that imparted to him an air decidedly foreign.

At first, Lucy gave herself no uneasiness on account of the attention she evidently attracted from the interesting stranger; but she could not conceal from her own heart, at least, the interest she already felt in him. That heart, hitherto impervious to all the attacks of love, was now for the first time to feel that potent spell weaving its gilded threads around her holiest affections, with a power that nothing on earth could sever. For a time, she used every endeavor to divert her thoughts from the object that was thus engrossing too much of her attention; but in vain. Even while engaged in conversation with others, those expressive eyes that had been fixed in admiration upon her, that manly form, met her gaze. All her surmisings as to who he was seemed but to perplex her mind and deepen the mystery that enshrouded him, till relieved by the announcement of his name as Mr. Harding, by a friend who requested the privilege of presenting him to her acquaintance, to which she formally acquiesced.

During the remaining part of the evening, his attentions were almost exclusively devoted to Lucy, who was more delighted with the excellence of his conversational powers, the brilliancy of his wit, his agreeable and gentlemanly manners, than she had been with his noble and commanding appearance.

William Harding was the only son and heir of the gentleman of that name to whom allusion has already been made, and, for six years, had resided in France, attending to that department of his father's business which required his personal supervision. But the routine of fashionable life in Paris, to which his position so fearfully exposed him, had not corrupted any of those high principles of morality by which he was invariably governed; on the contrary, the energies of his mind were developed by constant intercourse with the learned and refined of the great metropolis. He had gazed upon the most beautiful faces of the Old World, examined the productions of genius amid the time-honored galleries of Florence and Rome, and often, since his return, had heard of the beauty of Lucy Cameron; but all the ideal images his fancy had created failed to equal this embodiment of perfection, this spirit of beauty, that met his view on entering the parlors of Mr. Vinton. She, whom he remembered only as a child, whose auburn tresses floated in rich profusion around her fair brow, and the sound of whose silvery voice still lingered in his heart, was now the matchless woman of eighteen.

A change so important in its character, and one that brought so vividly to mind his long separation from the objects of youthful association, he could scarcely realize; and, each day, as his intimacy increased with her who for years had been almost forgotten, his heart beat with new and strange emotions. The latent spark of love, that hitherto had only existed within his breast, was now kindled to a flame that glowed with all the intensity of its pure and hallowed nature.

Nor were the feelings he entertained toward her disregarded by Lucy; but gradually, as months rolled on, the full tide of affection that swelled her heart rushed with overwhelming force to mingle in the broad stream of mutual love, upon whose bosom have been borne the hopes of unnumbered thousands. But this stream, it is said, never flows smoothly, and so it proved in this instance. Its strong current bore rapidly amid the dangerous shoals concealed beneath its fair surface. The perfumed gales that had wafted them on through the dreamy abodes of bliss, were soon exchanged for the tainted breeze of earth, that blasted with withering breath those new-born feelings of the soul, and caused the heart that had so lately thrilled with hope to sink back in despair.

For a time, Mr. Harding remained ignorant of the attention his son was thus bestowing upon one whom he considered inferior in station—the *protegee* of the Vintons, as he denominated her—and, when informed of the nature of affairs, he could not repress the fury of his indignation. All the bright hopes his calculating pride had formed of connecting his name with the heralded nobility of Europe, where he had hoped his reputed wealth would secure for his son a brilliant alliance, were crushed forever; and, in the frenzied excitement of passion, he forbade entirely the continuance of these attentions.

"But, father, you do not consider the claim that Lucy possesses to rank equal with us. You once esteemed it an honor to associate the name of Cameron with your acquaintances; and now you surely cannot object to one superior to us in many respects, and, I can truly say, inferior in none."

"Away with such prating! I have commanded, sir, and you, as a dutiful son, are bound to obey. If you refuse, I have already assured you of the consequences."

"True, you have threatened to disinherit me if I obey the dictates of judgment and choice, and all—for what?"

"For your own good, sir. Many long years have I devoted to unceasing toil, in order to place you above the world; and, at the very moment I imagined my desires about to be realized, you have been playing a part I little suspected. However, you are legally free to think and act as you see proper."

With these remarks, Mr. Harding quitted the room, leaving William to his own unpleasant reflections. The respect he entertained toward his parent prevented the full expression of his injured feelings, and he determined at once to seek Lucy, and, with frankness, confide to her the opposition he had so unexpectedly met with.

The faint shade of sadness that stole over her joyous countenance seemed to render her even more lovely, as he related the conversation that had passed—still breathing the same feelings of unalterable love, determining to sacrifice everything for her.

"No, William, I dare not longer listen to your entreaties. That I have loved, deeply loved, you are aware; and never can these affections be transferred to another. But I cannot—no, I would not—be yours in direct opposition to the wishes of your parent. My heart has been schooled to sorrow and disappointment, and this trial, though I confess it severe, can be borne as well as others. We meet no more, other than friends; but, be assured, my blessing shall attend you through all the changes of life."

"But, Lucy, you surely will not consign me to such misery? You cannot suppose me so base, so utterly devoid of principle, as to prefer the tinseled exterior of wealth and station to the solid enjoyments that flow from mutual love?"

"I am truly grateful for the opinion you entertain of me, and can appreciate your feelings in regard to a separation from any loved object; but do not attempt to dissuade me from my purpose, which must remain unchanged so long as the consent of him whom you are commanded to honor shall be withheld. I freely release you from all engagements, and hope that I may never be considered an obstacle to your happiness."

"But this generosity is certainly uncalled for, Lucy. I have no desire to be released from my obligations to you, and, if your decree is irrevocable, I shall be under the necessity of exercising that virtue which, unfortunately, I do not possess to an excessive degree, and of awaiting your pleasure; for nothing could ever tempt me to wed any one but the object of my love."

Here their conversation was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Vinton; and, in a few moments, William took his leave.

CHAPTER V.

But we must now return to Mr. Harding. On leaving the apartment of his son, he retired to the quiet of his own chamber, there to give full vent to the bitterest feelings of his heart, and nourish the strongly excited passions of his nature. His non-appearance at the appointed hour for tea, occasioned some surprise among those who, for years, had been familiar with his remarkable punctuality in all things; and, after waiting a few moments, Mrs. Harding dispatched a servant to ascertain the cause of his delay. But the sound of his retreating foot-steps had scarcely died away, before she was summoned to his relief by cries for assistance; and there, as if transfixed by some spell of horror, stood the servant, pallid with consternation, while stretched by his side lay the apparently lifeless form of his master.

Physicians were immediately called in, who applied all their skill in endeavoring to restore the sufferer to consciousness; but for hours no signs of its return were visible. The intense mental excitement under which he had labored undoubtedly hastened this fearful disease; while his short, suppressed breathing, quickened pulse, and the drops of perspiration that clustered around his cold brow, told plainly of death's approach. About midnight, he seemed suddenly awakened from the death-like sleep that had oppressed him, and, drawing his companion to his side, inquired for "William," at the same time expressing a wish that Lucy Cameron might be sent for. This request, though singular and unexpected, was immediately complied with; and, when informed of her arrival, with a feeble gesture he motioned her to approach.

"Lucy, to me this is a moment of immense importance. I feel that I am fast approaching that 'bourne from whence no traveler returns,' and desire to obtain forgiveness from the lips of one whom I have so deeply injured. You are aware of my business transactions with your father, by which you were reduced to poverty; that, when acquainted with your distressed condition, I withheld the merest pittance, while I was morally bound for the full amount he had advanced, which was sufficient to have placed you in comfortable circumstances. But avarice had steeled my heart with its unholy influences. When I beheld you, through the kindness of others, restored to your former position in society, the admiration of every one, I envied—yes, I hated you with a bitter hatred. I feared your influence, and would willingly have sacrificed thousands to have crushed you as I once did; and yesterday, when informed that my only child—he in whom all my hopes of worldly greatness were centered—contemplated a union with you, and when its truth was confirmed by his own statement, the fierce passions of my sinful nature became aroused, and I was stricken down by the hand of a just God. Can you, then, forgive me, in view of all the injustice I have heaped upon you?"

Lucy, whose voice was choked by the depth of her emotions, could only reply—

"Yes, yes, sir; I freely forgive you."

"Then I can die in peace. And now, my son, may a father's blessing descend upon you! O, let not this world engross your affections, as it has mine! may those principles of moral obligation never be obliterated from your heart! And let her, whom you have chosen for your future companion, be amply repaid for all she has suffered from me."

Here his feeble voice grew inaudible, he sank upon his pillow; and, in a few moments, the spirit burst its bands and left the clay tenement that had confined it.

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Six months had elapsed since the death of Mr. Harding, whose vast fortune was inherited by his son, when the mansion of Mr. Vinton was again illuminated, to celebrate an event of infinitely more importance than the admission of an accomplished heiress into society; it was the bridal night of Lucy, whose marriage for weeks previous had furnished a theme for conversation in all circles. The wealthy, the noble-minded, the generous William Harding, whose gentlemanly and affable deportment had endeared him to all who formed his acquaintance, was hailed as the happy husband of Lucy Cameron.

For several weeks, the gayeties attending their nuptials left but little time for the enjoyment of each other's society; nor was William fully aware of the prize he had secured till settled down amid the quiet of his home. As Lucy entered that abode of wealth, now her own, her thoughts naturally reverted to the time when, years ago, she crossed its threshhold, clothed in the humble garb of poverty—when the dark shadows that hovered over her path seemed almost to forbid the visits of those bright-winged visions that played around her sleeping moments, revealing, through the dim vista of future years, the joys she was yet to share. Associations such as these, linked with the sad memories of the past, were but momentary; the happiness that was now hers precluded the continuance of painful emotions.

But her life, in after years, was not spent in idleness amid the the luxuries of her home. With an active zeal, she devoted her energies to the improvement of those inhabiting the purlieus of our city, scattering around, with a beneficent hand, the richest blessings. Why prolong her history?

Reader, our tale is told. Does it not furnish a moral—an example worthy the imitation of those whose fairest hopes have been blasted by the adverse winds of fortune? Alas! how many, in situations similar to that occupied by her, in a moment of despondency, yield to the unhallowed voice of sin, and plunge headlong into the abyss of guilt, to sink forever beneath its turbid waves!

We counsel such to list not to the siren strains of earth's music. May each one be actuated by those principles of virtue which, through life's darkened hours, conducted in safety the footsteps of Lucy Cameron!—*Lady's Book.*

SPICY.

If your purse does not allow you to buy books, read men, study women, and [illegible] lessons from children: without musical [illegible]struments, you may play upon the people, if you are lame, you may still run for Congress; without teeth you can back-bite your neighbors; although totally blind, you can, perhaps, see as far into a mill-stone as other people; although as deaf as a post, you will probably know as much of last Sunday's sermon a week hence, as the rest of the congregation.—*Ex.*

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE OF HONOR AND TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIAM R. STACY, M. W. T.

The different phases through which the cause of temperance has passed, mark its progress and insure the ultimate triumph of its principles. We gain ground at every step—win fresh laurels in every conflict—while "the enemy of all mankind" retreats in darkness and disgrace from the arena of battle. The "moderation pledge" was a small thing, not to be despised, for it was the parent and pioneer of mightier instrumentalities—it was the wedge that entered the tough knot which, for centuries, had bid defiance to the perseverance, the strength, and the skill of "the chopper of logic" and the reformers of the past.

Men became intoxicated by using fermented liquors, although they had abolished the use of distilled drinks, while those who wisely abstained from both, and abjured the evil spirit, whatever disguise it might assume, remained perfectly sober. Some moral Columbus then discovered a whole continent of truth. It was simply this, that entire abstinence from the use of all kinds of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, was the only safeguard to defend society from the evils of drunkenness. Lecturers of extraordinary talents were employed—papers, edited with signal ability, were scattered like leaves for the healing of the nations—societies were organized in almost every city, town and village—and the pledge found its way to every circle and station in life. But that old serpent, the devil alcohol, was not dead; for when the friends of humanity became weary of well doing, and lost themselves in ignoble sleep at the port of duty, sin revived, and he lived again. Fortunes were squandered, time was worse than wasted, hopes were blasted, hearts were broken, lives were sacrificed, and souls were lost.

At this eventful period in the history of the temperance reform, a noble band of Washingtonians came to the work; and many who heeded not the warning of the prophets believed on those who had risen from the dead. These apostles of total abstinence preached the gospel of temperance to the poor as well as the rich—to the halt, the lame, the blind, the deaf, the dumb and the degraded; and their influence extended from the "unwashed" in gutterdom to the "upper-crust" in *high* life. Tears were wiped from sad faces; sad faces beamed with happiness; deserted homes were revisited; and broken hearts made to bound for joy. Prodigals who had been feeding swinish habits and propensities returned to home and friends, and wore the ring and robe of reformation.

Not a few of these estimable original reformers continue untiringly at work, and keep the pledge with unfaltering fidelity; but some, unfortunately, have returned to their former haunts and habits, like the dog to its vomit, and the swine to the mire. The makers and venders of inebriating beverages gloated with fiendish glee over the fall of every victim, and every grog-shop was a miniature hell where human devils held a jubilee.

The time had now fully arrived for another phase to appear in this great movement, and He who

"Works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform,"

so ordered the arrangement of his providence as to induce a small band of the most devoted friends of the cause to form an association called the "SONS OF TEMPERANCE." The plan was popular at once—the infant institution was a giant in its cradle. Divisions were organized, in the course of a short time, in every state in the Union. The world looked on with wonder at the unanticipated and unprecedented success which crowned the labor of those who endeavored to extend the beautiful precepts of the noble Order.

The ladies, ever ready to co-operate in labors of "Love, Purity and Fidelity," formed societies on a similar basis; and while many daughters have done virtuously, these excel them all.

Soon the boys took the hint, and incorporated with their pledge to abstain from intoxicating drinks, a pledge to abstain from the use of profane language, from gambling and the use of tobacco: thus setting an example fit for the imitation of children grown up, who love to fumigate and masticate the noxious and filthy tobacco weed, or indulge in the other reprehensible habits which their society disallows.

The "Rechabites" had been at work successfully prior to the formation of some of the last named associations. Such institutions suggested the idea of opening another society, embracing all that is excellent in older associations, with additional advantages not to be found in any of them. THE TEMPLE OF HONOR and TEMPERANCE was instituted. Then was the *golden gateway to the millennium* of unceasing and universal abstinence opened.

Without drawing invidious comparisons, I will briefly point out some of the advantages of this model system of reform.

We are social beings, and were not designed by the great Author of our existence to be recluse. The group at the grocery, the street-corner committee, the throng at the tavern, prove this fact firmly established. When men can meet at stated periods in a pleasant, neatly-furnished room, to perform the interesting and attractive duties incumbent on TEMPLARS, they gratify a social want of our nature, and they are satisfied without wasting their time in worse than useless idleness among the outsiders who throng where "drouthy neebors neebors meet."

We need something to break up the dull monotony of ordinary life. We become tired of walking constantly in one beaten track. The farmer, the mechanic, the merchant and the professional man, require now and then something to divert their attention from the unvarying every-day deeds of life. They become dissatisfied and discouraged as they have constantly to go from the barn to the lot, from the dwelling to the shop, from the store to the wharf, from the house to the study or the office. In the Temple we find that variety which is the "spice of life"—something to divert without distracting the attention: there is novelty which gratifies without leading to the neglect of other duties.

Most men make at least one great mistake in life. It is this: they think they know themselves, while in reality they do not. Some over estimate, others undervalue, their abilities. In the TEMPLE OF HONOR men have ample opportunities to pursue the chief study of mankind, while there. They learn the fact long ago mentioned by a distinguished divine, that there is a greater number of bad men among good men, and good men among bad men, than the world ever dreamed of. They learn how to manage meetings, keep accounts, prepare reports and resolutions, make speeches, in a way they never knew before; and they discover not only their own peculiarities and gifts, but the peculiarities and gifts of others: such a man, they see, is a good financier; such one an eloquent speaker; such one a ready writer; such one a dignified officer; such one a persevering member—and others, they see, are the opposites of these. Such a society is an evening school, where Templars may be taught, in valuable lessons, whether they be brilliant men or not.

We do not, as we should, value men according to their mental and moral worth. In the Temple, "the rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all." The rich man finds that he cannot carry his heart nor his head in his pocket, and that the poor brother, who has not so much of this world's goods at his disposal, has a heart to feel and a head to think as well as himself, and the gap that separates them is bridged over with brotherly love.

We combine and concentrate our influence and our efforts not to promote the interests of a clique, or a party, or a sect—for no man is permitted to introduce political or sectarian matters within the walls of the TEMPLE OF HONOR; and no man is required to renounce his creed or forsake his party who joins this benevolent brotherhood. Yet no person would be received into the embrace of our Order who does not acknowledge the existence of God.

We believe that GOD is the supreme Ruler of the universe, and that the Bible is of Divine origin. We aim at the promotion of human happiness, and work individually and collectively to secure that object. We are an army; organized not for the purpose of storming citadels, and shedding blood, and sacrificing life, leaving smoldering cities and heaps of slain upon our track, but for the purpose of protecting the innocent, healing the wounded and driving away the assailants.

We conquer our foes by force of argument and not by force of arms; we fight with pointed truths and not with pointed bayonets; we "wound to heal, and kill to make alive." We all have the same signs, the same pass-words, and all appear in the same regalia. We look at the same subject through mutual eyes, and all hearts throb with the same pulsations for the advancement of the same cause. We claim to be good Samaritans. We see our brother man in the ditch of degradation; he has fallen into the hands of thieves, between the brewery and the distillery. The renegade men pass by on the other side, but we deem it our duty to lift up the fallen and, if possible, to restore him to himself, to his family, his country and his Maker. We do not ask whether he be Protestant or Catholic, Whig or Democrat, from the North or from the South. It is enough for us to know he is a man and needs our sympathy and support, and we give him an honest hand and hearty welcome.

Another beautiful feature in the TEMPLE OF HONOR is the "Social Degree," which opens the door for the admission of ladies, who participate in the proceedings and ceremonies at the meetings, thus rendering it unlike any similar institution in existence.

The trite excuses, that we are a secret society, that it embraces discordant materials, that we have sinister motives, have been answered a thousand times, and the only reply that I shall make to such objections now, is, "by their fruits ye shall know them." Our institution has never injured any one, while it has benefited all who have availed themselves of its advantages. It has relieved the sick, assisted the needy, lifted up the down-fallen, helped the orphan and the widow, reformed the inebriate and kept the temperate from the ways that lead to ruin.

In conclusion, we have abundant reason to "thank God and take courage;" for the work has prospered in our hands beyond our most sanguine expectations. The day is not distant when a Grand Temple will be established in every state, province and territory on the continent of America, and in the lands across the broad Atlantic.

We have a field white to the harvest before us, and untiring laborers are at work. We must all labor as though all depended on ourselves, and pray as though all depended on God. We do not confine our exertions to the room in which we meet. TEMPLARS are found in ordinary public meetings. They patronize the temperance press; they contribute of their substance to sustain the cause; they cheerfully make sacrifice of time and toil to extend the principles of abstinence throughout the world.—*American Temperance Magazine.*

THE POETRY OF CHEMISTRY.

WHEN men woke up from barbarism and night and began to contemplate the beauty of the world, they saw that amid the multiplicity of colors and of forms, and in the endless metamorphoses of things around them, that whether they looked upon the granite peaks piercing the blue heavens with their hoary pinnacles; the wild sea, with its midnight moans and summer laughter; the blue heaven, with its storms and starlight beauty; or the green earth, with its clustering woods and waving grasses, blossoming all over from pole to pole with a garment of living verdure; still the same invisible forces were at work, weaving all things in a web of unity, and connecting the most incongruous things together.

Hence, in their mystic worship, and in the poetic utterances of their untamed hearts, they pictured nature under symbols of the same thought, and representing the creative power which forever and ever transmits one form into an another, and evokes from corruption and death the creatures of a new creation. The story of the phenix is the story of the world, and as one form crumbles into ashes, another starts from its dust, to continue the chain of beauty, and push on the series of utilities.

"Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plow, disturb our ancestors;
From human mold we reap our daily bread;
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons:
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel."

Of the sixty simple elements to which all the varieties of dead and living matter are reducible, some fifteen or twenty play the chief parts in the chemistry of the world. All the phenomena which take place around us, whether it be the upheaval of volcanic masses or the floating of a gossamer in the summer air; the sweeping hurricane which tears up forests by the roots, or the blushing promise of the spring's first flowers; the forked lightning, and the tramping thunder which shakes heaven with deep pulsations, or the golden belts upon the body of the bee, and the fairy song he chants among the flowers; the trickling of molten metals into the fissures of the earth, or the passage of an idea through the brain of man; are dependent upon the separation and recombination of various of these elementary principles, without the movements and metamorphoses of which the whole world would be one scene of darkness, desolation and death. Chemical laws operate upon the minute atoms of which bodies are composed; and, as all the atoms of matter have a spherical or globular form, the attractions and repulsions of atomic particles exhibit a close analogy to the attractions and repulsions of the worlds. It is possible, indeed, that there is but one attraction and one chemical law, and the phenomenon of an atom may be repeated in the dew-drop, in the bubble on the stream, and in the floating world. There is more poetry in the alembic and the test tube than the worldly dream about.

If we trace back the history of our world into those remote eras of which the early rocks are records, we shall discover that the same chemical laws were operating then which control the changes of matter now. At one period the earth was a huge mass of fiery fluid, which, radiating or throwing off heat into space, gradually cooled and became surrounded with a solid crust, entombing within it a seething chaos of intensely heated materials, which now assert their existence in the shock of the earthquake and the awful outbreaks of volcanic fires. In later ages, when the crust had cooled still more, and the atmosphere let fall its showers, the still heated surface, hissing and roaring with the contact of the flood, was rent into enormous blocks and dreadful abysses, which still remain all over the world, and form the wondrous monuments of an age of great convulsions. Later still, the seas gathered together, the rocky masses were powdered into dust by the delicate fingers of the dew and the shower, the green herbs sprang up, and the monsters of the slimy deep appeared in obedience to the Creator's fiat, and the whole earth became a home of beauty in obedience to chemical law. The ceaseless play of the elements and the mutations of the atoms had built up the whole into one gorgeous scene of luxuriance; and man was awakened into being to render the whole subservient to his wishes, and, by tracing out the harmonies of the natural world, to arrive at a more exalted knowledge of his Maker.

The atom of charcoal which floated in the corrupt atmosphere of the old volcanic ages, was absorbed into the leaf of a fern when the valleys became green and luxuriant; and there, in its proper place, it received the sunlight and the dew, aiding to fling back to heaven a reflection of heaven's gold, and, at the same time, to build the tough fiber of the plant. That same atom was consigned to the tomb when the waters submerged the jungled valleys. It had lain there thousands of years, and a month since was brought into the light again, imbedded in a block of coal. It shall be consumed to warm our dwelling, cook our food, and make more ruddy and cheerful the hearth whereon our children play; it shall combine with a portion of the invisible atmosphere, ascend upward as a curling wreath to revel in a mazy dance up high in the blue ether; shall reach earth again, and be entrapped in the embrace of a flower; shall live in velvet beauty on the cheek of the apricot; shall pass into the human body, giving enjoyment to the palate, and health to the blood; shall circulate in the delicate tissues of the brain; and aid, by entering into some new combination, in educing the thoughts which are now being uttered by the pen. It is but an atom of charcoal; it may dwell one moment in a stagnant ditch, and the next be flushing on the lip of beauty; it may now be a component of a limestone rock, and then an ingredient in a field of potatoes; it may slumber for a thousand years without undergoing a single change, and the next hour pass through a thousand; and, after all, it is only an atom of charcoal, and occupies only its own place, wherever it may be.

It is from the unceasing interchange of the particles of matter that the living luster of the world is born; it is the separation of one atom of water from one atom of starch which gives rise to the formation of sugar, and to this change, produced by the mutual influences of warmth and moisture, the germination of all seeds is due, and hence the continuance of vegetation. Neither the oaks of the forest, nor the grasses of the field, could ever have burst into their green beauty but for this simple change in the elements of their seeds. The maltster takes advantage of this to produce that delicious flavor in the barley, which, when combined with the intoxicating product of a second change in the sugar itself, has proved the source of physical suffering and social misery to millions.

If the imaginings of the early world were startling and brilliant, the facts of modern chemists are imbued with a poetry more lofty still, while they have for their basis the solid ground of truth, and stand separated by a wide gulf from the phantasies of fiction. What Oriental fiction of aerial temples or rainbow daughters of the sky can for a moment be compared with the simple chemistry of the atmosphere, or the rainbows themselves? This soft, universal azure medium in which the round world swings, and which holds the seas in its arms, letting them fall, drop by drop, in fatness to the earth, or that spanning archway of the angels, formed by millions of separate particles of rain, each particle a prism, which cuts up the rays of light into separate parts and explains their anatomy and their colors—we ask, what mere imagining or fancying of man can equal the reality of the beauty and the glory thus surrounding us? What fable of old can stand side by side with the fact that

"Each drop of water is a world, containing
  Creatures more numerous than the men of earth;
The April shower upon the green tree raining,
  To fresh creations in each leaf gives birth;
Nature, her balance every-where regaining,
  New breathing things to form, leaves nothing dearth;
Spitzbergen's ice and Afric's sandy field
To Nature's living mass their tribute yield?"

No; there is more wonder in truth than fable, and more poetry in fact than fiction.

But there are revelations of this wonder-world of change more startling than these, and, perhaps, more truly poetic. The most obdurate and inflexible bodies seem destined by a law of their nature to work their way up through successive orders of being, till they reach the highest of them all; and, when there, to fill a purpose essential to the very existence of man himself. Thus, without phosphorus, and sulphur, and potash, and lime, the human frame would be destitute of outline and power of locomotion; for with these materials its bones are formed; so, also, without a supply of common salt, which is a compound of a brilliant metal and a poisonous gas, the alkaline character of the blood could not be maintained, and the frame would soon fall into corruption and perish; and, in like manner, without iron, the identical metal of which plowshares and steam engines are formed, life could not be sustained even for the shortest space of time; for, by the presence of the metal in the globules of the blood, that fluid maintains its brilliancy of color, and is enabled to take up the vitalizing atoms of the air, and so continue the enjoyments of a happy existence. While still more wonderful, perhaps, are those discoveries by which Liebig has rendered himself immortal, and which reveal to us the chemical phenomena involved in the operations of the brain, and which indicate that the amount of phosphorous and nitrogenous principles, removed continually from the nervous system, are in direct proportion to the intensity and continuance of thought, and which point to the immediate relation of the material to the spiritual.

Passing from these things to matters less directly associated with the phenomena of life, we find beauty still predominant, and poetry of the most lofty character the presiding idea. A dark surface absorbs more heat than a light one; at the same time it radiates or parts with heat more rapidly than a light surface. The chemist exposes the backs of his hands to the noonday sun; the one bare and the other covered with a black cloth. The uncovered hand will be at a temperature of from 85 to 90°, and the covered one at from 98 to 106°. The black color absorbs about fifteen per cent. more heat than the white one, and yet the covered hand is uninjured, while the other is scorched and blistered; in this way, although apparently in opposition to the result required, has God provided for his children who dwell under the fierce heat of the southern sun. He has made them black, that they may live in harmony with the golden sunshine above them, and not as the objects of the white man's tyranny.

There is poetry in such facts as these; and when the human mind has achieved for itself a nobler inheritance of wisdom than it now possesses, and true genius takes the place of commercial craft, we shall find the poet and the painter combining to do honor to the men by whose labors these wonderful truths have been unfolded. The picture of Faraday turning a ray of light from its course by the power of a magnet, under the direction of his own poet-mind, will be looked upon with profound reverence, and the names of Davy, Liebig, Berzelius and Dumas, will adorn the poetical annals of generations now waiting to be born. The same scrutinizing power which detects sulphur in the atmosphere, and in this way accounts for the peculiar odor of the electric spark; which traces out the analogy between that same atmosphere and nitric acid; which discovers the method of converting old rags into sugar, and sawdust into bread; which detects the service of the humble moss in cleaving and crumbling the rugged rocks on which it chances to grow, by means of the oxalic acid which its roots contain; which observes the effect of sunlight in elaborating the juices of the fruits, and makes that same sunlight a painter of pictures; which compounds a material which acts as an antidote to pain, and proves one of the greatest of auxiliaries in the service of humanity, under the name of chloroform; which not only finds

> "Tongues in trees,
> Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones;"

but travels up

> "Through the measureless fields,
> Where the silver moon and the comet wheels,"

and measures the magnitude of those lamps of God; will deal with higher than physical things, and learn to attach its sympathies with a moral law; securing for itself a nobler salvation than from the choke-damp of a mine, and inheriting a purer religion than the worship of organic compounds.

Meantime, the elements wait on man, and combine to do him service; he has made matter subservient to his will, and, in this conquest of the material by the immaterial, the world reads the idea of its advancing humanity. The lesson is one which humbles, because it points to a dependence on God, and suggests that there are regions into which the mind will yet have to enter to learn its spiritual duties, and connect them with its conquest of the world.—*Repository.*

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME.

AN ANECDOTE FOR PERSONS SEEKING THEIR FORTUNE.

This caption is applicable to all, but more especially to young men; and the incident we are about to relate is one of so forcible a character, that we think it will be productive of good.

Two young clerks in a large American and French house in Pearl street, were particularly intimate, so much so, that although they boarded in different houses, yet were constantly together during the hours of recreation from business.

One of them had been presented with a little French poodle, and he at once set about instructing it to perform all those little tricks for which the breed are famed.

For some days his companion witnessed his persevering efforts to make "Grotto" bring his handkerchief, catch pennies, stand upon his hind legs, and do many other trifling but amusing tricks. At length he got tired of being a looker on at so much waste of time, and resolved, that whilst his friend was being the tutor of "Grotto," he himself would be a pupil to a French teacher, and endeavor to master the French language by the time "Grotto's" education was completed.

Without saying a word to his friend, he commenced his studies, and being diligent, fast acquired a knowledge of the language; he also improved from hearing a good deal of French spoken in the store, though he carefully avoided uttering a word. At length "Grotto" was finished, and had very truly acquired a knowledge of an infinite number of amusing games, and his owner prided himself no little on his acquirements.

The owner of "Grotto" was a little the senior of the other in the store, and of course ranked above him in promotions. One morning he came out of the private room of the principal member of the firm, looking very much downcast, and approached his friend.

"Tom," said he, "the firm want to send one of the clerks this summer to France to buy goods, and they have offered the chance to me, provided I could speak French, but as 'oui' is about the extent of my French, it's no go for this child. Heavens! what a fool I was in not studying it when I was a boy!"

"Well," said Tom, "whose chance is next?"

"Why yours, of course, ha! ha! ha! they will put the question all around out of politeness, and as none of us can *parley vous*, ha! ha! ha! why somebody else will be engaged, and all of us headed off."

In the course of the morning, Tom, was called before the firm, and, in glowing terms were the advantages set forth, if he could only have spoken the language of the country they wished him to go to. Tom listened with delight, and inwardly chuckled at the surprise he would give them.

"Of course," said one of the firm, "you should have the situation if you could only speak French, but as you cannot, we shall have to employ some one else. Very sorry, great pity, &c."

"Well," said Tom, "it can't be helped, and there is no time, I suppose, to study now, so I must just do the best I can. Mr. Toutette, shall you and I have a little chat, and perhaps I may pass muster."

Mr. Toutette and Tom entered into an animated conversation, very much to the surprise of all present, which, after being kept up in double quick time for some fifteen minutes, Mr. Toutette very candidly told his partner that Tom was fully competent for the place.

Tom was a great favorite, and the firm were heartily glad that he was capable of holding the situation, and he was instructed to prepare himself for departure by the next steamer, with the privilege of peeping into the World's Fair.

Tom now returned to his friend, who met him with a right good "ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, Tom, no use; I told you so."

"Ah!" replied Tom, "you are out this time. My French has been approved of, and I am done here. I sail in the next steamer."

"You don't say so; but, Tom, when the deuce did you learn French?"

"When you were teaching 'Grotto.'"

A new light flashed across the vision of "Grotto's" master. "What!" said he, "whilst I was fooling over that dog, you were studying!"

"Just so; and you now know with what success our time has been awarded."

By the judicial disposal of time, one young man is on the high road to mercantile fortune, while, by throwing away time, another, equal in inabilities, is doomed to drudgery and clerkship perhaps all his days.—*Exchange.*

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☞ He who esteems trifles for themselves is a trifler; he who esteems them for the conclusions to be drawn from them, or the advantage to which they can be put, is a philosopher.

TAMING WILD HORSES.

Many wild horses are still caught at Cajueiro. One day a party of eight or ten of the natives, mounted on well-disciplined steeds, and headed by the Englishman, went out on the campos for this purpose. Perched amid the branches of a tall tree, I had an extensive view of the grassy plain, and was able distinctly to observe all the movements of the equestrians.

The horsemen were riding rapidly in the direction of a small grove, when suddenly a troop of forty or fifty of the wild creatures emerged from behind it, and bounded away with astonishing velocity over the meadow. A spirited chase was now commenced by the mounted natives, who strained their swift animals to their greatest capacity; never did I witness a more intensely exciting spectacle than the one which was now before me. The manes and tails of the horses were flying wildly in the air, while a mass of hoofs were rising and falling with a rapidity which showed how tightly strung were the muscles of the animals.

To my surprise the Englishman kept the lead, and was obviously gaining upon the quick-footed fugitives. Coming up with them, he seized his lasso, and began to swing it around his head, gradually enlarging the circles, by permitting the smooth rope to slip gently through his fingers.

By a sudden motion, at the same instant plunging the spurs into his charger, in order to increase his speed if possible, he dashed quickly forward, and hurled his lasso with unerring skill around the neck of the foremost horse. The herd were now thrown into a panic, and, wheeling around in their course, they were completely surrounded by their pursuers. Several were lassoed by the natives, and the remainder kept together by two or three of the horsemen, who were continually circling around them; not one escaped, and, ere an hour had elapsed, they were driven safely into one of the pens at Cajueiro, neighing loudly, and their mouths covered with creamy foam. The best horses being selected from the herd and properly secured, the others were again turned at large.

The mode adopted by the natives of breaking them cannot be styled by any other term than that of barbarous; yet it is so efficacious that the poor animals are rendered perfectly docile and manageable in the course of two or three days.

One afternoon an opportunity was afforded me of witnessing the operation. In the largest inclosure proudly stood one of the majestic animals, kicking up the earth with his hoofs, and shaking the heavy mane on his finely curved neck, while his bright eyes glanced fearfully around him, and his loud, laughing voice, ringing wildly in the quiet air, seemed to be calling on his far-off companions for relief.

The fiery creature was held by a strong halter, of at least fifteen feet in length, manned by three of the muscular and bare-chested natives. Soon a noose was thrown around his neck by a couple of powerful blacks stationed on the opposite side of the inclosure. They then pulled, with all their strength, one way, while those who had hold of the halter exerted themselves vehemently in the contrary direction. The object evidently was to effect partial strangulation, in order that they might weaken and temporarily overcome the wonderful power of the spirited creature.

Violent were the plunges of the captive steed as he sought in vain, by superhuman exertions, to free himself from the grasp of his cruel tormentors, who stood like heartless demons around him. His terrific leaps only served to draw the cord tighter and tighter about his neck; his breathing became more and more difficult, and might have been heard audibly at the distance of a furlong. His heart beat as if it would burst from his heaving bosom, and his veins stood out in ridges along his quivering flesh. At last, overwhelmed with the intensity of his agony, and powerless from suffocation, he fell, and for an instant lay without sense or motion upon the ground. The noose was immediately loosed about his neck, and shortly returning conciousness began to light his glazed eye, the fresh air swelled his nostrils, and his tremendous chest rose and fell like the billows of the sea. At the expiration of fifteen minutes he was once more on his feet, but how different from the magnificent animal who had stood, in his native pride and dignity, pawing that sandy soil an hour before! Weak, hardly able to stand, his head drooping, and his eyes without a ray, he looked like a miserable specter of his former self—like a monarch dragged from his throne, who has been scoffed at by those whom he had before despised, and forced to be a wretched and miserable slave!

The persecution of the horse was by no means concluded. As soon as he had recovered somewhat from his exhaustion, he was mounted by a naked Indian, who was rewarded for his temerity by being thrown to a considerable distance over the head of the animal. The native, however, was but little hurt, and in a few moments again resumed his dangerous seat. This time he kept his place, notwithstanding the vast efforts of the animal to shake him off; in fact, the horse and his rider, being nearly of the same color, brought vividly to my mind the remembrance of an ancient Centaur.

The animal was now held tightly by a long rope, and forced to run round and round in a circle. Whenever he flagged or manifested the slightest obstinacy, a native, with a heavily knotted cord swinging around his head, would give him a terrible blow on his flanks, the pain of which was almost sufficient to drive him to madness. Gradually he became more and more passive, and at the end of another hour was quite tractable.—*Exchange.*

THE DOCTOR'S FIRST PATIENT.

The caprice of fortune toward those who court her, and the humiliation she sometimes imposes as conditions of success, are rather oddly illustrated in the following history, which an English physician gave recently of his personal experience "long time ago."

"I had completed my studies, and taken my diploma, when I found myself in the great sea of London with twenty pounds in my pockets. I took the lower part of a house in an obscure street, at the back of some gorgeous square, and laid out ten pounds in furniture, fixtures and drugs, reserving the other ten to pay my half year's rent.

"The first week I sold a few pennies' worth of rhubarb and magnesia, and lived on bread and milk. The next was no better—nor the next; and, as the month was coming to a close, I was determined to shut up shop and go as an assistant, when a servant came in for a shilling's worth of the best magnesia and some smelling salts, and took my card.

"Next day he called again and bought some powdered starch and had a bit of talk with me. I had just cleaned my place and self, when in came, in a hurry, my new friend the livery servant. He said his mistress wished to see me as soon as possible, on something very pressing. I asked him if I must go as I was. 'Put on your Sunday coat,' said he, 'and go with me.'

"I went with him to a great house in Portsmouth Square, and was shown up-stairs into a splendid drawing room. A middle-aged lady, of some suavity and graciousness, soon entered and apologized to me, but hoped, from what her servant said to me, I should not be offended.

"I thought she little knew my feelings, to imagine I should be offended if sent for, and assured her I was most happy to render any assistance in my power. She told me she had a favorite parrot that had broken its leg, and she had asked the doctor who attended her to help to set it, and he had felt himself insulted at being thought a bird doctor. She had no intention to insult him and only wished for information what to do. She told me if I would set her bird's leg and charge her the same as for setting her own, were it broken, she would be most happy to employ me. I thought the terms too liberal, but she insisted on no less, and I consented.

"Some slips of whalebone and a little tape enabled us to set the creature's leg, and I attended my first patient with an assiduity and carefulness which I have not since surpassed. A fortnight's services were rendered and my patient restored. The lady now insisted on my making out my bill against her. I did so, and charged her what she had bid me—the usual sum for setting a lady's leg. I trembled when I gave it to her; it was ten guineas. She thanked me, and presented me with twenty, saying that the other ten were for my modesty, civility and kindness.

"She then remarked that she had an opportunity of making my acquaintance and esteeming my abilities, and, if agreeable to me, as her family physician, for her former doctor had had many hundred pounds from her, and might have shown a little kindness to her bird; but as he had made his fortune he could do without her patronage, and she preferred to give it where it was appreciated and was serviceable.

"I blushed, and unhesitatingly informed her that my residence and my position were not equal to the station she was going to put me in. She told me all that would be bettered, and she saw I was deserving of it. She bade me look out for a better residence, and promised she would help me to the necessary furniture and fittings. She told me the amount for medical attendance on herself and her household was not less than eighty to one hundred pounds a year, and that she could secure several families.

"I took a house—she did all she promised, and laid the sure foundation of my future prospects. She was my constant friend till she died, and left me something handsome in her will. I have retired from business, and my fortune all arose from setting that poor parrot's leg."

AN EDITOR'S REVERIE.

While an editor's position has much unpleasant connected with it, it is not wanting in its delights; and among them all, none surpasses the insight which he gains into the character of many with whom he is brought in contact. During our brief career kind fortune has favored us not a little. In prosecuting our designs, we have on many occasions written to strangers, asking their aid in ministering to the wants of our readers—and though sometimes these efforts have been fruitless, in other instances our desires have been granted with so much warmth of expression, that, without having see[illegible] we love these kind correspondents. We owe much to sundry individuals; and if gratitude can ever repay kindness, it shall be repaid. There are those of whom we knew nothing a few months since, for whom we now cherish a sincere friendship. A friendship generated by their conduct with reference to ourselves, and a friendship which, we trust, is destined to grow stronger with every waning moon, till it shall be perfected in a land which knows no change.

And who shall tell us what it is that so links us to them, when we have never looked upon their faces, or felt the grasp of their hands? Shall we call it sympathy—spiritual sympathy. It may deserve the title, for even now we experience a sadness or joy, as their letters tell us they are joyful or sad. We already are concerned about whatever concerns them, and look for their handwriting even as one looketh for the face of an old familiar friend. And we think, sometimes, that we can almost read the character of the writer in the style of the chirography. Here, to instance, is a bold, free writer, who seems to be more intent upon the thought he is inditing, than the beauty and uniformity of his penmanship, and we find him an open-hearted, generous soul, every pulsation of whose heart throbs in unison with that of his friend. A man whom we might love and trust, and never be betrayed.

Here, again, is a delicate, *pretty* letter, penned with so much care, and looking so elegant, that, without glancing at the name, we recognize a lady, and mentally exclaim, God bless the sweet creature! And a sweet creature she is, we dare affirm—one of whom it may be truly said,

> "None know her but to love her,
> None see her but to praise."

Not unfrequently will a kind word from a correspondent come, like a good spirit, at an hour when, harrassed and toil-worn, the editor thinks himself the most unhappy of mortals. Just then, as he scans the open letter, he finds "an apple of gold in a picture of silver," and, dreaming, forgets the burden which oppressed him. Soaring on contemplation's wing, he forgets the vexations of the day, as the proud bird, while basking in the sun-light, scorns the storm-cloud below. Such hours as these compensate for days of toil, and, not unfrequently, is the only compensation he receives, unless it be that, in addition to this, he is conscious of exerting himself to promote the best interests of his kind. These, at least, are ever his reward; and when he finds his efforts appreciated, and new names daily coming to assist him as writers and readers, his cup of gladness is filled even to running over. So may it be.—*Southern Era.*

MORAL SUASION.

We have received, this morning, a notice from a postmaster in relation to a subscriber. He says of him, "he has been a hard drinker for years, and is poor," which is a necessary consequence of hard drinking, and is anything but encouraging to us, who have been trying every week to persuade him to leave with moral suasion; but as a further consequence of his habits, the postmaster says, "he is now in jail awaiting his trial for arson, and in all probability he will have to serve a term in Auburn prison."

Law now steps in with something more than moral suasion—and for what purpose? To punish the consequence, not the cause, which was rum-selling. The friends of moral suasion will see that here is a case which they have not been able to reach, and legal suasion comes when it is too late. Now the object of law is not to punish, but to prevent crime; nor is it of so much importance to relieve pauperism, as it is to keep the whole of community in a state of independence. The woman in the Waterville poor-house, in Maine, furnishes the right kind of an argument when she told the officers who were destroying the liquor, under their new law, "If you had done that ten years ago, my husband would not have died a drunkard, and I and my six children would not have been here now." Moral suasion had never reached her case, and we have widows and orphans in our state, by scores, who will tell us, if authorized persons had not furnished their husbands and fathers with the means of intoxication, they might now be respectable and happy. The abundant supply of liquor which is found in almost every tavern and grocery in our large towns, are continually creating new customers for the rum-shops, and consequently increasing the demand. Close up every grog-shop in the state for ten years, and you will lessen the demand for intoxicating drinks nineteen-twentieths. If the article is banished, the appetite which it created will be gone, and the demand will cease. There are thousands of young men in our cities who are becoming drunkards as fast as possible—who would not have troubled themselves to hunt up rum, if it were not by authority kept under their very noses. Here is an evil which moral suasion cannot reach, viz., the *rum traffic.* We can point to numerous instances where individuals are engaged in the sale and manufacture of intoxicating drinks, who are suffering the worst evils of intemperance in their own families—whose sons are a source of the utmost anxiety to them by their sottish habits. But this is not enough to deter them from their traffic. Can we present a stronger argument for them to desist. Once compel them to turn their labor and capital in another direction, and the blinding power of interest will be gone. They will then thank those who have driven them from rum-selling.—*Temp. Courier.*

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Anecdote of Wesley.—"I remember," says the celebrated Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother, 'How could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?' 'Why,' said she, 'if I had told him but nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor.'"

Cassidy, of the Atlas, says that there are only two things that Greely considers injurious to society—hanging murderers and chewing tobacco.

TEMPERANCE AT THE BALLOT-BOX.

We have sometimes thought that the temperance cause was in the condition of a father of a family, who, with uplifted cane, was rushing furiously upon a villain that had done his household an unpardonable injury, but whose arms, coat and body, were all violently seized by his wife, children and maiden sisters, saying, "Do n't strike! that 's not the way; do n't, do n't, it will ruin us forever." No sooner have its uncompromising friends come up with the vile foe, about to give it a fatal stroke, than hundreds of kind friends have interposed with a shriek, and, through a wretchedly mistaken policy, warded off the blow which might have been the last that would have been called for. We have seen this in no case more distinctly than in our approaches to the ballot-box. Whenever, wearied with other operations, we have almost in desperation rushed up thither, then there has been such a hue and cry against us, that we have yielded the point for the time; or, if we persevered, we have had the mortification to find that so many have yielded, under the plea that *our party* must this time be supported, that there was nothing but failure. Then, when the legislature was fairly chosen and in the saddle, O then all were ready to go up with petitions and memorials for a good law. The very men that would not give their votes would now give their names to petitions to the legislature. And what kind of a legislature? Why, a legislature put in nomination at a liquor tavern, and under liquor influence, who knew they owed their election to rum votes, and that, if they should vote a temperance law, they would never come there again. We feel almost resolved never to petition a legislature again, till we have one which we know will grant the petition. Were it not for the good that the circulation of memorials does among the people, and the fact that sometimes the unjust judge will grant a favor because of importunity, we would say that much of our petitioning, in years past, has been extreme folly. Had half the labor been bestowed in getting good legislatures that has been in getting signers to memorials, we are persuaded that, in many states, we should have seen a very different state of things. Temperance men must no longer be frightened by the bug-bear, "You are carrying temperance into politics. It will never do." They must boldly avow that they are so, and shall be so, and wo unto them if they do not so. If a petty railroad, or bank, or bridge, is to be had, it is to be had through the ballot-box. The men that demand it, go to the ballot-box, and choose the men that will give it to them, and who complains? No one. Politicians have coaxed and trampled on temperance men. They have felt sure of their votes, while they have crouched to the rum power; and it has been only when the evil is done, that the friends of order see how they have been trifled with. We ask for no temperance party, but we demand that a temperance man shall be placed upon our party ticket, or it shall not have our support. In this way, if temperance men are firm, they can control the elections. No doubt of it at all.—*Jour. Amer. Temperance Union.*

THE LUNATIC AND THE SPORTSMAN.

In an article on "The World at Large," the purport of which is to show that men who are reputedly sane often act very insanely, a writer in Chambers's Journal reproduces this history. A gentleman of fortune visited a lunatic asylum, where the treatment consisted chiefly in forcing the patients to stand in tubs of cold water, those slightly affected up to the knees; others, whose cases were graver, up to the middle; while persons very seriously ill, were immersed up to the neck. The visitor entered into conversation with one of the patients, who appeared to have some curiosity to know how the stranger passed his time out of doors.

"I have horses and grayhounds for coursing," said the latter, in reply to the other's question.

"Ah, these are very expensive."

"Yes, they cost me a great deal of money in the year, but they are the best of their kind."

"Have you any thing more?"

"Yes, I have a pack of hounds for hunting the fox."

"And they cost a great deal, too?"

"A very great deal; and I have birds for hawking."

"I see; birds for hunting birds. And these swell up the expense, I dare say?"

"You may say that; for they are not common in this country. And I sometimes go out alone with my gun, accompanied by a setter and a retriever."

"And these are expensive, too?"

"Of course. After all, it is not the animals of themselves that run away with the money; there must be men, you know, to feed and look after them, houses to lodge them in—in short, the whole sporting establishment."

"I see. I see. You have horses, hounds, setters, retrievers, hawksmen, and all for the capture of foxes and birds. What an enormous revenue they must cost you? Now what I want to know is this, what return do they pay? What does your year's sporting produce?"

"Why, we kill a fox now and then—only they are getting rather scarce hereabouts—and we seldom bag less than fifty brace of birds each season."

"Hark!" said the lunatic, looking anxiously around him. "My friend," in an earnest whisper, "there is the gate behind you; take my advice, and be off out of this place while you are safe. Do n't let the doctor get his eyes upon you. He ducks us to some purpose; but as sure as you are living, man, he will half drown you!"

CLIPPINGS.

BY SCISSORS.

POWERS, in a letter to a friend, says, with satirical humor, of his favorite work, "Eve is an old-fashioned body, and not so well-formed and attractive as are her grand-daughters, at least some of them. She wears her hair in a natural and most primitive manner, drawn back from the temples, and hanging loose behind, thus exposing those very ugly features in women. *Her waist is quite too large for our modern notion of beauty*, and her feet are so very broad and large! And did ever one see such long toes! They never have been wedged into form by the nice and pretty little shoes worn by her descendants. But Eve is very stiff and unyielding in her disposition; *she will not allow her waist to be reduced by bandaging, because she is far more comfortable as she is*, and, besides, she has *some regard for her health, which might suffer from such restraints upon her lungs, heart, liver, &c.* I could never prevail upon her to wear modern shoes, for she dreads corns, which she says are neither convenient nor ornamental. But some allowance ought to be made for these crude notions of hers, founded as they are in the prejudices and absurdities of *primitive* days. Taking all these things into consideration, I think it best that she should not be exhibited, as it might subject me to censure and severe criticisms, and these, too, without pecuniary reward."

THE following colloquy actually took place at an eastern post-office.

"I say, Mr. Postmaster, "is there a letther for me?"

"Who are you, my good sir?"

"It 's meself, that's who I am."

"Well, what is your name?"

"An' what do you want wid the name; is n't it on the letther?"

"So that I can find the letter if there is one."

"Well, Mary Burns, then, if you must have it."

"No, sir, there is not one for Mary Burns."

"Is there no way to get in there but through this pane of glass?"

"No, sir."

"It 's well for ye there is n't. I 'd tache ye betther manners thin to insist on a gintleman's name; but ye did n't git it after all, so I am even wid ye; not a bit is me name Burns."

IT is through inward health that we enjoy all outward things.

Domestic Happiness.—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments and disguises which he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the execution. It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would have a just estimate of his virtue or felicity.

Loss of Character.—"I'm sorry to see you going that road, Tom," said an Irish parson some time ago to one of his parishioners, whom he overtook on the way, and who was moving along in rather a zig-zag manner, after having partaken pretty freely of the hard stuff.

"Sorry, sir, is it?" said the disciple of Bacchus with sneering surprise, and with a half stupid, half expressive look, "well, if it is so bad, I 'm sorry to see your reverence traveling the same road."

"Pshaw! You know what I mean. I say, I regret to see you in a state of intoxication."

"Sir, I beg your pardon, I am not drunk, I'm only a little—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted the pastor, "I tell you you 're on the road to ruin."

"No, sir, I 'm on the road to Ballygarvin."

"Well, Tom, I see there's no use in reasoning with you; but be assured, to say the least of the matter, that you will soon lose your character."

"Begar, then, plase your reverence," replied Tom, with an air of much simplicity, "that's what I 'd like to do, sure enough."

"How! like to lose your character!"

"Yes, sir, for a very *bad* one I have, and so the sooner I lose it the better."

A Fair Offer.—Doctor Franklin, it is said, once made the following offer to a young man: "Make a full estimate of all you owe and all that is owing to you. As fast as you can collect, pay over to those you owe. If you cannot, renew your note every year, and get the best security you can. Go to business diligently and be industrious; waste no idle moment; be very economical in all things; discard all pride; be faithful in your duty to God, be regular and hearty in prayer morning and night; attend church and meeting regularly every Sunday, and do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. If you are too needy in circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else is in your power for them cheerfully, but if you can, help the poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely for seven years, and if you are not happy, comfortable and independent in your circumstances, come to me and I will pay your debts." Young people, try it.

At the sale of a parson's effects recently, his library sold for $10 and his wines for $300. His wife quoted, "The *letter* killeth, but the *spirit* giveth life."

A young gentleman who had just married a little undersized beauty, says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials, that nature could not afford it.

Paying in Kind.—The Empress Catharine of Russia once sent Voltaire a small ivory box turned by her own hands. The poet, upon receiving it, got his niece to instruct him in knitting stockings, and actually half-finished a pair of white silk, when he became completely tired. In this half-finished state he sent them to the Empress, with a poetic epistle, in which he told her most gallantly that, as she had presented him with a piece of man's workmanship made by a women, he thought it was his duty in return to crave her acceptance of a piece of woman's work from the hand of a man.

The saying that "there is more pleasure in giving than receiving," is supposed chiefly to relate to medicine, kicks and advice.

The Temper of Women.—A few years ago, two ladies met in a narrow street, in London, at ten o'clock in the morning. Neither chose to permit her carriage to be drawn back, and they remained without moving for six hours. A little after twelve o'clock, they sent for some refreshments for themselves and food for their horses. Each was resolved to stay the night there rather than go back; and they would have done so, but a tavern keeper in the street, who was prevented by their obstinacy in bringing to his door a cart laden with wine, went in search of the commissary of the district, who at length, but with much trouble, succeeded in effecting an arrangement upon these terms, that each should retire at the same moment, and that neither should pass through the street.

Garter Verses.—Willis, when in Germany, bought a pair of garters at a fair, with a wreath of flowers painted on them. Inside, the delicate fabric was consecrated with some verses, which our poet thus translated:

"When night with morning lingers,
  Awake and stirring be,
And with your pretty fingers
  Clasp this about your knee;

When day with eve reposes,
  And stars begin to see,
Unclasp this band of roses,
  And, dearest, think of me!"

Now, ladies, is n't that pretty? Who would n't aspire to be a Knight of the Garter, after such an apotheosis of the "article?"

Let no man be too proud to *work*. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or sunburnt countenance. Let him only be ashamed of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty, but let him be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

A **friend** of ours accidently heard yesterday the following item of conversation between a couple of good-looking "culled" ladies, at the corner of two streets in the first municipality: "Well, Susan, how is John White?"

"Which John White, Liza?"

"Why, gal, *black* John White, to be sure."

We heard a lady who owns a cistern say yesterday she must have rain. As she always has her own way, rain may be expected very suddenly. Her husband will bet on it any how, for, it is said, he knows what home reign is.

Why was Jonah in the fish's belly like a fashionable lady?

Because he had more of the *whalebone* about him than was good for him.

Pat's Logic.—A gentleman objected to a lackey because he was an Irishman. Pat denied that he was an Irishman.

"Were not you born in Ireland?" asked the gentleman.

"Indade I was intirely," answered Pat, "an' if I had been born in a stable, *should I have been a hoss?*"

"I **hope** to live to see the day," said Lord Brougham, "when every peasant in England can understand Bacon."

"His lordship," replied Cobbett, "had much better hoped to see the day when every peasant would be able to *eat* bacon."

There are fifteen hundred grogshops in the city of Boston.

COMMUNICATION.

Wooster, O., Nov. 13, 1851.

Dear Bro. Wadsworth—It affords me pleasure to inform you that the temperance cause appears to be looking up at this point. True, the Washingtonian army is disbanded, and the "Order of Sons of Temperance," appears to be destined to the same fate in this section of Ohio, yet all is not lost. For although those bright *stars* have passed, or are rapidly passing, from the moral firmament, another star, "the brightest of the train," has arisen to dispel the mists of moral darkness from society, and to guide the feet of earth's benighted and toilworn pilgrims (both sons and daughters) into the paths of sobriety, virtue and peace; *that* is "*the star of fulfillment.*" Although the altars at which our fathers worshiped are crumbling into ruins, thank God, another altar has been erected and dedicated for their sons and daughters, *around which they may gather*, and upon which they may offer their sacrifices to God and man, the sacrifices of lives devoted to "Truth, Love, Purity and Fidelity," and of hearts and hands devoted to the cause of humanity, till the glorious "Temple" is completed, and the mighty angel shall swear by him who liveth for ever and ever, that "Time shall be no longer;" an altar in the midst of a Temple, whose foundation is Temperance, whose walls and pillars are Truth, Love, Purity and Fidelity, and whose dome is brilliantly illuminated with living light by Faith and Hope, bright angels of the skies. Those who officiate in this Temple, teach the existence of a great God, who is the father of us all, and the author of all our blessings; our accountability to him as the basis of moral obligation, while they present the Bible as the standard of truth and moral obligation.

Being fully convinced that no permanent reformation can be effected in man, till the intellectual and moral powers are made to predominate over the animal propensities of his nature, and thus hold them in subjection, they aim, by lessons the most sublime and impressive, to enlighten his mind, to awaken and strengthen his moral powers, and to imbue him with a conviction of his capabilities for good.

The "*Temple of Honor*" is well adapted for, and destined to, the fulfillment of an exalted and benevolent mission among the various circles of society and the nations of the earth. Its *origin* inspires confidence. It is not the offspring of a faction or the child of excitement, but, originating among the tried and intelligent and unswerving friends of the great temperance movement in all its aspects and departments, it brings into this mighty conflict, as weapons, the *strongest common sense*, the clearest reason and the strongest arguments, backed by the mighty power of Divine revelation.

Its *character inspires hope*. It is emphatically "*an* order." Its *basis* is immutable; its *machinery* is complete. Light for the mind, pure and holy principles for the heart and life, and a great and benevolent mission to cement and hold the Temple together—to bind heart to heart and hearts to the cause of humanity, directing in harmony their united efforts to renovate and fraternize the world. "Benevolence" toward man prompts to the contest, the armory of "Truth" supplies the weapons, "Purity" consecrates the effort, and "Fidelity" leads to victory.

The Grand Temple of the State of Ohio is now holding its semi-annual session in this place. Owing to the state of the weather and the condition of the roads, the representation is not as full as could be desired. Yesterday a public celebration was held by Wooster Temple, in which the members of the Grand Temple and of the Social Degree participated. The procession was large and very respectable. The address was delivered in the Presbyterian Church by the G. W. Templar, H. Ambler, who, I can assure you, has proved himself a master workman in the erection of this Grand Temple. I would like to give you a full sketch of the *subject-matter* of his address, but, as the pressure of other engagements forbids this, a short outline must suffice.

His first object was to trace out the causes which exist in society, and which had existed for centuries, which rendered such an Order necessary. Then to notice and unfold the character of the "Order of Templars," and show its adaptation to the wants of society; and, lastly, to answer objections to the Order, which he did in a convincing and masterly manner. The address was well received and doubtless will accomplish a good work for the Order in this community. So mote it be. In the evening the Social Degree met. The hall was crowded, and the speeches were interesting and edifying, and, at a late hour, all retired, not only pleased but delighted with the exercises of the day and evening. That happy band will never all meet again on earth. That they may meet to enjoy uninterrupted communion in the great Temple above, is the sincere wish and fervent prayer of yours in T., L., P. and F.,

A. H. MYERS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

GRAND TEMPLE OF OHIO.

The Grand Temple of Honor of the State of Ohio, held its semi-annual session in Wooster, November 11th, 12th and 13th. Quite a large number of delegates were in attendance from the different parts of the State, about fifteen of whom were new members.

The reports of the G. W. T. and G. W. R. showed the Order to be in a healthy, flourishing condition. As the session was so early in the month, returns from *all* the Subordinate Temples were not in, but those received showed a greater degree of prosperity than that of the corresponding term of any previous year. Since the annual meeting in May, three Subordinate and one Degree Temple have been organized, and the Social Degree work sent to three Temples.

An appeal from the action of Washington Temple, No. 2, in making an appropriation of funds, on the ground that the motion was not carried by a two-third vote, was *not sustained.* The reason said appeal was not sustained, was because the appellant failed to prove that the vote was not a two-third vote, the Grand Temple taking it for granted, that the decision of the chair was correct, till the contrary was proved by the records or other evidence.

An appeal from the action of Crystal Fount Temple, No. 43, in refusing to expel a member, was dismissed for want of being properly certified by the seal of the Temple. It appearing that the Temple were under a mistake in believing they had not the right to proceed against the member again for the same offense. They were authorized to proceed *de novo.*

A resolution was passed to purchase one thousand National Temple Tracts, to be placed in the hands of Deputies for distribution in places having no Temples. Subordinate Temples were recommended to purchase said Tracts for distribution in their own neighborhoods.

A resolution was passed instructing the G. W. R. to procure the printing of forms of petition to our next legislature, asking for the passage of a law to prohibit, under suitable penalties, the sale of intoxicating liquors, in every respect similar to the "Maine law," and to send ten copies of the same to every Temple in the State.

The Grand Temple adjourned to meet in Foster Hall, Cincinnati, the fourth Tuesday in May, 1852, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

During the session, the members of the Grand Temple met with Wooster Temple, No. 27, and with the Social Degree connected with the Temple, and on the day of adjournment the members were invited to dine with Bro. L. Sprague, where they were sumptuously entertained.

The session was a pleasant and profitable one. Every thing passed off harmoniously, and the brethren left for their homes with a determination to carry on our work with increased energy and zeal.

This meeting will exert an influence for the good of the cause and prosperity of the Order in Wooster and the neighboring towns.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

On the eighth of November, I left Cincinnati for a trip to the north-east portion of Ohio. The journey from the Queen City to Xenia by the Little Miami Railroad was pleasant. The heavy T rail is now laid all the way, making it equal to any road in our country. The conductors and all connected with the road are gentlemanly and obliging, making one feel quite at home.

I stopped at Xenia one day, and met with Xenia Temple, No. 11, in the evening. The Temple and Degrees in connection therewith, are in a very prosperous condition.

The Hivling House, by Eichelberger, is *the* place for all who regard good fare and clean beds—important items in traveling.

After tarrying in Xenia one day, I took the Columbus and Cleveland Railroad for

Shelby, the intersection of the Sandusky and Mansfield Rail Road. The road from Xenia to Columbus and Cleveland is in a fine condition, and now takes nearly all the travel from Buffalo to Cincinnati. By it a traveler can go from one of these places to the other, quicker, easier and cheaper, than by any other route.

At Shelby four of us chartered a *two horse power* hack for Wooster, forty miles distant, which place we reached safely, after being exposed to the perils of *mud* navigation twelve hours.

After spending three days very agreeably in Wooster, I left by stage for Akron, thirty miles distant. A trip by stage at this season of the year over bottomless roads, can not be interesting, only to those who have passed through similar scenes, and hoping that this number is few, I will not attempt to describe the trip.

I arrived at Akron at dark, and in the evening met with the Social Degree in connection with Cary Temple. Though the Degree is small, yet its members evince a determination to go ahead. Bros. Ambler and Casselbury were also present, and presented the claims of the Magazine so forcibly, that I obtained quite a list of subscribers.

Akron is the county seat of Summit county, containing a population of about thirty-five hundred. It is on the Ohio Canal, leading from Cleveland to Portsmouth. The side cut of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal joins the Ohio Canal at this point. These canals give the place commercial advantages which will soon be increased by a railroad passing through from Cleveland to Wooster.

From Akron I proceeded to Ravenna. The distance in a direct line is only seventeen miles, but the only public conveyance is by stage through Cuyahoga Falls to Hudson, twelve miles, where we strike the Cleveland and Pittsburg railroad, twelve miles from Ravenna.

Ravenna is the county seat of Portage county, and is pleasantly situated. Population about 2,000. In addition to the county buildings, it is liberally supplied with churches. It contains three as good hotels as Northern Ohio can boast of, the "Prentiss House," by W. M. Folger, the "Collins House," by Collins, and the "Ravenna House." The Ravenna House is fitted up with a "bar," the Collins House has one in the basement, and the Prentiss House is not defiled by the unclean thing, being strictly a temperance house and equal to the others in every respect.

On Saturday evening, I met with Live Oak Temple of Honor, No. 48. Owing to the inclemency of the weather and bad traveling, but few members were present. Quite a number of their members live in the country and some were absent from town. The Temple is not flourishing very rapidly, but has some devoted members. I obtained a respectable number of subscribers to the Magazine, and believe its introduction and circulation among the members will infuse more life and vigor. But one copy has heretofore been taken in the place, and that by the Temple.

I spent the Sabbath in Ravenna, and owing to the stormy weather, and the fact that the citizens had laid in their winter's stock of mud, and the town authorities had not built bridges from my hotel to the churches, I was compelled, much against my will, to remain housed up all day, and spend the time in reading and reflection.

How can we spend our time more profitably than occasionally to ask ourselves questions like these? For what am I living? My Creator evidently placed me in this world to prepare myself for a better, and am I thus employed? Am I serving Him by contemplating his goodness, by relieving the wants of my fellow-creatures and trying to better their condition?

A serious consideration of questions like these will frequently edify more than listening to a dry discourse on some doctrinal question. I am obliged to defer a further account of my travels till the next number.

* * *

To our Readers.—In consequence of absence a part of November, this number of the Magazine is somewhat later than usual. As business connected with the Magazine and the Order called us away, our subscribers will please excuse us.

[Communicated.]

REVENUE OF GRAND TEMPLES.

No one who has had any experience in the practical working of the existing plan, by which the revenue of Grand Temples is derived from subordinates in the form of a per centum tax upon the amount paid into their treasuries, but has perceived that it is defective and fails to accomplish the object desired. A large proportion of the returns from subordinates fail to make such an ex-exhibit of their financial affairs as is satisfactory. This is partly the result of various causes unnecessary here to mention, but one very evident is the unnecessary complex detail required in the returns, and in order to their simplification, let me suggest a different basis of taxation. Instead of levying a per cent. upon the receipts of the subordinates, impose a semi-annual tax upon each Temple of ten cents for each member, which will afford a permanent revenue to the Grand Temple, sufficient with charter fees, &c., to defray its current expenses. Let each Grand Temple pay to the National Temple two cents per annum on each member of the Order under its jurisdiction, and let the Grand and National Temple only require from the subordinates a statement of the cash on hand and invested, leaving all other financial detail to those who alone are affected by it—the members of each Temple.

But it will be said that we shall not know how much has been received into and paid out by the several Temples. That is true, neither do you now. Every G. W. R. will agree in the statement, that but a very few of the subordinates send up a statement from which a satisfactory result can be obtained, and in many, very many, returns pretending to give the cash statistics, the figures show but a random approximation. I do insist that the present plan imposes a very onerous burden upon the officers of subordinate and Grand Temples, which yields no advantageous result. On the contrary, it results in a constant loss to the Grand Temples and the National Temple. Should each Temple pay dues on each member, the Grand bodies would not lose by those in arrears. In every point of view, I think, such a constitutional requirement would prove advantageous to every portion of the Order. A. M. B.

END OF THE YEAR.

We have a special favor to ask of each of our numerous readers, in anticipation of the approaching new year. It is, that each and every one should send a small token of their regard as a new year's present, in the shape of a new subscriber. How easy it would be to double our subscription list in this way. And who, of our readers, has so little influence that he cannot persuade some friend to subscribe for a work that is so well worth the small sum of one dollar. And such an increase of subscribers would enable us to make the work much better and increase its usefulness.

Who will be first to respond to this call, and who will send the greatest number before our next issue. Send them on at any time before the first of January; we will acknowledge all new names as new year's presents.

With full confidence that this small favor will be granted. We shall, in return, make the January number better than any previous one of this volume.

MISTAKE.

We regret to find that a mistake in binding was made in a few of our November numbers. We were not aware of it till all had been sent that were to go by mail, and, consequently, could not tell whether any, or, if any, how many, were wrong. The error consisted in putting one form of eight pages in one copy twice. If any subscriber received such, they will please return them by mail, directed to "Templar's Magazine, Cincinnati, Ohio," and we will replace them by sending others that are perfect.

We try to guard against all such errors, and regret very much they should ever occur; but we cannot always prevent them. They sometimes happen with all similar publications.

FRATERNAL ITEMS.

Illinois.—Guardian Temple, No. 1, St. Charles, has lately applied for and received the Social Degree work. Almost every Temple organized within the last year applies for this Degree as soon as they are entitled to it—six months after being opened.

Texas.—Bro. Robert P. Brown, D. M. W. T. of Texas, writes from Marshall: "I have just returned from a trip of about five hundred miles, in which I have been engaged in Temple matters. The office of Deputy for this state being so laborious, I determined by one great and expensive effort to effect the organization of a Grand Temple. On the 9th of September I instituted Angelina Temple, No. —, at Douglass. W. G. Davis was elected W. C. T., and W. C. Sypert, W. R.

"At Rusk I found a Temple, irregularly opened some eighteen months ago. I proposed to recognize them as a Temple, provided they would send on a regular application and make out reports for the time they had been in operation. They preferred to make out a new application and be organized as a new Temple. I appointed an evening to meet with them, but the night was so stormy that but few attended. I left them with a promise to return as soon as they procured the requisite number of names.

"Thence I proceeded to Crockett, where I found a Temple in full operation, instituted February 23, 1850. Finding them acting in good faith and in a prosperous condition, I offered to recognize them, on condition they made out reports for the time they had been in operation and paid their charter fee to the National Temple, if required; this offer they accepted. Inclosed are their returns and per centage. I conferred the Degrees on eleven members, and left them the Degree books. At one time they had given up all hopes of going on, not knowing where to seek for advice or information, till a correspondence was accide[illegible]lly opened with me. Since then they ha[illegible]creased rapidly, and now number upward of sixty members, and are erecting a fine hall.

"September 17th, I instituted Palestine Temple of Honor, No. —, at Palestine. H. Vaughan was elected W. C. T., and F. M. Doucherty, W. R.

"September 21st, I instituted Tyler Temple of Honor, No. —, at Tyler; L. C. Clopton, W. C. T., and S. S. Earle, W. R.

"Olive Branch, Newbern, Eureka and Trinity Temples, have signed a petition for a Grand Temple charter, which I expect to forward you in a few weeks."

Note.—As the brethren may not generally know why so many Temples are in operation in Texas without being known to the officers of the National Temple, it is but proper to state that, in December, 1849, on the recommendation of the then G.W. T. of Louisiana, and by the advice of the then M. W. T., books and charters for five Subordinate Temples were sent to F. A. Wingfield, who was appointed general deputy for the state. He appointed several sub-deputies, and Temples were opened and the members not made acquainted with the address of the National Temple officers, nor they with the names, location or existence of the Temples. Since the appointment of Bro. Brown, it has been ascertained that all the books sent are in use by Subordinate Temples; and by his energy and perseverance the Order is now in a fair way to become permanently established in every important town in the state.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, met October 27th, in Cincinnati, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

F. D. Kimboll, G. W. P., of Medina.
C. W. Swain, G. W. A., of Springfield.
A. M. Scott, G. S., of Dayton.
J. Schmucker, G. T., of Newark.
Geo. C. Eaton, G. C., of Zanesville.
J. James, G. S., of Groveport.
Rev. A. Duncan, G. Chaplain, of Newark.

MARRIED,

In the city of Lafayette, Ia., Oct. 30, by Rev. Bro. J. S. Barwick, Bro. Watson Stewart, B. P. T., to Sister Elizabeth Tipton, S. P. T., of Lafayette Social Degree.

NOTICES.

History of England, *from the First Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of Queen Victoria. Cincinnati: H. S. & J. Applegate & Co.*—This is a neat little volume of three hundred and forty-four pages, a valuable work for students and others for reference. Messrs. Applegate & Co. are largely engaged in publishing useful standard works, and we would recommend such of our friends as want any thing in their line to give them a call.

The Southern Parlor Magazine, published monthly at Mobile, Ala., by J. D. Reagan, at one dollar a year in advance. Nos. 1, 2 and 3, July, August and September, of this work, have been received. It is ably conducted, most of the articles are original, and the productions of Southern talent, and the work deserves the support of every friend of Southern literature.

Temperance Chart, published semi-monthly by the Grand Division, S. of T., of Indiana, Indianapolis. C. Woodward, G. S., editor. This, we believe, is the only temperance paper in Indiana. It is ably conducted, and deserves, as we believe it receives, a good support. Terms, 50 cents a year in advance.

Weekly Review, *Devoted to Politics, Literature, &c.*, published at Washington, Pa., by Swan and Ribsett, at $1.50 a year, in advance. Nos. 1 and 2 of Vol. I are before us. It is a large paper, well filled with useful reading matter.

Albany Dutchman, devoted to literature, fine arts, poetry, &c. Published weekly, at $2 a year in advance, Albany, by Griffin & Farnsworth. We have received a few numbers of this paper. It abounds with wit, sprightly anecdotes and other interesting matter.

Temperance Messenger, Chicago, Ill., weekly, at $2 per annum. W. Miller, editor and proprietor. This sheet still keeps up its interest, and is doing good in its crusade against the liquor traffic. Success to it.

American Whig Review, New York, published monthly by D. W. Holly, at $5 a year. The October number of the above work is before us, embellished with a portrait of Prof. S. F. B. Morse. The literary department of this work is of a high character, and we recommend it to such of our Whig friends, as wish a political work free from the low slang with which most of our political papers of all parties abound.

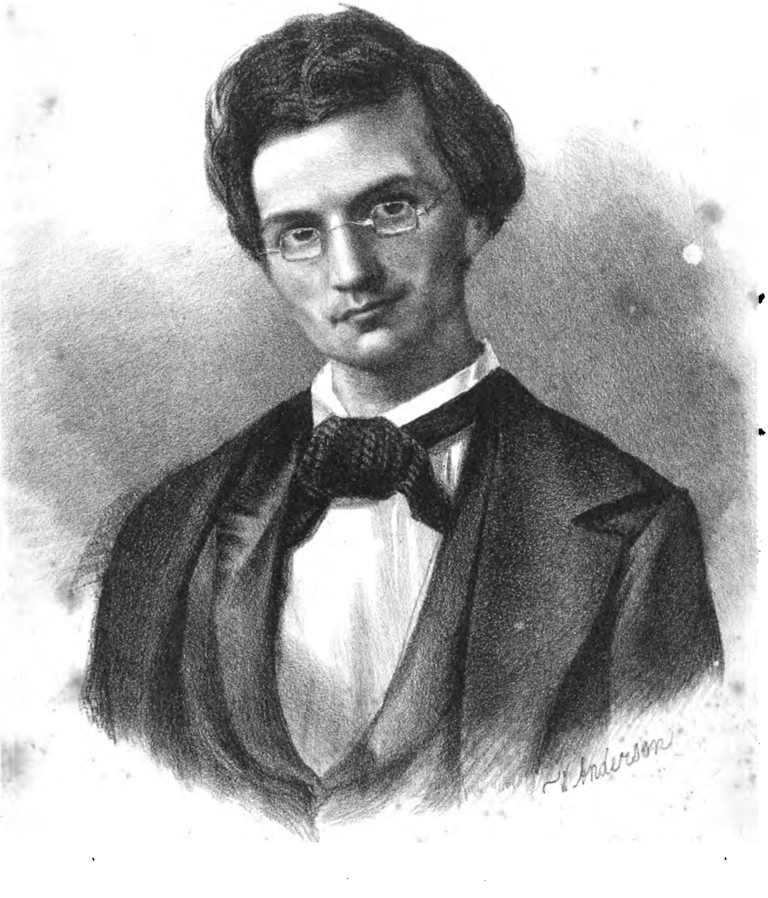
The Token, a weekly Gazette of Odd Fellowship and general information. Pittsburg: Alex. B. Russell, editor and proprietor. Terms, $2. This interesting weekly visits our sanctum with as much regularity as any of our exchanges, and suffers quite as much from the attacks of our "Scissors."

The Ark and Odd Fellows' Magazine, monthly, at Columbus, Ohio, by Alexander E. Glenn, is always a welcome visitor to our table. Its editor is Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, and is abundantly able to furnish the Order with interesting matter pertaining to the fraternity. We learn that the work is well sustained. It is published at $1 a year in advance.

Banner of the Union, devoted to Odd Fellowship, literature, &c. Published weekly in Philadelphia by William Bulheck, at $2 a year in advance. If the Order of Odd Fellows does not flourish, it is not for the want of well conducted periodicals to sustain its claims. The work before us contains interesting sketches of the progress of the Order in different localities, besides a variety of original and well selected articles on different subjects.

Arthur's Home Gazette, T. S. Arthur, editor, published weekly at 107 Walnut street, Philadelphia, at $2 a year. As a writer, Mr. Arthur is too well known to need any recommendation. His writings are of the highest order, and the same care with which he writes, shows itself in all his selections of articles for the Gazette. Not a word of immoral tendency in his writings, or an article in his paper but may be profitably read in the family circle. But what we regard as the best feature is, "No advertisement of quack medicines is published in the Gazette."

Ladies' Repository. The November number of this valuable monthly is before us, as usual embellished with engravings and music. Published by Swormstedt & Power, Cincinnati, at $2 a year.



Truly yours
Clinton W. Lee

Hengreen & Menzel's Lith. Press

THE

TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE.

CINCINNATI, JANUARY, 1852.

CLINTON W. LEE, A. M.

BY SOLOMON SOUTH, JR.

THE valuable services rendered to the Order by our late Bro. LEE are known to but few. He connected himself with the Temple of Honor at a time when his peculiar abilities were most needed. The manuscript of the present Ritual had just arrived in this city. It required many alterations before going to press; and, as Bro. LEE was known to possess superior qualifications, the task was mainly committed to his hands. He accomplished the work with entire satisfaction to all concerned. Some of the minor ceremonies of the Ritual are entirely the productions of his pen. In the preparation of the new Degrees, and particularly the Social Degree, he rendered essential service. Every ceremony now used by the Order bears some evidence of his labor.

He lost no opportunity of manifesting his love for the Temple of Honor. Punctual in his attendance at every meeting—active in the discharge of every duty—ever ready, with his influence, labor or money, to execute any plan for the benfit of the Order or its members—he soon became so great a favorite among the Templars in this vicinity, that his stay among us seems to have been regarded as a reward from heaven for our labors of love.

The principal events of his life we will briefly enumerate: He was born in Villenovia, Chatauque county, New York, January 16, 1826. His father, Anthony Wayne Lee, died when Clinton was quite young. His mother removed with her family to Lodi, where they resided with his grand-parents, John and Mary Kent. In 1837, his grandfather died, and the family removed to Pittsburg. Here Clinton connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. A. Battelle. In 1840, his mother married Rev. Jacob Young, and, soon after, removed to Cincinnati. Having learned the printing business, as the foundation of a thorough English and classical education, he commenced his studies at Woodward College, in 1844. In 1846, he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio, where, after three years' hard study, he graduated with the highest honors of his class. Soon after, he was appointed Professor of Languages and the higher English branches in the Baldwin Institute, Berea, Ohio, where he remained one year. In the fall of 1849, he returned to Cincinnati, where he remained till his death, in the employ of the Methodist Book Concern, as assistant editor of the "Western Christian Advocate." He died October 15, 1851, after a lingering illness, of typhoid fever, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

However ordinary his *pursuits*, his *character* was remarkable. It attracted the attention and won the admiration of all who knew him. Hoping that a brief outline may prove beneficial, as well as interesting, we present the following:

1. *He was by nature a gentleman.*—Prepossessing in his appearance, polite, kind and affable in his deportment, he won all hearts on first acquaintance. His politeness did not consist in observing those formal, cold, heartless rules of etiquette which, in fashionable circles, are considered the outward marks of a gentleman—it proceeded from an inward desire to impart pleasure

to all around him. He was *original* in manner, as well as in all other things. He seemed to adapt his politeness to his company. Nothing so rejoiced his heart as to see the happiness of others, more especially if he had been instrumental in causing it. His associations with refined society, and his fondness for the fine arts, undoubtedly gave a certain polish to his manners; but it was still evident to all that his politeness was caused by his generous impulses.

2. *He was always cheerful.*—In the Temple, in the social circle, in private, in the public streets, his cheerful countenance, like the sun, dispelled any mists or clouds which might for the moment darken the brows of his friends and acquaintances. If he suffered pain or anguish, he suffered in secret; he never tormented his friends with stories of misfortunes suffered, wrongs inflicted, or crosses endured. He took it for granted that every heart knew its own bitterness, and he resolved that if he could not lighten, he would not increase the burden of others.

3. *His benevolence* was not less prominent. If he saw distress, he stopped not to inquire into its nature or causes, but, acting upon the impulses of his generous heart, he immediately unloosed his purse-strings. When laughed at by his friends for his readiness to aid impostors, he would remark that it was better to give to ten such, than withhold from one honest, deserving individual, in actual distress.

4. His *love* for his friends was deep and abiding. A strong friendship existed between himself and all his acquaintances. He was pleasant to all, sometimes talkative; yet there was an *iron wall of reserve* between himself and others, which effectually prohibited intimacy with his inner thoughts. To a chosen few, alone, did friendship unbar the secret door of his heart. For them his love knew no bounds. He seemed not content with loving them *as himself*—he would gladly deprive himself of *comforts* that they might enjoy *luxuries*. He loved their society—he loved everything they loved, consistent with his character. It was my great good fortune to be of this number, nor did I lightly esteem the privilege. Most truly can I now say, with one of old: "I am distressed for thee, my brother; very pleasant hast thou been unto me: *thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.*" His filial affection was as remarkable as his friendship. His mother was a shrine around which clustered many fond resolves and anticipations—many pure and holy recollections. He loved her most tenderly, and gladly sacrificed his pleasure for her happiness. His love for the cause of God, and for the "cause of all mankind," was evinced by his every act.

5. His *moral purity* was unquestionable. This may not appear strange to others, but to me it is the most remarkable fact in his history. Possessed of a brilliant intellect, highly cultivated, with an unusual amount of wit and sarcasm in his composition, perceptive faculties large and active, quick appreciation of the ridiculous, great sociability of disposition, one would suppose he would have easily fallen a prey to the refined temptations of city life. But such moral power did he possess, that the strongest temptations of vice were powerless to swerve him from the path of rectitude. His only inquiry was: "Is it right?" and when conscience said, "Beware!" he was immovable. The persuasions of his friends, the taunts of his less scrupulous companions, the gnawings of his appetites and passions, all combined, were insufficient to make him even falter. To those who had but a partial acquaintance with him, he *seemed* to resist temptation without an effort. This was not so. I have seen him so strongly tempted, that nothing but Omnipotent aid could have preserved him; this aid he sought, and his moral purity remained spotless. After an intimate acquaintance with him for many years, I can say that I never knew an act he committed, which I would blush to acknowledge before the world. I regret that I cannot say the same of others.

6. His *Christian consistency* was not less remarkable. A member of his college classes, who knew him well, pays the following just tribute to his Christian character: "During my entire acquaintance with Clinton (and I was with him almost daily, for three or four years), I never knew him, at any time, to indulge in petulance, or

exhibit an unchristian disposition—never did he speak one single word with design to wound one's feelings—never did he commit one unbecoming act, or say one unbecoming word. He was faithful to all his Christian duties; and I never knew him to retire to rest without committing himself in prayer to God. Though always timid and fearful of the cross, he did not shrink from it; and though he spoke with diffidence and hesitation, he never omitted to take up the cross when he it felt to be his duty. However reluctant to testify publicly in his Master's praise, he obeyed the upward calling, and his faith and confidence seemed never to desert him. His Christian enjoyments were apparently uniform. He seemed neither elated with joy nor depressed with sorrow. His happiness flowed like a river, even, full; and if ever he enjoyed a nearer sense of Divine presence, or was more than ordinarily full of the Spirit of Love, he manifested it only in the fervor of his prayers, or in the relation of his experience. He was never communicative in regard to his religious feelings, yet his whole life was a 'living epistle'; so gentle, so kind, so obliging, so willing to receive instruction or reproof, and so ready to confer favors or return kindnesses. He was liberal in all charitable enterprises—sometimes, perhaps, beyond what his means would allow. He was not accustomed to judge harshly of others, but was calm in his judgments, and exercised that charity which 'thinketh no evil.' Hence he never indulged in idle gossip—never made unkind remarks about his fellows—but was always disposed to hide the fault which he saw, rather than mention it to others. I never heard him take up a reproach against his neighbor, nor speak a single word to injure another's reputation. Kindness was the spring of all his actions; and, next to living for God, it was his wish to live for others." I will add but a few words on this point: For creeds, ceremonies, etc., Bro. Lee cared but little. He served God, because God had a *right* to his service. He loved God, because of God's infinite perfections. He endeavored to imitate the example of Christ. His religion was Godliness. Hence he made no loud professions, but allowed others to judge of his belief by his actions.

7. In all the relations of life he was *faithful.* He seldom made promises; but, when made, he endeavored to insure their faithful performance. His fidelity to his relatives and friends was unwavering. Forgetfulness or neglect, on their part, was never given as an excuse for an omission on his. His early friends were dear to him, even in his last moments. Death alone could separate them from his embrace. In the discharge of his duties to his employers, his friends, his relatives, his neighbors, the Order, the church and the world, his health failed. Had he been less faithful, perhaps he might have lived longer. He willingly sacrificed his health, rather than his fidelity.

His death, like his life, was *peaceful.* As the morning star gently fades away at the rising of the sun, so passed his soul away from the dim light of earth into the glorious brightness of God's presence. During his illness, he was "neither elated with joy, nor depressed with sorrow." His sufferings were borne without a murmur. He constantly affirmed, when questioned, his readiness to die; but, for many reasons, he preferred to live a little longer. In reviewing his past life, he had few, if any, regrets. He had endeavored to live rightly, and to him death had no terrors. He died without a struggle or a groan, with that same smiling countenance, unchanged by his contact with the "grim monster."

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Pity the Drunkard.—Save him. We were told on Tuesday, by a man who is a frequent slave to his appetite for rum, that, "if a bottle were hung over the bottomless pit, and he knew that, if he grasped it, he should fall into hell, there are times when he should seize the rum!" What a terrible position for a man to occupy? Yet we deliberately say, that, horrible as is the condition of the inebriate, we should greatly prefer it to that of the rumseller. Let us save them—save them both with the Maine law. Sign the petitions, and talk to them, also, about signing them.

WHO SHALL WEAR THE BREECHES.

BY THE DOCTOR.

THIS is decidedly an age of reform. There is a popular itching for every thing that can be thus characterized; and all manner of quack stuff is mixed up, bottled and labeled with that potent title; and forthwith grave divines, wordy editors and literary philosophers, swallow the nauseous dose with the greatest avidity and complacency, fancying that thereby they sign seal and deliver to all future generations their claim to be written Public Benefactor, Savan, *Reformer*. Ah, my good friend, if you are a keen, sporting politician, watching the weather-vane of popular whim, I have no word to say; you are past remedial power: but, my good, deluded book worm, let me remind you, what our rude speeched Carlyle has done already—there be many Morrison's Pills. Bright labels are often used to gild very worthless counterfeits.

I had laid aside my boots, and put on my easy slippers, one cool evening not long ago; and in compensation for a raw, inclement day's ride, was prepared for a cozy, comfortable evening at my own fireside home. The coal blazed up in a quiet, pervading flame; the tea was in keeping; the contrast of indoors and outdoors was such as to cultivate a tender regard for the huge, glowing mass between the fire-jams. Here was food for a reverie that would put the blush on good Ik. Marvel. Indeed, I had already, if I remember, traced out cities, temples and groves, that were grouping into shape in the gathering embers and decaying coals. I could not enjoy this world of fancy, though; for through its midst, impending as some dark cloud, I could not fail to discover an earnest energy of purpose not usual in the expression of my quiet better half. What could it mean? An outburst of female patriotism, however, being the concentration of all the Worcester eloquence in a breath, explained it all, and I was a happy man again in the certainty that no greater evil was overshadowing my household. I was therefore content to listen in quiet to this detail of woman's wrongs and woman's rights, that had thus suddenly invaded the mind of my good wife.

"But, doctor, do n't you admit that the lords of creation have, through all time, held woman in a system of petty tyranny; that her will, her tastes, her mind, have, in all things, been in subjection to man; and that, in all things, she has been required to hold the inferior and humble position.

Here was a defiance to debate, which I tried to parry by quoting from the old song:

"And the very last man shall
The very last woman obey, obey, obey,"

which received a very decided "Tut, tut," calling me gravely to the point at issue. Whereupon, I proceeded, with all the gravity of a clergyman, to deliver my views, in the form of a set oration, somewhat as follows (sundry wise sayings, bits of philosophy and happy witticisms, are, however, omitted for sake of brevity, which the kind reader will fill up, by way of seasoning, to suit his own taste):

"First of all, I agree that there are a great many things in the workings of society, as at present constituted, that are grievously wrong. Many of these wrongs are naturally the result of depraved and wicked understandings, and will only become right in the millennial morn. Many others are gradually and surely changing with that gradual and sure illumination of the race, that seems pointing forward to that great era. Woman's grievances are only one view of this great field, and I cannot see that your Worcester friends reach at the pith of the matter at all. I think, indeed, that they take but a surface consideration of it. It has always appeared to me that the Divine plan comprehended *a great unity of design in the whole range of human occupation*. A single human being is a very insignificant creature, even gifted with the most varied abilities and accomplishments. What a range of imagination, and what a fullness of accidents are required to provide for the wants of Crusoe on his desolate island. I take it for granted that *God never designed man for an independent animal*. Consequently, he has arranged him in society, but particularly in groups of society, wherein each member contributes his share to the comfort of the whole, and receives a share from all the rest. This group constitutes the family circle, and that I solemnly believe is the only way in which God wishes man to live.

Again, man is physically constructed so as to endure hardships and exposure, the labors of the field, of the shop, the privations of camp, the storms of the sea. Woman is more delicately molded, evidently showing that, in the great plan, she was not to pursue these rougher toils, but the lighter ones. Each department, however, is dependent upon, and necessary to, the other. This essentially brings us back pretty much to the present arrangement of things so far as the relation of the sexes is concerned, and for the life of me I do not think it can be bettered. Man is the *outdoor* representative of the family, makes the laws, or he votes—fights, if that is to be done any more. He labors on the highway; he toils in the field; blasts in the mine; hammers at the anvil. Woman cares for the household, rears the children, trains their young understandings, implants in their hearts the knowledge of God and heaven—she cultivates the flowers that bloom round the pathway of life. All together completes that unity of the Divine plan, that I speak of. Each group of employment is alike necessary and important. To compensate for any seeming want of authority on the part of the female, who does not know that her influence gently, thoroughly, pervades the leaven of all human affairs. From the cradle to the grave, her teachings first reach man's understanding; he never passes from under their spell. But whenever she strives to occupy a different kind of sphere, the whole plan becomes confused and works awry. Whenever woman claims, as a right, participation in the law making, she ought, with equal propriety, to enter upon the whole range of masculine duties and occupations."

"But suppose, dear doctor, there may be a large class who do not desire to enter upon the marriage relation, to become mothers, and tied down to the endless drudgery of household toil, how do you provide for these, and who is to be their representative."

"Well, I have only to say of these, that they are an anomaly; God never designed such a class of beings; they are not in harmony with his plans, but an outrageous violation of them. Consequently, you can 't make any provision for them, and ought n't if you could."

I have a vague recollection that my wife made a show of further argument in the case; but I think I must have let her have it pretty much her own way; for very soon there came a misty sort of indistinctness over my perceptions, followed by visions of most delightful scenery and sounds of sweetest melody. I thought I wandered among pleasant places, paths shaded with trees of most lovely foliage, and the mingled odors of a thousand opening flowers; surrounded, too, with this twilight drapery, I fancied a cottage home, delightful as ever cheered the heart of husband homeward bound; yet, as I tarried nearer these bounds of quietness and homelike love, there seemed to me a sort of desolateness creeping over its charms. No mother was there; two or three fair-haired children were wandering about watched only by a faithful house-dog. Other than that, they were desolate enough. Poor things, they seemed likely to need some more capable guardian than the good old dog. In the distance, I saw a man gathering in his summer crop. This, something whispered, was the sire. The same whisper told me that the mother was busy in the politics of the day, and, anxious for the welfare of the nation, was earnestly engaged, with other female compatriots, in some grand work of social regeneration.

I still wandered along among these dreamy paths, listening to the murmur of soft and musical fountains, and the notes of singing birds, all the while oppressed with an ill-defined night-mare sort of impression, that the whole creation was entering upon some new and troubled sort of existence. I thought mankind had ceased to live in places of regular abode—that men had become a sort of beast of burden like oxen, and women, more beautiful than ever, but somehow frozen into a kind of huge icicles, cold and lovely, sat on great thrones and gave out laws for the universe.

I don't know what other extravagant fancy would have taken possession of my brain; but just here my good wife brought me back to comparative happiness, and to a realization of sublunary things, by calling out, "Dear doctor, how you do snore!"

THE WORST ENEMY.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

There was a strange mixture of good and evil in Edgar Sumner's character, which few could understand. Certain phases of his intercourse with society represented him as a pattern of manly virtue; others betrayed dark spots on his heart, and proneness to lamentable vices.

The truth is this, Edgar was naturally upright, generous, kind-hearted—all that is admirable in a man. But he had early contracted the pernicious habit of indulging in an occasional social glass. The habit, as is nearly always the case, grew upon him and became his master. Dissipation deadened his better feelings, and he became careless of the happiness of others. His pleasures absorbed his attention, his truest friends were neglected, and his business suffered. Yet nobody called Mr. Edgar Sumner a drunkard, for he never reeled in the street, and his excellent constitution resisted well the train of physical evils consequent upon habits of moderate drinking.

Now Edgar had a wife, to whom he had been married but a few months, but whom he tenderly loved. Emily was a patient, amiable woman, well worthy the affections of a noble-hearted husband; and she loved Edgar with all the strength of her warm and devoted nature. Singular as it may appear, Edgar, loving Emily as he did, could not give up his "social pleasures," as he termed them, even for her.

"My dear Emily," he would say, "you know how well I love you; but you cannot expect me always to remain with you at home. Men of business must have recreation in which their wives cannot participate. Do you understand me, dear?"

Emily invariably replied that she supposed that all this was natural and right, at the same time declaring that, much as she loved Edgar's society, and regretted his absence, she would not, for any consideration, deprive him of his separate pleasures. Then Edgar would kiss his wife an affectionate adieu, and hurry away to meet his boon companions, never dreaming that he took poor Emily's heart with him, and that all the dreary hours of his absence she wept for his neglect.

A year passed thus. Emily, naturally feeble, became languid, melancholy, pale. She suffered much, but, as she never complained, Edgar scarcely ever thought of her failing health. At all events, he never suspected the cause.

For one thing Emily had always felt grateful: dissipated as her husband had become, he always attended church with her on the Sabbath. But at length she became too feeble to go out, except in the mildest weather; and now a new trial was added to her sufferings. One cold and gusty Sabbath morning in November, Emily had concluded to stay at home, and anticipated much pleasure in having the society of Edgar during the day. Her bright anticipations, however, were dissipated, and her susceptible heart was deeply wounded, when she saw her husband making preparations for going out. As she knew he never went to church without her, she said, timidly,

"Are you going to leave me to-day?"

"I thought I would take a walk, and call on Mr. Bruce or Charley Waters; I am not accustomed to staying in the house all day."

Emily's eyes glistened, and she sighed as she turned away her face. After a pause, she said,

"I hoped you would stay with me to-day; I am always so lonely without you—but *to-day* I shall miss you so much."

"O, I shall be back presently," replied Edgar, in a careless tone, "and you must make sister Ellen read to you while I am gone."

As Edgar kissed his wife good-by, as was his wont, he did not observe that her lips quivered, and that her cheek was cold; and when he was gone, he did not know that she was shedding tears of sorrow over his neglect.

Indeed, we may suppose that he forgot her quite, for he did not come home to dine. The tea was served, and the unhappy wife, after delaying long, in hopes of his return, sipped her cup and ate her piece of toast without him; and then the chill and gloomy night came on, and Edgar was still away.

The long and cheerless evening wore on, and, notwithstanding the kind attentions of her sister Ellen, who was her companion, Emily felt no happiness in the present, and saw no hope in the future.

At length Edgar returned, and, from his manner, Emily plainly saw that he had been indulging in the pleasures of the wine-cup. He was very gay; and, while his unhappy wife regarded him with tearful eyes, he earnestly declared that he had come home early for no other reason than to have a game of whist with Emily and her sister! Too much agitated to speak, Mrs. Sumner only sighed, and brushed away her tears in silence, while Ellen reminded Edgar that the Sabbath had not yet passed.

"True," he exclaimed, "I had forgotten; and, besides that, there are only three of us. But we should do something for amusement; girls, what shall it be?"

"If you wish for amusement to-night," said Ellen, severely [she was a frank, sensible girl, of eighteen, but sometimes too hasty in her remarks]; "if you wish for amusement to-night, Mr. Sumner, you had better go away again: Emily is very unwell, and your neglect and carelessness are killing her."

"Hush!" gasped Emily; "how *could* you speak so, Ellen?"

"Because it is truth."

"Because it is a lie—and because I am master of my own house!" thundered Edgar, angrily. "You are an impudent jade, Miss, and if you come to create misunderstandings between me and Emily, you will do well to go home as soon as convenient."

"Very well, sir," responded Ellen, turning her back upon Edgar, and kissing Emily affectionately. "Good night, sister: do n't cry—good night."

Emily's voice was choked with sobs, and before she could speak, Ellen had left the room.

Alone with his wife, Edgar looked darkly at the fire, and mused some moments in gloomy silence.

"What 's the matter?" he asked abruptly.

Emily could make no reply. Edgar scowled at the door through which Ellen had disappeared, and bit his lips with evident perplexity.

"This is a queer state of things," he said at length. "That girl has been trying to put strange ideas into your head, Emily. Can you say that I am ever unkind to you?"

"O, no!" cried Mrs. Sumner, eagerly. "You have never been unkind to me, I am sure."

"Then why did *she* speak so to me? She is certainly an impudent girl," muttered Edgar. "Why should she try to make differences between us?"

"O, she did not, Edgar. She means well, the poor girl, but she spoke hastily."

"And perhaps I did, too," added Mr. Sumner."

No more was said on the subject of Edgar's neglect, and he probably would not have thought of the matter again, had he not discovered, on coming home to dinner on the following day, that Ellen had gone home to her parents.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"She said you told her to go," timidly answered Emily.

Edgar's brows gathered, and he fixed his dark eye on the ground.

"I did say something to that effect, I do believe," he murmured; "but I said it hastily. She should not have gone for that."

"I remonstrated with her," said Emily. "But you know her spirit; she would not stay, although she loves me, and knows how much I need her."

Edgar appeared very much amazed. But it seemed that nothing indeed could make him long thoughtful of his wife's comfort. After dinner, he went off whistling a popular air, and returned not till dark.

The domestic had laid the cloth, and Edgar and Emily sat down to the table together. It was then that the vacant seat, which Ellen had always occupied, drew his attention, and occasioned a pang of regret, and a pang of remorse, perhaps.

It was a cold evening, but there was a warm fire burning in the grate, and as Edgar buried his slippered feet in the comfortable rug, and opened the last number of Blackwood's Magazine, to read to Emily, the thought struck him that it might be possible for him to spend one evening pleasantly at home.

Emily's face was radiant with happiness, as she listened, gazing upon the manly features of her husband, whom she loved so well.

"Dear Edgar," she said, when he paused to stir the grate, "you are so good to stay with me this evening! You make me very happy, indeed!"

"Do I?"

Mr. Sumner kissed his companion affectionately, and resumed his reading. At that moment, an approving voice within him made him feel glad that he had not spoken of going out.

An hour passed, Edgar became weary of reading, and, laying aside his book, added fresh fuel to the fire. Then, notwithstanding the presence of Emily, who endeavored to [illegible] him, he sat gazing thoughtfully at the fantastic blue flames which crept over the dark coals in the grate, growing brighter and brighter, as, they crackled, reddened, and began to burn.

Wretched man! he could not content himself at home with the wife he loved, even for one short evening—old habits were imperative—old associations shut out from his heart the comforts of home, and already the powerful thirsts for excitement rendered him impatient to join his companions.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"A few minutes past nine," answered Emily.

Five minutes elapsed. Edgar passed uneasily to and fro.

"Emily," said he, at last, "I believe I must go out for a few minutes. You'd better not sit up for me, although I shall be back soon."

Emily affectionately urged him not to go, but he persisted, declaring that he would not be gone an hour. She said no more, and Edgar hurried away.

Emily retired, sick at heart and weary of existence. She slept not, but as the heavy hours rolled by, she listened for the returning footsteps of her husband, praying heaven for strength to suffer, and power to win Edgar from his habits of dissipation.

At midnight she heard footsteps in the silent street; they mounted the granite steps, and the well-known sound of Edgar's latch-key was heard. Edgar had come at last, excited with drink, as Emily had feared. In her agony of spirit, she neither spoke nor moved, and her husband supposed that she slept.

Again, on the following night, Edgar forsook his wife for the society of his vicious companions, and, from that time, his course was downward still, and Emily, during the cold and melancholy nights, was left alone.

Strange, that Edgar saw not how fast she failed, and how the light of her eyes was waxing dim, and how her lips were becoming thinner and paler, with an expression of settled grief!

It was now no unusual circumstance for Edgar to return home in a state of intoxication, which belied his oft repeated boast of being a moderate drinker. Frequently he reeled on the threshold, and exhibited signs of shocking inebriety on his return to his suffering but patient wife.

On one occasion, Edgar staggered into the door at midnight. It was a stormy February night and his garments were covered with sleet and frozen rain; but in the forgetfulness which wine had wrought, he had left the scene of his debaucheries without his umbrella and his surtout. Even the cold storm had not sobered him; but he was sobered soon.

A strange spectacle met his eyes. Innumerable faces seemed swimming before him in a mist; but these, as he approached nearer, resolved themselves at once into only three. His wife was stretched upon a couch, and their domestics and a kind neighbor were bending over her. In a maudlin tone, he demanded what it meant,—and a solemn whisper replied,

"Mr. Sumner, your wife is dying."

The shock was terrible. Edgar was sober in an instant. In remorse and terror he sprang to Emily's side: she was insensible, if not dead!

"No doctor?" he gasped.

Somebody had gone for one, but none had yet arrived.

"She breathes! O, God—do not let her die!" prayed the terrified, remorseless man.

He sprang from the room—he hurried from the house—down the street, bare-headed, he flew. His own guilt and his wife's danger were all his thoughts. The freezing rain beat upon him pittilessly, and the chilling, clamorous tempest howled in his face. It was nothing. A dim light, glimmering through the misty gloom, guided his way. It was a physician's office—and violently he rang. It was many minutes before any one answered the bell; and all this time Edgar was chilled by the blast and drenched by the icy rain. But the doctor came at last; and Edgar knew no more till he was once more by the bedside of his wife.

"She lives, she lives! save her, doctor, save her, doctor, save her! O, my Emily, look at me—speak to me—forgive me!"

It was all like a dream. Edgar awoke in his own room. Silence was around him—mysterious, solemn—and his eyes struggled with darkness. He started—there was a sound—it was but the wind. He endeavored to rise from his couch, but something weighed him down like leaden chains. A groan escaped him, and at the hollow, ghostly tones of his own voice, he shuddered. Then the memory of frightful dreams filled him with terror. Still he could not rise. His limbs were like wood or stone. All his strength had left him.

At length his eyeballs, groping in darkness, sought out a ray of light. It was a gray beam that struggled through the shrouded windows and the curtains that darkened his bed. At that moment, a stealthy footstep pressed the floor, and Edgar's acute ear could distinguish a sound of suppressed breathing. The reality of his situation then rushed upon the young man's mind. He was ill—he had been delirious. Again he uttered a groan, and this time a good angel answered with a sigh.

It was Ellen Blake, his wife's sister! She bent over the sick man and whispered in his ear words of hope and kindness. Edgar remembered that he had once driven her from his house; and then the awful memory of all his guilt rushed upon his heart. A more vivid flood of reason informed him that the stormy night—the illness of his wife—the terror and despair he felt at the prospect of her death—that all this was not a dream, but a reality.

A cry of agony escaped him.

"Emily, my Emily! is she alive?" he murmured; but Ellen understood not his feeble, incoherent tones.

"Hush, you must not speak," she said. "Be quiet, and you will soon be well."

"But, Emily—"

"I am not Emily; I am Ellen. You shall see Emily soon."

"She is n't dead, then?"

"O, no; very feeble; but still alive."

"God bless you, angel!" murmured Edgar; "I was afraid she died last night."

"Last night?"

"Yes, when I went for the doctor."

"Dear Edgar!" exclaimed Ellen, bursting into tears, "that was three weeks ago!"

The young man was still very low; but the assurance that Emily was not dangerously ill, the care of the doctor, and the kindness of Ellen, served to restore his strength. Slowly, but gradually, he recovered, and in time he was able to get up with the assistance of others, and to walk across the room.

He had not yet seen Emily. She was not able to leave her apartment, and her illness, of long standing, was of a more dangerous nature than her husband's.

One day Edgar felt unusually strong. Impatient to see his wife, he stole from his room unobserved, and sought Emily's apartment. The door was partly open, and he entered unheard. His suffering wife was alone, reclining on the couch which she had not left for many days. Eagerly Edgar sprang forward, forgetful of his feeble state, and fell upon the bed by her side. In a moment, they were in each other's arms, sobbing like children. Edgar was praying to be forgiven for his guilty neglect, which had well-nigh killed her, and she was interrupting him with assurances of pardon and never-dying love.

O, it was then that the wretched husband on his knees by the bedside of his injured wife, opened to her his heart. During his convalescence, he had reflected. He saw all his errors in their true light, and now he confessed in deep humiliation. The hand of Heaven had chastened him, and he bowed submissively; for his punishment was not only just, but necessary to his good. He had been blind to sin before, but the scales had been torn away from his eyes. He felt the pain, but blessed the light. O, he would not complain, but he prayed Heaven, there in the presence of her he had wronged, to forgive as she forgave him, and to restore her to health, not for his sake, but her own, and that of her friends, to whom she was dear.

Ellen came. She lifted Edgar from his knees, and in language of heavenly kindness, cheered his broken and repentant spirit. Emily needed no words of hope and consolation; her heart was already overwhelming with joy.

O, the Divine power of hope and happiness! From that day Emily began to recover strength. The love which shone in Edgar's countenance was of more avail than the skill of all physicians. A new fountain of vitality poured its refreshing and magic waters into her heart.

Reader, this is no mere fancy sketch. I could point out to you the principal characters in this story to-day. Would you see them? Come with me in imagination to contemplate a reality. Behold that happy circle gathered about the fireside that diffuses warmth and cheer, these cold November nights. Comforts surround them, and you see at a glance that happiness is theirs. Yonder middle-aged man, with dark hair, sparsely sprinkled with gray, and an eye that bespeaks the generous soul and manly intellect, is the *Edgar* of my sketch. The beautiful woman, whose brow expands in his affectionate smile, is his wife. The fair girl of five summers, and the gentle boy of two, sitting upon the rug to warm their feet before they go to bed, are the children of this happy home. The couple who are playing chess at the table, are Ellen and her husband, a man well worthy of her love, who are on a visit to the Sumners.

All are happy—even Edgar, for his old habits of dissipation have been completely overcome, and the sight of the winecup causes him to shudder and exclaim:

"O, ye moderate drinkers, beware! Crush the serpent before it is too late to shake off his tightening folds. Ruin not your own peace and the happiness of your friends, and wait not for the chastening hand of Heaven to teach you wisdom with calamity, and quench your thirst with fire!"—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

THE GOLD COIN, OR THE LITTLE STREET BEGGAR; A STORY OF "HAPPY NEW-YEAR."

BY GEORGE CHANNING HILL.

[The following story is a jewel. We ask for it a careful perusal from all our young friends. What can candies, cakes, or any other enticement of the confectionary, do toward giving a calm, happy temperament of mind, when compared with that produced by affording relief to a family blasted with poverty. Young friends, read the story, act out its suggestions, and God will bless you.—Editor.]

It was the morning of a new year that had just set in, bright, golden and beautiful. The snow glittered like jeweled raiment in the cloudless sun. The chiming of the silvery sounds of the bells struck joyfully upon the listener in every street. The air was piercing, bracing, though not biting—just cold enough, in truth, to infuse life and elasticity into every one that moved.

There was a little girl, a child of poverty, on that beautiful new-year's morning, walking the streets with the gay crowd that swept past her. Her little feet had grown so numb, encased only in thin shoes, and those badly worn, that she could but with difficulty move one before the other. Her cheeks shook at every step she took, and her lips looked truly purple. Alas, poor Elise Gray! she was a *little beggar!*

Just like the old year, was the new year to her. Just like the last year's wants and last year's sufferings, were the wants and sufferings of this! The change of the year brought no change in her condition with it. She was poor; her mother was a widow and an invalid, and the child was a poor beggar.

In the cold and cheerless room gleamed no bright fires of anniversary. No evergreens, no wreaths, no flowers, save a few old withered ones, decked her time-stained walls. There were no sounds of merry voices within the door to say to the Widow Gray, "A happy new-year to you, Mrs. Gray!" Heaven seemed to have walled her and her abode out from the happiness that was all the world's on that festive day of the year. It had provided, to all appearances, no joys, no congratulations, no laughter, no flowers, for them. Why? Were they outcasts? Had they outraged their claims on the wide world's charities? Had they voluntarily shut themselves out from the sunlight of the living creatures around them? No! a *shame* take the world, that it must be so answered for them: Mrs. Gray was poor.

Little Elise stopped at times, and breathed her hot breath upon her blue and benumbed fingers, and stamped her tiny feet in their thin casements with all the force left in them; and then big tears stood trembling in her large blue eyes for a moment, and rolled slowly down her purple cheeks, as if they would freeze to them. She had left her mother in bed, sick, exhausted and famishing! What wonder that she cried, even though those hot tears only dropped on the icy pavement. They might as well fall there as elsewhere; the many human hearts that passed her were full as icy and hardened.

She would have turned back to go home, but she thought again of her poor mother, and went on, though where to go she knew not. She was to become a street beggar; where would street beggars go? What streets are laid out and named and numbered for *them?* Surely, if not home, then where should they go? It was this thought that brought those crystal tears—that started those deep and irrepressible sobs that choked her infant utterance.

A young boy, a bright-looking little fellow, chanced to pass her as she walked and wept, and stopped. He caught the glitter of those tears in the sunshine, and the sight smote his angel heart He knew not what want and suffering were. He had never known them himself—never once heard of them—knew not what a real beggar was. He stopped suddenly before Elise, and asked her the cause of those tears. She could make him no reply—her heart was too full.

"Has any body hurt you?" asked the feeling little fellow.

She shook her head negatively.

"Have you lost your way?" he persisted.

"No," answered the child, quite audibly.

"What is the matter, then?" he asked.

"Mother is poor and sick, and I am cold and hungry. We have nothing to eat. Our room is quite cold, and there is no wood for us. O, you do not know all—you cannot know all."

"But I *will*," replied the boy, manfully. "Where do you live?"

"Will you go with me?" asked Elise, her face brightening.

"Yes; let me go with you," said he; "show me the way."

Through street, lane and alley, she guided him. They reached the door of her hovel. The cold breaths of the wind whistled in at the cracks and crevices and key-hole before them, as if inviting them in. They entered. A sick woman feebly raised her head from the pillow and gave her a sweet smile, "Elise, have you come?" she faintly said.

"Yes, mother," answered the child, "and I have brought this boy with me. I do not know who he is, but he said he wanted to come and see where we lived. Did I do wrong to bring him, mother?"

"No, my child," said the mother, "if he knows how to pity you from his little heart; but he cannot pity me yet, he is not yet old enough."

The bright-faced, sunny-hearted boy gazed in astonishment upon the mother and child. The scene was new to him. He wondered if this was what they called *poverty*. His eyes looked sadly upon the wasting mother, but they glittered with wonder when turned toward Elise. Suddenly, they filled with tears. The want, the wo, the barrenness, the desolation, were all too much for him. He shuddered at the cold, uncovered floor. He gazed mournfully into the empty fireplace. His eyes wandered wonderingly over the naked walls, looking so uninvitingly and cheerless. Putting his hand into his pocket he grasped the coin that his mother had that very morning given him, and drew it forth:

"You may have that!" said he, holding it out to the child.

"O, you are too good! You are too generous, I fear!" broke in the mother, as if she ought not to take it from him.

"Mother, will give me another, if I want," said he; "it will do you a great deal of good, and I know I do n't need it. Take it, take it! you *shall* take it!" and he was instantly gone.

It was a gold coin of the value of five dollars.

Mother and child wept together. Then they talked of the good boy whose heart had opened for them on the new-year's day. Then they let their fancies run and grow wild and revel as they chose. They looked at the glistening piece. There was bread, and fuel, and clothing, and every other comfort in its depths. They continued to gaze upon it. Now they saw within its rim pictures of delight and joys, visions of long rooms, all wreathed and decorated with evergreens and flowers—visions of smiling faces and happy children, sights of merry sleigh rides and the glistening of bright runners over the smooth-worn snow. They listened; they heard the mingled sounds of merry voices, and the chiming music bells, the accents of innocent tongues, and the laugh of gladsome hearts. Ah, what a philosopher's stone was that coin! How it turned everything first into gold, and then into happiness! How it grouped around them kind and cheerful friends, and filled their ears with kind voices! How it garlanded all hours of that day with evergreens and full-blown roses! How it spread them a laden table, and crowded it with merry guests! and those guests, too, all satisfied and happy! O, what bright rays shone forth from that trifling coin of gold! Could it have been as bright in the child's or the man's dark pocket? No; else it had, before then, burned its very way through, and lent its radiance to others. Could it have shone with such visions in the rich man's hands? No; else his avarice would have vanished at once, and his heart have overflowed with generosity! No, no, it was only to such as the widow and her child that it wore such a shine, and emitted such brilliant rays, and revealed such sweet and welcome visions! Only for such as they!

That night returned this angel boy to the bleak room, then filled with happiness and lighted with joy; but he was not alone—his own mother was with him. Blessed boy! He passed the whole of new-year's day in making others happy. And how much happier was he himself. How his little heart warmed and glowed to see the child uncover the basket he had brought with him, and take out, one by one, the gifts that were stowed there! And how overjoyed was he to see his mother offer the sick woman work and a new home, and to see the sick woman grow suddenly strong and almost well, under the influence of kind offers! He wondered if their happiness could possibly be as deep as his own—if their new-year's day was as bright to them as his was to him. He knew not how any one could be happier than he was at that moment.

Years have rolled away into the silent past. That little girl, Elise Gray, is a lady. Not a lady only in *name*, but one in every deed, in heart, in conduct. She dwells in a sweet, suburban cottage, and her husband is devoted only to her. The husband is no other than the generous boy who, on new-year's festival, accosted her so tenderly in the street and went home with her. Her poor mother sleeps quietly in the little church-yard; yet she lived to know that God had provided for her child. She died resigned and happy.

Are there coins, either of gold or silver, that must be locked away from sight on this day of the new-year? Are there any containing within their depths such sweet visions—and must they lie under lock and key all this day, lest happiness and comfort may become too universal? Here is one—where comes another?—*Flower Basket.*

THE DEATH-BED—A FRAGMENT.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"COME," said Helen Randolph to the beautiful girl, as the two lingered on the doorstep, "we can at least see Emma for a moment, and if there is anything repulsive, we can leave directly."

"I do not wish to behold a dying person," murmured the other, shrinking back; "I never did, and I never wish to."

"But, they say she is very calm and does not suffer much; we ought to go, for she was our early playmate and our dearest friend. Come, forget your scruples this once, and let us enter together."

So saying, the young girl rang the door bell, and was ushered in by an old servant, whose eyes were swollen with weeping. Helen knew the way, her feet had grown accustomed to it the last few, sad weeks. The door of the chamber in which the sufferer lay was slightly ajar, and the fragrant breath of the jasmin, draping the open window, filled the room with its sweet odor.

The girls entered softly; they had arrived at the most impressive hour — the last. There were many in that chamber of death: mother, father, sisters, brothers; and, nearer than all these, a noble young man, who had been united with the dying woman some three years, and who stood stern in his great sorrow, a forced calmness marshaling his features to composure. But O, the dreamy wilderness of his eye, the pallor of lip, cheek and brow: the wo of a man is awful in its very stillness.

A slight, shadowy form molded the thin counterpane to its own classic beauty; the white hands held a few delicate spring buds; the glassy, yet still beautiful eyes, moved fondly from one dear object to another, and, as the two young companions entered, lighted up a wondrous fire—a marvelous, soulful look, that spoke volumes of affection. She beckoned to them, and, with her dying strength, grasped a hand of each.

"I am dying," she whispered, "but, after weeks of incessant agony, the dear Father has granted me rest and peace—Divine peace. I have no pain; I am sinking sweetly into the arms of the Savior."

"O, Eleanor! beautiful Eleanor!" she said again, after a short pause, turning to the loveliest of her friends, "if you knew how glorious it is to be prepared for death and repentance! All night long, till early morning, have the heavenly minstrels, with their sweet harps, hovered about my bed—and even now I seem to see yon blue firmament opening, and a white throne, and the holy Jesus waiting to receive this poor, trembling soul! I am filled with peace, which I cannot describe: at times, I seem soaring upward, united to earth only by a silver cord, so fine and brittle that one breath will sever it from its fragile hold. I tremble with this holy delight; it is more than I can bear! Come, O, Father! come quickly!" she ejaculated, fervently, while the warm radiance of morning lent a halo to her pure brow, that could not be of earth.

There was a long pause. No one wept aloud, though every eye was moistened; the least whisper would have seemed sacrilege in that peaceful chamber of the dying.

She lay with her large lids closed over those beautiful eyes—how long, and soft, and silken were the brown lashes, tremulous in the blue veined cheek; but at last she raised them languidly, and fixed her gaze upon her husband.

"Sweet husband—sweet mother—blessed ones, all—farewell! Charles, kiss me for the last time;" and, as he bent toward her, she wound her thin arms lovingly around his neck, and pressed him tightly to her dying bosom. Then, only then, one mortal tear trembled upon her lashes: it was the last mirror from her heart in which earthly love might shine reflected.

All drew silently near and received, one after another, a pressure of the cold hand. Many glided from the room, to give vent to the choking sobs that they could no longer restrain.

She moved her pale lips, and gazed imploringly at her husband. The motion was understood, and her mother brought toward her a beautiful babe, asleep. They laid it on the pillow by her side, and a soft smile parted her lips as she whispered, slowly and distinctly, "My Father will take care of him."

And then she clasped her hands and raised them as if in triumph; a bright light seemingly broke over all her features, rays of glory and beauty shone in her dying eyes; her brow grew whiter and more transparent, and with a loud outburst of "Glorius God! heavenly home! I come, I come!" she fell asleep.

The two friends had stood, the one in calm sorrow, for she was a Christian, the other in transfixed wonder. Naught was heard now, but mourning and lamentation; the lonely husband had thrown himself down by the bedside, and his heavy groans pierced every heart. Eleanor wept, and as she passed from the chamber of the happy dead, she exclaimed, "I never before felt the force of these words 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." What are wealth, station, beauty, alas?"

"Come with me, then, Eleanor, and let us both walk in her footsteps, that we may depart as serenely," murmured Helen Randolph, in a low tone.

And like music, sounded the answer in her ears: "Thy Redeemer shall be my Redeemer, thy God my God."—*Boston Olive Branch.*

A CONNECTICUT STORY.

The following is related as a fact, having actually happened, some years since, in the state of Connecticut.

A man in rather indifferent circumstances, surrounded by a large family, being entirely out of meat, had recourse to the sheepfold of his neighbor (a wealthy farmer) for relief. The neighbor, having a large flock of sheep, did not perceive that he had lost any till one of the finest of the flock, very large and fat, was missing, and counting his sheep, found he had lost several. Unable to account for this extraordinary loss, he resolved, a few nights after, to watch.

About midnight he observed an uncommon disturbance among the sheep, caused by the sudden appearance of a man dressed in disguise. Curiosity, as well as to observe the conduct of the person, so as to find him out, induced him to lie still. In the flock there was a ram with whom, it seems, the man was in the habit of conversing, as if he had been the actual owner of the sheep.

"Well, Mr. Ram," says the nocturnal sheep stealer, "I am come to buy another sheep; have you any more to sell?"

Upon which he replied as in person of the ram, "Yes, I have sheep to sell."

By this time the owner had discovered him to be one of his neighbors.

"What will you take for that large fat wether?" says the purchaser.

"Four dollars," replied Mr. Ram.

"That is a very high price," says the man, "but as you are so good as to wait for the pay, I think I will take him. Well, Mr. Ram," continued the honest sheep buyer, "let us see how many sheep I have bought of you."

"If I am not mistaken," says the Ram, "this makes the fifth," and then went on to cast up the amount of the whole, and giving Mr. Ram a polite invitation to call on him for his pay, and bidding him good night, the man led the sheep home, while the owner lay laughing at the novelty of the scene, as highly gratified as if he had received ample pay for the whole. A few nights afterward, when he supposed his neighbor was nearly out of mutton, he caught the old ram and tied a little bag under his neck, and placed a piece of paper between his horns, on which he wrote in large letters, "I have come for my money." Under this line he footed up the whole amount of the five sheep, exactly as his neighbor had done, as before related. He then took the ram to his neighbor's house, where he tied him near the door, and then went home. When the neighbor arose in the morning, he was not a little surprised to find a sheep tied at his own door; but it is beyond words to express his astonishment when he found it was the old ram with whom he had lately been dealing so much in mutton, with his errand on his forehead, and the amount of five sheep actually made out, as he had done a few nights before in the person of the ram. Suffice it to say, he obtained the money, and after tying it up nicely in the little bag, and tearing the paper from his horns, set the ram at liberty, who immediately ran home, jingling his money, as if proud of having accomplished the object of his errand—to the no small gratification of the owner.—*Exchange.*

A FOX'S REVENGE.

The Rev. J. Murray, in his work on Creation, tells the following story:

An old and respectable man of the county of Montgomery, used frequently to relate an anecdote of a circumstance which he saw. In his youth he resided on the banks of the Hudson river. One day he went to a bay on the river in order to shoot ducks or wild geese. When he came to the river, he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there he saw a fox come down to the shore and stand some time and observe the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a very large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then keeping the moss above water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank and found a hole, made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed in it the goose, and covered it with great care, strewing leaves over it. The fox then left, and when he was gone, the hunter unburied the goose, closed the hole, and resolved to await the issue.

In about half an hour the fox returned with another in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend. During the battle he shot them both.

TEMPERANCE REFORM.

Bro. J. Wadsworth: *Sir*—The temperance reform in our community is on the advance. I know that a great deal of liquor is sold and drank—that many men are in some way or other connected with it—but "public opinion" is healthier than it has ever been. The traffic in alcoholic liquors as a beverage has lost its respectability, especially the retail traffic; and, as soon as the public mind is sufficiently aroused to *look* for the *cause* of an *effect*, the wholesale traffic will share the same fate.

Men who were once inactive upon the temperance question are now coming into the ranks. They see the necessity of action, and they seem to deeply regret their former lethargy in the cause. They have been compelled, by the wide-spread and devastating evil of intemperance, to inquire if there is no possible way by which its progress can be checked. Families that hitherto have seemed to possess a charmed circle, within which the blighting power of the destroyer has not been felt, have seen that circle broken, and the loveliest, the best, sacrificed to the demon alcohol. This fact has fallen upon their ears like the voice of God summoning them into the ranks of the active friends of temperance. Some have enlisted under the banner of the "Sons," while many have been made firm and stable pillars in our beautiful Temple. Thus reinforced in the various branches of the temperance army, our success is rendered more certain.

In our community the churches, as a body, give no uncertain voice upon this subject. I cannot now call to mind a single individual member of any church (save the Roman Catholic) who is engaged, in any way, in the damnable traffic. If there are any in any other church, I hope that some one who sees this will contradict the assertion I have made.

In my wanderings, I am frequently called upon to talk upon the subject of temperance. By this means (not the talking, but the wandering about) I am enabled to learn in what light liquor selling and liquor drinking are viewed; and I have been in but one place in this state, in the last two years, where it was not considered disreputable to sell or drink. That place is on the Ohio river. It once had a Division of the "Sons," but that has, to use the language of one of the ex-Sons, "faded out." In all the other places I have been, selling and drinking liquor are disreputable, and the grog-seller and his victim *do not move in the first circle of society.* This is as it should be. And when the sober and moral portion of every community will rise in their might and banish the impure and abominable "rummy" and his victim from decent society, the traffic will be so completely overthrown that our victory will be certain. And such a triumph is the only one that will satisfy me. I want to see the line of demarkation as plainly drawn between the venders of alcohol and respectable society, as if God himself had made that line a line of fire. By this I do not mean that all temperance men should cease to labor to reform the rumseller and save the drunkard; but if they will not be saved, let them be avoided, as one would avoid the "pest house." Let a mark darker and deeper and more enduring than that of Cain's be fastened upon them. Let religion, law and public opinion, brand them as "outlaws," and hold them as such, till they strike their black flag and quit the business.

This, Mr. Editor, may sound ultra to you and some of your readers; if so, let it be so, for all I care. Does not the disease, nay, crime, of selling liquor demand ultra measures? Will mild means suit our present grog-sellers? What! talk of mild means to that man who will decoy a reformed drunkard into his "hell," entice him to drink, worse than rob him of all his hard-earned means, and send him, an infuriated demon, to turn his late happy home into a hell? Mild means for that man who will receive, in pay for his poison, the scanty wardrobe of the drunkard's wife and family? Mild means for that being, wearing the form of man, who is so lost to shame and honor, that he will ruin whole families, soul and body, for the sake of a little gold? Mild means for that wretch who, by "his crouching and humbling himself," will get our youths into their holes of ruin, and teach them to swear and drink and gamble, and then sneeringly dare you to touch them? Yes, I will consent to try mild means for them, when the "devil" has been driven from the world by mild means alone.

And have n't we tried mild means? Have n't we begged, and persuaded, and besought, them to cease their damnable business? Has n't the drunkard's wife pleaded with them, in tones that would have reached any heart not encased in a liquor cask? Yes, we have tried mild means; now let us try measures that will reach them—let us put the mark upon them, so clear, that all may read it and avoid them. B.

New Albany, Ind., Dec. 5, 1851.

COMMUNICATION.

Bro. Wadsworth—I am sorry to see that your valuable Magazine is not better sustained in this place. I think if only some one brother in each Temple would consider himself an agent to stir up the brethren and procure subscribers,he would not only be conferring a favor on you, but on those he persuaded to subscribe, and on the Order at large, as every one must admit that the Magazine is of immense advantage, not only in furthering our noble Order, but also in keeping the brethren posted up in regard to what is going on in relation to the Order in other parts.

I am sorry I am not able at present to send you some more names for the Magazine, but hope to do so before a great while.

We are getting along smoothly in our Temple here. Our Social Degree is going ahead. We had a public installation of the officers on the 7th inst. It passed off well. Every one present was well pleased, not only with the ceremony, but also with the address that was delivered by Bro. Rev. A. B. Brice. It was to the purpose, and every word went home to the hearts of all who heard it. I am not able to give you a synopsis of it at present, but may, perhaps, at some other time. The effects of the meeting are beginning to be seen already; for, on the last night of meeting of the Temple we had some eight or nine applications for the Social Degree.

I cannot commend too highly the policy of the National Temple in instituting this public ceremony for the use of the Social Degree; for in it we have nothing hid which should not be made known as far as the world is concerned, and when they see for what reasons we associate ourselves together, if they do not work for us they will at least not work against us.

I remain yours, fraternally, in T., L., P. and F., H. KENNEDY.

LOVE AND GLORY.

BY REYNELL COATES, M. D.

BY the banks of the Bodmer See, looking down upon the clear green water from a shaded knoll, sat a group of four young persons. Two of them were sisters, but while one was dark-haired, and displayed, in the mysterious depths of her jet-black eye, the sleeping passions of Italian parentage, the other, with flaxen ringlets, and orbs of gentle blue—blue as the smile of heaven upon the stream of the young Rhine—might have stood for the representative of Saxon beauty, but for a grace of form by far too perfect for the North. They were both stamped in every feature with the true nobility of nature, and in every attitude with a grace that speaks habitual acquaintance with refined society. The former was clad with some pretension, and, in the rich jewel that graced her finger, one might read a budding desire for distinction, while the garb of the latter was simple and plain as that of the Highland peasant, though worn with a taste that removed her far above the vulgar.

The young men who sat by their sides were equally contrasted in garb and in complexion. The one was tall, muscular, erect, with a dark brow and proud and stately bearing. He seemed formed for the court and the battle-field. The other was lithe, fair, well-rounded, and gentle of aspect, but there shone a calm fire in his gray eye, that bespoke a will indomitable, if roused, though lulled by the affections and subject to the reason. The poetry of nature and the soft ardor of love were legible in every lineament; yet, though he would have smiled at the childishness of military pomp, there was manly daring in every movement of the young mountaineer.

Youth clings to its own likeness; and as this lovely group was seated on the grass, the dark-eyed beauty, with head proudly erect, rested her arm upon the shoulder of her dark-browed companion; while the fair maid of the flaxen ringlets lay half reclined upon the bosom of the gentler hero, playfully disparting his golden locks.

Let us give names to our *dramatis personæ*. The ladies, Giuliana and Wilhelmina, were daughters of a Venitian noble, who, wise beyond his time, foresaw the rapid decline of the Bride of the Adriatic, the moment that the shout that hailed the discoveries of Diaz and De Gama aroused the Italian echoes, with sounds more ominous to her than the volcanic muttering beneath the wave-washed columns of her pride. "Italy has culminated," said he; "the empire of the sea rests now upon Spain, and the sun of our glory sets on us forever. I will to the mountains, and barter fame for peace." He realized to the best advantage his available wealth, and removed with his fair countess to her native land, the cliff-encircled Canton of Zurich; where, in two years, he died, leaving his orphans to a mother's care.

Here, among the magnificent scenery of snow-clad heights and charming glens, of quiet lake and bounding stream, these ladies grew from childhood almost to maturity, drinking from the fount of nature such inspiration as became their characters. Here, the elder made herself sister of the glacier and the towering crag, while the junior worshiped at the waterfall, culled flowers by the rushing Limmat, or lay supine beneath the weeping larch, while her soul mounted, dove-like, to lose itself in the blue and rosy ocean of the upper air, as the still flood of tempered daylight rested on the peaks of the distant Alps. Thus early were developed the traits which marked the one for the disciple of Love—the other, of Glory.

Giuliana, being by one year the senior, had reached eighteen, when their mother saw fit to transfer them to the care of a female relative, resident in Constance, that they might there enjoy the instruction of superior teachers in some of the accomplishments; the Bishop of that See being a patron of female education. The gorgeous ceremonies of the Roman faith had charms for the well-eyed Giuliana, but the odor of the sacrifice of Huss and Jerome, wafted upward from the scene of their suffering, had settled down into the deep glens and vales of Switzerland, and rested there, like the spicy airs of India in a mountain gorge, and the winds and storms of a century had not sufficed to dissipate it. Both ladies brought with them the freedom of soul that already began to blossom in the first Protestant Canton of Switzerland, and the freedom of manners proper to the people of the eternal hills, where social pretension is awed into modesty by the presence of the majesty of nature. They were not immured in the conventual school, to await in seclusion for the fiat that should determine their destiny in life. Their young hearts were untrammeled, and they were left in unrestrained association with two promising youths then studying in Constance, whose introductions to their guardian removed all need of caution. What wonder, then, that Giuliana should lean with pride upon the shoulder of the lordly Sigismund, while the gentle Wilhelmina frankly sported with the tresses of the agile Basil? They were mutually affianced by their own free choice, and there were none disposed to say them nay.

"How beautifully the mist shadows that glen on the opposite side of the lake," said Wilhelmina; "every rock, and tree, and tiny cascade, looks clearer to the sight for the very obscurity. All harshness is lost behind the silvery vail; but the grass, the tall pine, and gray granite, stand forth, smooth and beautiful, like the reflection of a picture in a mirror. Beauty itself seems more beautiful, when we see it through a vail?"

"Love is a vail, my charming Wilhelmina," replied Basil, "and, I fear, I owe to it one-half the seeming excellencies which have made me the happiest Swiss that ever shot a chamois."

"Love and humility," replied the girl, with a smile; "that glen reminds me of the little gem of a valley scooped from the side of the Glarus, at the head of Zurich Water. I pointed it out to you last vintage, when the leaves were beginning to be brown with the autumn wind, and the water was all gold with the evening light, as we turned our boat toward home on the approach of twilight. How happily we could live there in a little cottage, with the cliffs to keep away our enemies, and the lake a pathway for our friends. Humility should be the vail to smooth the roughnesses of fortune, and Love, like a silvery mist, should hide from each the other's faults—bringing out our virtues in what, if I understand it right, young Raphael, my reverend teacher's tutor, calls *chiar-oscuro*. Shall we not live there when we marry, dearest Basil?"

"If you wish," said Basil, as his fingers pushed back a ringlet from her forehead: and he gazed into her pleading eyes with a glance of quiet happiness.

"Surely," exclaimed Giuliana, "you would not immure my father's daughter and my sister in that wilderness! She was born to grace a palace, and her birth entitles her to something loftier than the peasant's cot. When Sigismund returns to Normandy, his noble uncle will hardly permit the brother-in-law of his adopted heir to remain unnoticed in a valley of the Alps, when his interest may be served by such a relative at the court of France."

"Your sister," replied the young man, "was born to grace any station: the humblest, as the proudest. Her birth entitles her to choose her fate; and if she preferred the tinsel of a court and the parade of a hypocritical church to God's own temple in the Alps and the palace of the stars, for her sake I might brook dependence, and bow to the generous Sigismund for a crumb of patronage: but she has chosen more wisely and more *nobly*."

"Bold words, by the ashes of the fagot and the stake?" said Sigismund, glancing cautiously around; "but," he added quickly, "I relish the bigotry of Rome and the dissipation of Paris as little as yourself, good Basil. So, when our studies are completed, I intend to dwell with you in Zurich, till the air of these mountains has braced my nerves and knit my frame, that I may strike for the freedom of my native land. Norwegian on my father's side, freedom is my inheritance—for Norway knows no serf. A Swede by birth—thanks to my noble mother, who is of the house of Eric, and related to Gustavus Vasa—I am Norman only by adoption, and shall receive no favors that bind me in fealty to France. No, Basil; though I owe to a Norman uncle my education and my present means, my claims are deeper in another land. My rights are confiscate by tyranny; and a satellite of Christian, the Dane, now treads my father's halls. But day will soon dawn upon Sweden, like morning on the Lapland hills, when the sun is about to scatter the long polar night. When morn comes, I strike for glory and my country. Gustavus is groaning in captivity; and the 'Nero of the North,' the assassin of the best blood of Sweden, oppresses without check all ranks of my unhappy countrymen. But the Norwegians are muttering revenge; the freemen of the mines and the peasants of Dalecarlia wait only for a leader. That leader I will be, if no one nobler claims from me the truncheon. This is a higher destiny than to rot like a vegetable in the shade of an Alpine valley! When the day comes, will you not join me, Basil?"

The bosom of the stately Giuliana swelled, as her proud glance of approval fell upon the speaker.

"Call not my ease ignoble," quietly remarked his friend. "I cannot see all the glory that you claim for the mere soldier, fighting for king and country, when the issue is not the happiness of all, but the elevation of the few. What is the result of all such struggles? To change one tyrant for another! And shall that other be *yourself?* No, Sigismund; my patriotism begins *here*" (laying his hand gently on the head of Wilhelmina). "If tyranny of soul or body should taint the atmosphere of my native valley, I may find a martyr's or a patriot's grave; but I will not sacrifice an angel's peace for the applause of mobs, or fight to overturn one king or noble to place a scepter in another hand! What say you to these principles, my Wilhelmina?"

"We will prove them, dear Basil; and in twenty years, let those who are still living decide which has judged rightly," said the fair girl, as she flung an arm round the neck of the speaker, and, with a half sorrowful smile, fixed upon her sister a gaze that seemed to read the future.

Years passed, and the four actors in our drama had long resided in the quiet vale of Zurich. Switzerland was agitated, it is true, by Austrian policy, and the fierce struggles between Luther and the Popes; but Sigismund, in his comfortable villa, was heedless of all questions foreign to his one great purpose, the re-establishment of his ancestral honors; and Basil, happy with his Wilhelmina in their romantic cottage at the head of the lake, asked only for the freedom of the mountain-side, and the liberty of conscience. It was a lovely afternoon in May. The wild flowers scattered odors along the valley. Giuliana sat with an infant at her breast and another at her knee. Suddenly Sigismund rushed into the apartment.

"Joy! joy!" he cried. "Give me joy, Giuliana! Gustavus has escaped, and Sweden shall now be free!"

Cold, indeed, was the thrill that shot through the heart of the lady. "And you?" It was all she could utter.

"And I!" he answered, almost fiercely. "Can a hero's bride inquire? I go to rouse the miners of Norway; to fight—perhaps to die—by the side of Gustavus Vasa!"

"And these?" She glanced, with a troubled eye, from the infant at the breast to the infant at her knee.

"They and you will be safe at the cottage of Basil, and our cause needs means. This villa must be sold. Make haste, my Giuliana; prepare for your removal to the cottage of your sister. To-morrow, I fly to the North."

"Oh, God! Be not so cruel, Sigismund! Let me go with you! let me but share your fate! I cannot bear your absence!"

"Subject our infants to the chances of a civil war? Preposterous! Giuliana, you have worshiped glory; repine not at her just demands. Glory permits no rival; and the hero's motto is, 'My country and my love!'"

Bitter were the reflections of the hero's bride, as, month by month, she wandered around the glen at the head of the lake, and heard the winds of the mountain and the thunder of the avalanche, eternally repeating, "What is man and his glory?" Years passed; but still her spirit was unbroken. The distant echoes of Sigismund's rising fame brought food for her ruling passion. Even the sportiveness of her children, who gamboled along the stream, or cast pebbles into the lake, and laughed at the circling ripples, careless of all things but the simple beauty of nature, brought with it a pang. Her pride could ill endure the quiet happiness of Wilhelmina and her husband; and, to her jaundiced view, there was something vulgar in this absence of ambition, which, as she feared, might prove an evil to the young minds of her offspring. "O, that this war were over, and Gustavus established in his rights! Then, at the Swedish court, my infants might acquire more noble thoughts, from the example of their princely father."

Three years had flown, and news of the investment of Stockholm had given a ray of hope to the lonely wife, when, at the close of a bright summer day, a little bark was seen beating against the wind, and approaching the glen. Just as the shadows of evening began to obscure the view, it reached the beach, and the Lady Giuliana was clasped in the arms of Sigismund.

"Joy, once more joy, my Giuliana!" he exclaimed. "Leave Basil to welcome my companions, and come with me to the cottage. One month ago, the crown of Sweden was offered to Gustavus Vasa. Weakly he thrust it aside, and is now the 'Administrator' of my native land. But the greatest evils of civil war are over. Gothland is ours, and Upsal. King he shall shortly be; and to-morrow we will leave for another scene, where the assembled nobility of Sweden shall justify my choice. Lead me to my boy."

"And girl?" inquired the wife, with a half-reproving smile.

"Yes, truly, to my boy and girl; but you will acknowledge that I naturally thought first of him by whom our house's honor is to be sustained."

The mother sighed, but the wife leaned proudly on her hero's arm, and what she thought was happiness came over her as bright visions of the future rose before her.

Well, other years have passed. The tyrant has fallen, and Gustavus is king. The crown is declared the inheritance of his children. Peace reigns around, and the monarch stands the bulwark of a liberal faith and the patron of the liberal arts. In a palace, looking out upon the Maeler, sits the Lady Giuliana. A beautiful boy and a lovely little girl are sporting around her. She muses on the thousand perils to her lord, the thousand trials of her own lot, during the memorable struggles of Gustavus, from the first offer of the crown to the final establishment of his power; she thinks over the petty jealousies and rivalry of courts, by which she has been perpetually annoyed, since she exchanged the humble garb in which she arrived from Zurich, for the emblazoned robe that beseems the wife of a magnate of the realm. She asks herself with a sigh: "Can this be *all* that glory brings its votary?" But her glance roams round the magnificent apartment, and reverts to the playful faces of her children. "These shall enjoy the good that I have sought at so much sacrifice of home-born happiness." She spoke, and she *was happy*. But, at the moment, in stalked the noble Sigismund, fresh from the tournament and victory, where, but an hour before, she saw his rival overthrown, and his brows crowned by beauty, in the presence of his monarch. That glorious exercise of olden times had warmed his visage into unwonted beauty. The heavy mail sat lightly on his Herculean limbs, and the stout ashen staff trembled with the vigor of his grasp. She sprang to meet him, and as her arms encircled his steel-clad neck, she felt, in its full force, how glorious a thing it is to be the wife of a hero!

"Giuliana," said the Count "my king commands my services upon a mission to the Emperor, and we must leave by to-morrow's sun. This time we shall not be separated; for, as I intend to join the army of Christendom against the Turk, who again threatens Europe with a deluge of blood, my absence will be long, and I shall need your care and solace in the intervals of arms."

"Your glory is my law. I will prepare the children immediately," said Giuliana.

"The children!" exclaimed the Count; "what madness has possessed you! Think you, the heir of a long line of ancestry, and the fair flower of our house can be permitted to grow up in ignorance and vice amidst the perpetual changes of the camp and the vicissitudes of war? They must away to Zurich, to the care of Basil and your sister. The schools of Switzerland are among the very best in Europe."

Like a snow-rift from a rock, glided the Lady Giuliana from the steel corselet of the hero. She flung herself upon a seat, and as the children sprang instinctively upon her, in sympathy with sorrow they scarcely understood, "This is too much!" she cried; but, drawing himself up in the plenitude of his pride, "It must be borne," said he, with unwonted sternness, and strode from the apartment.

How fearful are the changes wrought by twenty years! Within the shadow of St. Stephen's, in Vienna, stands a marble sepulcher. The stone is loaded with armorial bearings, and records of the glorious deeds of him who should repose within—and does he not? From the midst of a heap of indiscriminate dead, upon a battle-field in Hungary, men drew forth certain shattered, blackened remnants of powder-torn humanity, and called them Sigismund!

How touching are the changes wrought by twenty years! In a quiet church-yard at Zurich there is a marble slab. Beside it rise three little noteless mounds. A pestilence had swept the land. The loathsome small-pox visited villa and cottage. Then, war-worn veterans looked pale with terror, the child forsook the parent, and the mother deserted her offspring; the ministers of health refused their office, and the ministers of religion trembled and stood aghast. But there was one who maintained his post undaunted. Wherever there was suffering, there was he. He supported the aching head, he soothed the aching heart, and bore to their last rest the festering remains of wealth and poverty, commingled and confused beneath the pressure of the general calamity. The plague invaded his hearth, but he did not pause. Two, tenderly beloved, who were sheltered beneath his roof, were taken: "God kindly spares my own!" said the afflicted man. His only child was stricken: "God leaves me still my wife!" At length he was himself cast down—his last words were, "O, God! let this suffice!" And it did suffice. From that moment the plague was stayed; and, as they bore him to a quiet corner in the church-yard at Zurich, men wept as a brother the victim of love and duty. The marble upon his grave bears this inscription: "Basil lies here, and Wilhelmina waits. Love never dies, for God himself is Love. 1533."

Two women, in the garb of deep mourning, sat in a little chamber of the cottage, in the glen at the head of Zurich Water. On a desk, between the mica-glazed windows, lay a Lutheran Bible in the German tongue, and a softly-cushioned kneeling-bench beside it gave evidence that the precepts of that volume were not lost upon the mourners.

"Are you aware, dearest Wilhelmina," inquired the elder lady, "that this day completes the twentieth year since we sat with those that are gone, on the grassy knoll near Constance, and disputed the claims of Love and Glory? How bitter is the recollection! To me, all is lost. The hero of my heart is already forgotten; his line is extinct. My son sleeps in this lonely valley, and others are reveling in my husband's halls. So much for Glory! But Love also deceives us, dear sister: you are as desolate as I."

"Nay, say not desolate, my Giuliana," replied the younger. "I have learned from that volume, that all mankind are my brothers; I have learned it from the practice of my angel husband. I cannot be alone."

"Alas, Wilhelmina, you know not what it is to be the center of a thousand eyes, to see wealth and power bending at your feet, and then lose all—not even an heir left to keep alive the memory of your triumphs!

You have lived calmly in your narrow sphere, and know not the loss of splendors and distinctions for which you have sacrificed all the comforts of home, and even the society of your children. You know not what it is to feel the purposes of a life destroyed, leaving you, like a wrecked vessel on a desolate shore, helpless and hopeless."

"Sister! have I not laid my only child upon the bosom of my only earthly love, in the cold ground at Zurich?"

"Then why this calmness, this peaceful, nay, happy look, while my soul is wandering, ghostlike, among the cliffs, listening to the shock of battle in the roll of the thunder, and the groans of the dying in the echoes of the avalanche? My spirit knows no rest; and in the stillness of the night I hear the voice of my husband, in the wind through the casement, whispering, 'Giuliana, we have lived in vain!' If you have loved as I have, how can you be happy?"

"Were you really happy, sister, in all the pride of wealth and power? Were you not ever longing for the future? struggling for something more? Can pride be satisfied, or ambition reach content? Here, in this humble valley, my Basil and myself have lived, blessing and being blessed. Forgive me, sister, if I ask, Does any one bless the hero, whose trade makes desolate the hearths that Love strews with flowers? My Basil has gone from my sight; but we are not parted. Like yourself, how often I hear the voice of my husband! but it is by the couch of pain, when I go to relieve inevitable sorrows: it is in the stillness of the grave, when my heart swells with thankfulness to God that I still possess the power of doing good; it comes over me like the distant tones of a flute upon the water, and seems to whisper sweetly, 'Well done, my Wilhelmina! bear up a little longer, and our union shall be eternal!' Glory is of the earth, and perishes in the grave; but Love dwells in heaven with God forever."

"O that I could feel as you do! then might my seared heart have peace!"

An arm stole gently round the speaker's neck; a kiss was planted on her sorrowful brow, and a soft voice whispered, "Sister, let us pray!"—*Sartain's Magazine.*

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

[Continued from page 129.]

Ravenna, Ohio, is on the Cleveland and Pittsburg railroad, about thirty-five miles from the former place. This road is completed about sixty miles from Cleveland, and will strike the Ohio river at Wellsville; from which place a connection is made with Pittsburg by steamboat. The arrangements and accommodations on this road are not the best now, but will most likely be better when the road is finished through, and all the officers, from the president down to the baggage-masters, become a little accustomed to their *promotion to office.* Wishing to leave Ravenna for Salem early on Monday morning, November 17, and as the passenger train would not start till noon, I concluded to go in an open car on the construction train, which left at eight o'clock. Before being permitted to do so, however, I was obliged to obtain permission from the president of the company, and *afterward* had to pay sixty-five cents for riding only twenty miles, with such accommodations. At Alliance, twenty miles south-east of Ravenna, this road is crossed by the Pennsylvania and Ohio railroad, which is nearly completed from Pittsburg to Gallion, a small town on the Columbus and Cleveland road; and, when finished, this will be the most direct route for those wishing to travel from Cincinnati to Pittsburg by railroad. At Alliance, I took a hack to Salem, eight miles distant.

Salem is a flourishing inland town of about two thousand inhabitants. Considerable manufacturing is carried on here, and when the Ohio and Pennsylvania railroad, passing through the place, is finished, it must increase rapidly in population and wealth. On the evening of my arrival, I met with Neptune Temple, No. 34. The brethren here have a good hall, neatly furnished, and the Temple is large and flourishing. I was hospitably entertained by Bros. Ambler and Casselbury, and, with their assistance, obtained quite an accession to my subscription list, which was already respectable in that place. The Order here stands in high repute with the public; yet, strange to say, there are some professed Christians who consider themselves too holy to countenance any reform not carried on through the instrumentality of the church. Not long since, one of these self-righteous ones, who often "took a little for his stomach's sake," accosted a Templar, who a few months before had forsaken his cups, and with the aid of the Sons and Templars had become a sober, respectable man, and inquired why he did not attend his church. Said he, "when you were drinking, you came frequently; since you have become a sober man, I expected to see you there oftener than before." The brother answered, "I used to frequently go to your church, but it was when I was a drunkard: *now*, I am a *sober* man, and when I attend church, I wish to attend one where *temperance* is practiced as one of the Christian graces." The *Christian* felt reproved—he had not another word to say.

Wednesday, the 19th, I left Salem by stage for Wellsville, twenty-five miles distant. I passed though New Lisbon, the location of Fountain Temple, No. 3, but made only a short stop. I saw two of the brethren, and learned that the Temple was prospering. Arrived at Wellsville at one o'clock. This is the most northern town in the state on the Ohio river. The Temple here, Eureka, No. 49, is not large, but has good members. Through the kindness of Bros. Baker and Hamilton, I received a pretty good list of subscribers, for the limited time I stopped in the place. The Social Degree in connection with Eureka Temple is doing well.

At Wellsville, I took a boat for Rochester, Pennsylvania, and, Thurday morning, the railroad for New Brighton, three miles from the river. This is a small manufacturing town on Beaver river, and is the location of Simon's Temple, No. 71. The Magazine was new to the brethren here, but with the assistance of Bro. Beisel, I succeeded in getting up quite an interest in its favor.

Friday, the 21st, I left by canal packet for New Castle, the county seat of Lawrence county, and location of Lawrence Temple, No. 61. On the same evening, the brethren held a meeting for conferring Degrees, which I attended. The following day, Bro. G. W. Allen called with me on the brethren, who subscribed liberally for the Magazine. In the evening, I attended the regular meeting of the Subordinate Temple, which was large, and the members seemed determined to carry on the work with spirit and energy. The following day being the Sabbath, I went to the Associate Reformed Church, and, after helping myself to a seat, listened to two able discourses from the Rev. Mr. Brown, the pastor in charge. New Castle has a population of three thousand. It is largely engaged in manufacturing—has two large iron founderies, two rolling-mills employing five hundred hands, four large tanneries, glass-works, &c. It is well supplied with churches, one Seceder and Covenanter, Associate Reformed, Old School Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Disciples', German Lutheran, Universalist, and Roman Catholic. It is not wanting in benevolent organizations, having a Temple with seventy members, a Masonic Lodge with about forty, an Odd Fellows' Lodge numbering about two hundred, and two Divisions of Sons with one hundred members.

Bro. Craven and Mr. Sippy are building a school house seventy-five by eighty-three feet, three stories high—large enough for all the schools in the place. A new court house is nearly finished, under the supervision of Bros. Craig and Hamilton. The "Cochran House," by Mr. Stone, is well kept, and charges moderate.

On Monday morning, November 24, I left New Castle on horse-back for Clarksville, distant twenty-two miles. This is a small manufacturing town, and is the location of Mechanics' Temple, No. 56, which is large and flourishing. Some religious denominations here are bitterly opposed to "secret societies;" but the more noise they make, the better such organizations prosper. I stayed in the place only a few hours, but succeeded, in that time, in getting a fair list of subscribers.

West Greenville is eight miles from Clarksville, and the location of Indian Mound Temple, No. 68; a meeting of which I attended Monday evening. The Temple here is but six months old, and is flourishing. Here I obtained a good number of subscribers.

Tuesday morning, I left in a snow-storm for Mercer, eighteen miles distant, the county seat of Mercer county, and the location of Mercer Temple, No. 65. The Temple here is small, but is made up of good men and true. I obtained a few subscribers and left the next morning for New Castle, regretting much that I had not time to visit Olive Branch Temple, No. 60, at Linesville. I had made my arrangements to meet the Grand Temple of Pennsylvania in Alleghany City, on the 27th, and intended to visit all the Temples in this vicinity first, but could not, for want of time. The brethren in Linesville will please accept the will for the deed, and, as the greater loss was on *my* part, send as many subscribers as I could have obtained by going there.

Thursday morning I reached Alleghany City, and received from the members of the Grand Temple and brethren of that place and Pittsburg a brother's welcome. On leaving, after a few days pleasantly spent, it appeared more like parting with *old friends* than acquaintances of only a few days.

Thursday evening, I met with Corinthian Temple, No. 33, in their hall in Alleghany City. The attendance was good, but as the ladies of Friendship Social Degree had provided a supper in Lafayette Hall, on the Pittsburg side, I left before the Temple was closed. The supper was well got up, and nothing occurred to mar the festivities of the evening. The committee and all concerned displayed good taste in the arrangements and all were well pleased.

On Friday evening, I met with Evening Star Temple, No. 59, at their hall in Pittsburg. The attendance was large, and interesting remarks were made by Bro. Search, G. W. T., Bro. Lamb, G. W. V. T., and Bro. Simons, G. W. R., and others. On Saturday evening, Friendship Social Degree held a meeting in the hall of Evening Star Temple. Several initiations took place, and the officers did credit to themselves in performing their several parts. It is indeed cheering to see lovely woman, where she ought to be, standing side by side with man, and encouraging him by her presence and aid in carrying on this heaven-born enterprise. Who can doubt our final triumph with such allies?

With the assistance of Bro. Joseph Bridle and others, I obtained a large list of subscribers to the Magazine from Pittsburg and the adjoining cities, Alleghany and Birmingham.

As the time I had fixed for my return home was near at hand, I denied myself the pleasure of looking over the "city of smoke," or of forming many acquaintances, except those with whom I had business. I took time, however, to step into the "sanctum" of Bro. A. B. Russell, editor and publisher of the "Token," a spirited weekly, devoted to Odd Fellowship and general literature. Bro. Russell is an active, energetic man, he deserves success, and his paper is well sustained. Bro. R. R. R. Dumars is connected with the "Daily Dispatch," and dispatches business in the right style. I also made the acquaintance of Bro. Eberhart, one of the editors of the Crystal Fountain, a weekly paper devoted to temperance. I intended to pay my respects to Mrs. Swisshelm, the talented editress of the "Saturday Visitor," and able champion of the rights of her sex, but learned that she was indisposed and unable to be in her "sanctum."

The proceedings of the Grand Temple will be found in another place, and I need not refer to but one resolution here, that is, one which was passed, approving of the Templar's Magazine, and recommending it to the Order everywhere. The brethren will please remember that *resolutions*, however gratifying they may be to the vanity, will not pay for printing and paper. This requires something more tangible than *mere* resolutions.

Monday, December 1, I arrived at Steubenville, Ohio, and in the evening attended a regular meeting of Republican Temple, No. 24. Two years ago, the Grand Temple of Ohio held its November session here, and the Temple had dwindled down to just enough members for a quorum. Since that time its course has been onward and upward, and it now numbers about sixty members, among whom are some of the best citizens of the place. My list of subscribers was pretty good here before, and I added considerably to it. The brethren are wide awake and are battling manfully in our cause.

The town has a population of six or seven thousand, many of whom are engaged in manufacturing woolen goods. There is a large and flourishing seminary for young ladies here, which ranks high among the literary institutions of the state. On Tuesday, December 2, I left for Marietta, one hundred miles below.

Marietta is a flourishing town of four thousand inhabitants, and is the county seat of Washington county. The Muskingum river, which is made navigable by locks and dams to Zanesville, empties into the Ohio here. On the south side of the Muskingum is Harmar, a pleasant town of about one thousand inhabitants. Fort Harmar, the second military post in the state, was built here in the autumn of 1785, by a company of troops under the command of Major John Doughty. In April, 1788, a company of forty-seven men, under the direction of Gen. Rufus Putnam, arrived at Harmar and Marietta and made the first permanent settlement in the state. Gen. St. Clair had been appointed governor, and not having arrived, *temporary* laws for the government of settlers were formed, and published by being *nailed to a tree.* Return Jonathan Meigs, afterward Governor Meigs and subsequently post-master-general, was appointed to execute these laws. Many of these settlers had taken an active part in the revolution, and Washington said of them: "Never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of a community." The citizens of these towns, to this day, prove themselves to be "worthy sons of noble sires."

A large amount of manufacturing is carried on in the two towns.

Marietta is the seat of Marietta College, which has one hundred and twenty-five students, also of the Western Liberal Institute, under the control of the Universalists, which has upward of a hundred students, and the Marietta Female Seminary, with some seventy-five.

There are, in the two towns, an Old and a New School Presbyterian church, one Universalist, two English and one German Methodist, two Congregationalist, one Baptist, one Lutheran, one Episcopal, and one Catholic; also, one Masonic and two Odd Fellows' Lodges, three Divisions of Sons of Temperance, and one Temple of Honor.

Marietta Temple, No. 7, was organized in August last, and now has thirty-two members. I met with them on Thursday evening, and obtained twenty-four subscribers—*three* out of every *four* in the Temple. Is there another Temple that can beat this? If so, they will please inform me. The members of this Temple are among the best citizens of the two towns, and I predict for it a course of prosperity that will soon make it equal in numbers and influence to any in the state.

Early Friday morning, I left on the steamboat Brilliant for Gallipolis, one hundred miles below. Capt. Grace, his affable clerk and steward, know how to provide for the accommodation and comfort of those who are so fortunate as to travel with them. The Brilliant is one of the regular passenger packets from Pittsburg to Cincinnati, and leaves Pittsburg every Thursday at ten o'clock, and Cincinnati every Sunday at the same hour.

On the boat I met with Bro. Ambler, G. W. T. of Ohio, on his way to Gallipolis, by the request of the Grand Temple, to decide on the expediency of opening a new Temple there. The application, with fifty-one names, for a charter to open a new Temple in Gallipolis, was before the Grand Temple, at its late meeting in Wooster. A remonstrance from Gallipolis Temple, No. 33, already in operation in the same place, and numbering sixty-four members, was also before the Grand Temple, and the whole matter was referred to the G. W. T., with power to act. The objections, on the part of the brethren, were partly on account of an old difficulty which originated in the Order of the "Sons," but principally because they thought the place too small for *two* Temples to *flourish.* The brethren of Gallipolis Temple called a special meeting on Friday evening, which I attended. On Saturday evening the Social Degree held its regular meeting, which was well attended by both sisters and brothers.

The G. W. T., after hearing the arguments pro and con, decided to grant the charter, and appointed Monday evening, December 8, to organize the Temple. As business at home demanded my attention, I could not stay to assist.*

Gallipolis is the county seat of Gallia county, and was settled in 1791 by French immigrants, many of whose descendants yet reside here. It is pleasantly situated on a high bank of the Ohio; population, two thousand. Probably no town of its size on the river has a more temperate class of citizens. No intoxicating liquors are retailed in the place. There is a large Division of the Sons still in successful operation, and the facts mentioned above go to show that our Order is held in high repute. While there, I was hospitably entertained at the comfortable hotel of Bro. S. H. Coleman, who has an eye to the comfort of his guests. Bro. W. B. Sloan also keeps a tavern, where alcohol finds no resting place.

I had, before going there, fifteen subscribers to the Magazine, and obtained sixteen more, twelve of which were among the applicants for the new Temple.

I reached Portsmouth early on the morning of the 8th, and met with Silver Wave Temple in the evening. The brethren here are "few in numbers, but of dauntless courage." This town is at the mouth of the Scioto river and at the terminus of the Ohio canal, leading from Cleveland to the Ohio river. The countless distilleries of the whole Scioto valley send their "distilled damnation" here to be carried away on the bosom of the peaceful Ohio. The friends of temperance here have a fearful tide of opposition to contend with. Happy will our fertile and otherwise prosperous state be, when such a law as Maine is blessed with, is in successful operation.

Portsmouth was the scene of the "large and respectable corn-growers and distillers meeting," about which so much was said in the public papers last summer. I was credibly informed that the meeting was made up of about a dozen farmers, drummed up for the occasion, two or three business men of Portsmouth, and two or three dozen tipplers and loafers, all told—less than would have been drawn together by a respectable monkey dance. Temperance men took no notice of it whatever, and its getters up soon became heartily ashamed of the whole affair; and the "spirited" resolutions, said to have been passed, ended, as *better* resolutions sometimes do, in "gas."

I obtained a pretty good list of subscibers here, and late on Monday night took passage on the steamer Buckeye State for home. This is one of the regular passenger packets from Pittsburg to Cincinnati—leaving the former place every Sunday morning at ten o'clock, and the latter every Wednesday at the same hour. Captain Sam'l Deane, her commander, and Mr. Weaver, her clerk, are quite popular with the traveling public, and with the accommodations to be found on this boat, it is pleasant to travel.

I arrrived at home Tuesday morning, December 9, after an absence of four weeks: during which time, I attended the meetings of two Grand Temples, the regular meetings of thirteen Subordinates, and visited the locations and members of as many more, obtained about two hundred subscribers to the Magazine, and traveled more than one thousand miles.

Temperance, and subjects connected with it, engrossed my whole time. I formed many acquaintances among the active working men in the cold water army, and had an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with their views on the subject. I never saw as many men more united in opinion in regard to the best course to pursue, than these friends of temperance are. The almost unanimous voice is, "Let us have the Maine law; nothing short of that will succeed in removing this monster evil from our country." God speed the day when their prayers, and the prayers of the victims of the accursed traffic, shall be answered.

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* Since my return, Bro. Ambler informs me that, on the evening appointed to institute the Temple, the applicants, on learning that the members of No. 33 feared they would have to suspend operations in case another was organized, generously waived their claim to a charter and, with the members of No. 33, agreed to refer the matter to the Grand Temple at its next meeting, and abide the decision of that body.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE "MAINE LAW."

We have watched, with a good deal of interest, the operation of this law since it first took effect. As the friends of temperance in several states are petitioning their legislatures for a similar law, we publish, this month, instead of our usual editorial, a synopsis of it, that our readers may be familiar with its leading features. We believed, when first reading it, that it was the best calculated to effect its object of any ever passed, and consequently have paid particular attention to it from that time to the present. But little opposition was ever arrayed against it by any class of men, except those engaged in the traffic. Much of that opposition is now withdrawn. The venders of the article, generally, acknowledge themselves effectually used up, and are directing their attention to some honest employment. No political party in that state would dare risk their popularity by advocating its repeal: no individual, of any reputation, would venture to oppose it. The diminution of taxes and decrease of crime in the larger cities of Maine prove, conclusively, to every reasonable mind, that such a law is a blessing to the state.

Bro. Freeman Yates, of the Gardiner Fountain, says, in relation to it:

> "Its authorship is attributed to our worthy friend, Neal Dow; but, with no design of detracting aught from the meed of praise so justly due that zealous and faithful champion of our noble cause, strict justice compels us to say, that he is not the *inventor* of the statute in question. He is entitled to the credit of *compiling* and *arranging* its excellent sections, and he did more than any other man to secure its passage last summer; but in framing the statute so admirably, and adapting it so fully to the end had in view, he received most important and essential aid from some individuals to whom he has not publicly acknowledged his indebtedness, and their *extreme modesty* has not allowed them to assert their just claims as the originators and real inventors of this remarkable statute.
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> "There are two classes of men who have contributed to the production of this law, viz.: *the ingenious and well experienced rumsellers* and *their worthy friends of the legal profession*, who have always been ready, for a compensation, to drive their battering-rams against all the flaws in former legislation.
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> "The law was brought about in the following manner:
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> "Some years since, the good people of this state resolved on the suppression of grog-shops, and, to obtain this object, they petitioned the legislature for a prohibitory law. The prayer was granted. The passage of this law produced a mighty fluttering among the rum fraternity, and a tremendous effort was made for its repeal. Petitions were circulated all over the state, to be signed by legal voters only (for they very wisely decided not to ask the WOMEN to join them), and every possible exertion was made to procure *names*, praying for the repeal of the law *for the good of temperance!!* These petitions were sent to the legislature of 1847, and referred to a special committee. After several weeks of deliberation, they reported a bill to refer the matter to the people, and that was refused a second reading in the House, where it was first reported!
>
> "After this glorious defeat, they next set their wits to work to find the weak places of the law; and, calling to their aid an army of hungry pettifoggers, they generally set the law at defiance, and kept up the murderous traffic. The law prohibited the business, but they cared no more for this than a set of pirates would for a copy of the decalogue at the mast-head of a merchant ship. So long as they could get through it, and round it, and under it, and over it, not a fig did they care for the law of the land and welfare of the people.
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> "The friends of temperance became conscious of the weakness and imperfections of the law, so fully exhibited by the ingenuity of the rumsellers and their attorneys, and began to inquire what they should do. To this the rummies and their attorneys seemed to say: 'Just apply your law in every form and shape of which it is capable, and *we* will point out to you its weak places.' The hint was taken, the law was used, and served a good purpose as an experimenting subject, if no more; a note was made of the weak points, and where a new section was needed, a mark was made to that effect. The result of these observations and experiments, in which the rumsellers and their attorneys were the most prominent actors, was the good statute which now so amply meets the case."

Thus it sometimes happens, that Satan outwits himself, by showing the friends of virtue and morality how to provide more effectually against his stratagems. But to the law:

Sec. 1.—The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are entirely prohibited, except as allowed in the next section.

TOWN AGENT. *Sects.* 2, 3, 7.—1. The civil authorities of a town or city may appoint, annually, an agent to sell liquors only for medicinal and mechanical purposes.

2. Instead of the profits of sale he is to have an annual salary.

3. He may hold his office for one year, subject at all times to a dismissal.

4. He must give bonds, with two good sureties, to the amount of $900, that he will conform to the regulations prescribed.

5. If he violates the law, he shall be turned out of office, and his bonds sued in the name and at the expense of the city or town.

Penalties for the Illegal Sale. *Sects.* 4, 5, 6.—1. For the first offense, $10 and costs, and imprisonment till paid.

2. For the second offense, $20, &c.

3. For the third and each succeeding offense, $20, and imprisonment from three to six months. If unable to pay, he shall not have the benefit of chapter 175 of the Revised Statutes (viz., of being released from prison after thirty days, on giving his note for the fine and costs) till he has been imprisoned two or four months.

4. The prosecutions for the offense may be tried before any magistrate in the country.

5. The fines shall go for the use of the poor.

6. The prosecutor may be a *witness* in the trial.

7. If the prosecution be begun under the approval of a selectman or alderman, the defendant shall not recover costs, though acquitted.

8. *Appeals* from a conviction rendered, shall be allowed only on the following conditions:

(*a*) The appellant must first give a bond of $100, with two sureties, to sustain his appeal, pay fines, &c.

(*b*) He must also give another bond of $200, with two sureties, not to violate the law while the appeal is pending. And if the bonds are not given in twenty-four hours after conviction, the appeal is not to be allowed.

(*c*) He must pay the fees of the jury who are to try him, *in advance.*

(*d*) If the appeal is finally decided against him, he must submit to the double amount of fines, penalties, and imprisonment, imposed by the first conviction.

Manufacturers and Common Sellers. *Sec.* 8.—Any person convicted of being a manufacturer or common seller of intoxicating drinks shall forfeit,

For the first offense, $100 and costs, and, in default of payment, *sixty days* imprisonment.

For the second offense, $200 and costs, or *four months* imprisonment.

For the third and every succeeding offense, *both* a fine of $200 and *also* four months imprisonment.

SEIZURES OF LIQUORS.

Liquors Kept for Sale. *Sects.* 11, 12, 13.—1. Any three voters in a town or city may go before a magistrate and make oaths that they *believe* liquors are kept for sale, contrary to law, in any store, shop, &c.

2. The magistrate *shall* (not *may*) issue a search warrant for them.

3. The sheriff or constable *shall* search the premises, and if any liquors are found, shall take them away to a place of security. He shall not, however, search any *dwelling house*, unless a shop is kept in it, or unless one of the complainants shall testify to some *act of sale* in it, within one month preceding.

4. He shall also summon the owner or keeper of the liquors, if he be known, to appear forthwith before the magistrate.

3. The owner or keeper must then prove positively:

(*a*) That said liquors are of *foreign production.*

(*b*) That they have been imported according to the laws of the United States.

(*c*) That they are in the original packages (casks, bottles, &c.), and are not less in quantity than the United States' law prescribes. But in order to prove this, he shall not adduce the custom-house certificates of importation, nor the marks on the casks or packages (all these being notoriously often forged).

6. If he cannot prove all these, or if he fails to appear, then

(*a*) The liquor shall be *destroyed.*

(*b*) The owner or keeper shall be fined $20 and costs, or, in case of non-payment, be imprisoned thirty days.

7. If the owner or keeper of the liquors be unknown, the liquors shall be publicly *advertised;* two weeks after which, if no town agent proves that they are his, according to section 2, they shall be destroyed.

8. Appeals from the magistrate's order for the destruction of the liquors shall not be allowed till the appellant has given a bond of $200, with two sureties, to prosecute his appeal, pay fines, &c.

9. If the appeal shall be decided against him and the quantity of liquors exceed five gallons, he shall be judged a *common seller* of intoxicating liquors and incur the penalties prescribed for that offense. The liquor also shall be destroyed.

10. Chemists, artists and manufacturers, who use liquors in their business, only are exempt from prosecution.

Liquors Sold or Kept for Sale on Public Occasions. *Sects.* 14, 15.—1. Liquors sold or kept in any tent, shanty, &c., at a cattle show, military muster, or any public occasion, may be searched for and seized by the authorities without warrant, and the keepers arrested; the former to be *destroyed,* and the latter imprisoned thirty days.

2. If the keeper appeal, he must first give a bond of $100, with two sureties, to prosecute, &c. If finally convicted on the appeal, he shall suffer the former sentence of imprisonment thirty days, and *also* pay a fine of $20.

Liquor Contracts Void. *Sec.* 16.—All bargains, notes, book-accounts, deeds, mortgages, &c., in respect to liquors illegally sold, are void, and incapable of enforcement in the courts.

Miscellaneous Particulars.—1. No liquor seller can sit on the jury in any trial under this act. Sec. 9.

2. Prosecutions under this act shall be tried in the courts before any other case, except when criminals are under arrest, waiting trial. Sec. 10.

3. Neither the court nor the prosecuting officer shall have power to discontinue a suit once begun, or postpone the trial from one court to another. Sects. 8 and 10.

4. In any case appealed, if it be in the form of a *criminal prosecution,* the state's attorney shall conduct the case, and shall receive the costs which come to the state, in addition to his regular salary; and the costs shall in no case be remitted or reduced in amount. [This provision makes it for the interest of the attorney to do his duty faithfully.]

5. The law is made applicable to all the *cities* and plantations, as well as to the various towns of the state.

GRAND TEMPLE PROCEEDINGS.

Massachusetts.—The Grand Temple of this state held its semi-annual session in Boston, November 19. The meeting was short and harmonious. The reports of the officers showed the Order to be increasing slowly but surely.

The G. W. T., in his report, recommended a reduction in the price of charter fees for Subordinate Temples, which recommendation was *not* adopted. The Grand Temple adjourned to meet in New Bedford in February next.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The semi-annual session of the Grand Temple of this state commenced Nevember 27, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in the hall of Corinthian Temple, No. 33, Alleghany City.

Officers present: O. I. Search, G. W. T.; George Lamb, G. W. V. T.; J. P. Simons, G. W. R.

The vacant offices were filled by the appointment of the following: R. R. R. Dumars, A. G. W. R.; J. P. Applegate, G. W. Chaplain; W. H. Cluley, G. W. U.; Peter Kennedy, G. W. G.; J. Wadsworth, P. G. W. T.

We extract the following from the *Pittsburg Daily Dispatch:*

"The representatives then presented their credentials, when it was found a large number were present who had never been initiated members of the Grand Temple. They were accordingly introduced and duly initiated. The attendance is quite large; all the western counties, in which Temples exist, being well represented. The attendance from the East, on account of the weather, is small.

"A charter for a Temple to be located at Waterford, Erie county, and to be called 'Waterford Temple of Honor, No. 77,' was granted; also for one in Butler county, to be called 'Twin Village Temple of Honor, No. 78.' Authority was also granted to Grecian Temple, No. 70, of Monongahela City, to confer the Social Degree.

"After the appointment of several standing commitees, the Grand Temple took a recess till half-past 2 o'clock—at which hour it re-assembled, and, after the transaction of some unimportant business, took up the report of the committee on by-laws, &c., which occupied its attention up to the hour of adjournment. Among other by-laws adopted, was one requiring the annual sessions of the Grand Temple to be held alternately in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh; and the semi-annual sessions at such places as shall be agreed upon at the annual sessions. Hereafter, but the two sessions are to be held; but called sessions, for the transaction of some particular business, may be held, from time to time.

"In the evening, the grand officers and members of the Grand Temple, clothed in their handsome regalia, met the sisters and brothers of the Social and Subordinate Temples, at Lafayette Hall, and sat down to an excellent supper, got up by D. Johnson, of Market street. The supper was principally gotten up through the exertions of the sisters and brothers of Friendship Social Degree. After the cloth had been removed, sentiments were offered, and speeches, &c., made, and, throughout the entire evening, great good feeling prevailed 'without the aid of wine.' Speeches were made by O. I. Search, G. W. T., of Philadelphia, Dr. J. Wadsworth, M. W. R. of the National Temple, and editor of the Templar's Magazine, of Cincinnati, John P. Simons, G. W. R., and others. About 12 o'clock, the party adjourned, after singing the beautiful and appropriate 'closing ode.'

"On Friday the Grand Temple met again, and after receiving the credentials and initiating two members, resumed the consideration of the by-laws.

"At the afternoon session, O. I. Search, G. W. T., and John P. Simons, G. W. R., submitted their respective reports. From them we learn that six new Temples have been instituted during the last six months; six Social and two Degree Temples have also been instituted in the same period. The number of Subordinate Temples in good standing is thirty-six, besides three Degree Temples and fifteen Social Degree Temples. During the past term, three hundred and twenty-four persons have been initiated, twenty-eight suspended, thirty-eight expelled, and two deaths. The total amount of receipts was $423.80. But twenty-four Temples sent in their reports, and they show an aggregate membership of one thousand one hundred and forty-three.

"Authority was granted to Indian Mound Temple, No. 68, of West Greenville, Mercer county, to confer the Social Degree. Communications were received from Lawrence Temple, No. 61, of New Castle, and Grecian Temple, No. 70, of Monongahela City, urging upon the Grand Temple to take some active measures for the circulation of petitions to the legislature, asking for a prohibitory law against the sale of liquors, similar to the one now in force in Maine. The request was complied with, and the petitions ordered to be circulated thoughout the state for signatures. An excellent set of by-laws, rules of order and principles of discipline, were yesterday afternoon finally agreed to, and the Grand Temple adjourned till nine o'clock, Saturday morning."

Saturday morning, November 29, Grand Temple met pursuant to adjournment. A resolution was offered and passed, changing the price of the Degrees of Love, Purity and Fidelity, from one dollar each, to one dollar for the first, two dollars for the second, and three for the third. Also instructing their delegates in the National Temple to vote for a change in our constitutions, so as to allow each *Subordinate* Temple to fix the price of the three Degrees.

TENNESSEE.—H. Carroll, G. W. R., sends the following:

"*Worthy Brother:* As the semi-annual session of our Grand Temple has just closed, I proceed at once to give you a synopsis of the proceedings.

"The session was one of much interest, and better attended than at any former period. Continuing two days in session, the proceedings were characterized by harmony and brotherly love; and, at the time of our adjournment, a more determined spirit was never shown by any body of men, to carry out the principles of our eternal obligations, and, if possible, extend the principles sought to be realized in the fulfillment of our noble structure.

"The report of A. Nelson, G. W. T., was one of deep thought, reflecting much honor to the station he occupies in the Order. In it he submitted several suggestions, but too lengthy to be inserted in this communication. From the returns which have come in, it is evident that the Order of the Temple of Honor is in a better condition than at any former period. Several resolutions were introduced and adopted, of which I will give but a few.

"Bro. T.W. King, representative of Clarksville, No. 3, presented the following, which was unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved,* That those Subordinate Temples which may be in arrears to this Grand Temple, twelve months or more, on the third Wednesday in November, 1852, shall, from and after that date, suspend their functions as Subordinate Temples of Honor; and shall not resume them till the said arrearages are paid in full, or till permitted by vote of the Grand Temple of Tennessee: and it shall be the duty of the G. W. R. to forward copies of this resolution to all the Subordinate Temples in Tennessee, and to all the present D. G. W. Ts. in the state, and also to those who may be appointed before the said third Wednesday in November, 1852.

"Also, a resolution from the committee on the reports of the G. W. T. and G.W. R., which is:

"*Resolved,* That a committee of three be appointed, of whom the G. W. T. shall be chairman, to draft a bill of incorporation of this Grand Temple; also, the Subordinates now in existence, or that may hereafter be organized.

"Also, a resolution by Bro. A. P. Skipwith, representative of No. 20:

"*Resolved,* That, from and after the passage of this resolution, all brothers taking appeals from Subordinate Temples to the Grand Temple, shall present to the committee on appeals of the Grand Temple, a correct copy of all the merits pertaining to the case, with the signature of the W. R. and the seal of the Temple attached, at least one week previous to the meeting of the Grand Temple.

"Others were passed, but of minor importance, of which you will be fully apprised when the proceedings are printed."

THE WESTERN FOUNTAIN.—We are frequently asked what has become of this paper, formerly published in this city. We regret to say it was suspended some three months ago, for want of adequate support.

NEW YEAR.

THIS number of the Magazine will not reach our readers till after the first day of the new year: yet it is not too late to wish them, one and all, a *happy* new year. Happiness consists not in gayety and mirth, but in doing good. We all have it in our power to lighten the sorrows and relieve the distresses of the children of misery and want. The patriarch Job, in the day of his calamity, was cheered by the reflection, "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." Such happiness, which every one may feel at all times, and under all circumstances, we hope our readere may enjoy. The cheerless winter, the season of greatest suffering among the poor, is upon us. Let us, in proportion as a bountiful Providence has blessed us, minister to their wants, and thus fulfill our mission here, and imitate Him who went about doing good.

THE MAGAZINE.

THE prospects of the Magazine are much better than at this time last year. In looking over the receipts on this volume, we find them about one third greater than one year ago, on the first volume. We still have a large quantity of back numbers of this volume on hand, which, if not disposed of, will be a loss. The first volume was commenced with too small an edition. We still have calls for the first six numbers of that volume, which we cannot supply. Determined to have enough to supply all with the whole of this, we commenced with a large edition. Will our friends assist us in disposing of them? How easy it would be for almost every one of our readers to each send a new subscriber before our next issue. We asked this in the last number; a few generously responded to the call. We trust the response will be more general the coming month.

The last number was mailed later than any previous one. This was occasioned by our being several hundred miles from home, among brethren who insisted on our seeing every brother and soliciting him to subscribe, before leaving. Every arrangement we thought necessary was made to have this number mailed by the 25th of December; but, by an accident, the engraving, after being finished and in the hands of the printer, was spoiled before any impressions were taken. We were consequently compelled to wait for another, or send the number without it. Having promised to make an improvement in this number, we determined to wait.

This number also contains more *original* matter than the others of this volume. We expect, hereafter, to have more original contributions to select from. We again invite the members of the Order and others, who have time and talent, to let us hear from them oftener. Many persons who are inclined to become authors, seem to think that unless they can write a tale of fiction or poetry, they cannot be interesting. Better, by far, take some common-place, matter-of-fact subject, and do your best with it, than attempt what you cannot do well.

TO SOME OF OUR EXCHANGES.

THE publisher of the AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW sent us one number of the work, which we noticed, and sent two or three numbers of the Magazine in exchange, but no more Reviews have come to hand. Is this fair?

The publishers of the AMERICAN TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE sent us three or four of the first numbers of the work, with a request to exchange. We did so, gave it a notice, and have continued sending our work regularly, but have not received the two last numbers of the Magazine. We cannot believe this is *intentional* on the part of the publishers, or that two numbers of it in succession have been lost by the mails. Can it be possible that it has been discontinued?

The Temperance Telegraph, of St. Johns, New Brunswick, has published "The Last Prisoner, by William Rounesville," which was written expressly for the Templar's

Magazine, and published in the August number, and given us no credit, leaving its readers to infer that it was original in that paper. The editor may have supposed it not original in the Magazine, because the words "Original," or "For the Templar's Magazine," were not at the head of the article in our August number. He will please notice that those words *never* appear in the Magazine, and every article published by us and not credited to the proper source, is "original."

The Southern Parlor Magazine has not paid us its accustomed monthly visit since September.

FRATERNAL ITEMS.

Vermont.—December 5, an application was received at this office for Green Mountain Temple, No. 1, at Center Rutland, Vt. The application has been forwarded to the M. W. T., at Boston, who, in person or by special deputy, will organize it. This is one of the *only* three states in which Temples have not been organized.

California.—A Charter and Ritual have been placed in the hands of Bro. Edward Smith, formerly of Evening Star Temple, No. 59, in Pittsburg, now of Sacramento City, for ——— Temple, No. 1, of California. When this Temple is opened, our Order will have worked its way into every state in the Union, save one.

The first "gun" has been heard from South Carolina, not in favor of "secesion from the *Union*," but for a *perpetual* secession from alcohol, and *union* with our Order. A letter is just received from a distinguished friend of temperance in Charleston, making inquiries about the Order. He says, "I have traveled considerably through the state, and hear many inquiries respecting the Temple. There seems to be a desire for some more permanent temperance organization than we have at present." We are not aware that any effort has ever before been made to establish the Order in the "Palmetto state," or that it has even been seriously thought of. There is no doubt about the result of this inquiry, and we predict that before the next meeting of the National Temple, we can count our pillars in every state in the Union.

Georgia.—Bro. G. P. Culverhouse, D. M. W. T., of Knoxville, Georgia, writes, Dec. 2: "I have just instituted Union Temple, No. 2, at St. Cloud, and will soon open No. 3, at Oglethorpe." He also sends substantial evidence that he has not forgotten the Magazine.

Michigan.—Bro. S. Phelps, of Detroit, writes, December 13: "Our Temple is composed of the right material, and we are bound to prosper despite all opposition. At our last meeting, Rev. D. C. Jacobs, G. W. P. of the Sons of Temperance in this state, united with us. He stated that it was his honest conviction 'that our Order must soon take the place of the "Sons" and be the dominant Order.'

"We have just organized the Social Degree, and expect it will aid us materially in building up the Order."

Alabama.—Bro. J. Cortright, D. G. W. T., writes from Mobile, November 29: "Our Grand Temple has just closed its semi-annual session at Camden. The session was a pleasant, harmonious one. The Order is steadily progressing throughout the state. A resolution was passed to remove the chartered locality of the Grand Temple to Mobile."

DIED:

In New Castle, Pennsylvania, October 7, Maria, consort of Bro. Charles S. Garrett, D. G. W. T., of Lawrence Temple, No. 61, aged 35 years. She was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and died in the full triumph of a living faith.

On the 13th of the same month, Charles W., infant son of C. S. and Maria Garrett, aged 8 weeks.

In Gallipolis, O., December 21, Sister Harriet Canden, aged 16 years and 4 months. She became a member of the Social Degree connected with Gallipolis Temple, No, 33, in August, 1851; but death soon removed her to the Temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

THE
TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE.

CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY, 1852.

THE BRIDE'S ERROR AND WIFE'S CORRECTION.

BY L'ENGENE.

THE sun was fast sinking to rest beneath the western hills, on a sweet summer evening. Nature smiled on the landscape: the heart beat with thrilling interest as, for the moment, it was forgetting the more serious cares of life, while the eye drank in the prospects presented by the lovely scenes of nature; the green foliage waving in the breeze, the lowings of the herd and the bleatings of the lambs, fell witchingly, yet softly, on the ear, while the soul joined in sympathetic union with nature and paid homage to the Most High for his blessing.

It was, indeed, a lovely summer evening in Alabama. The interest of this evening was still further enhanced even to joyfulness, from the fact that, at eight o'clock, William Henderson and Sarah Wilson were to be united in the holy bands of wedlock. The village was all astir: friend congratulating friend, the old women prophesying and the young looking forward with a pleasing anticipation to the time when they should be likewise blessed. All the villagers had been invited, with the exception of Henry Hartford and wife. Hartford was a young man of fine talents, but of poor parentage: true, he had lately married a lady of some little property. He had commenced the practice of law—had acquitted himself with credit in the management of his first cause, and was likely to become a formidable rival to older heads. Hence, jealousy, slights, contempts and every unhallowed contumely, combined to drive to despondency the young advocate. Having no friends, and plenty of enemies, he surely had to breast the storm of oppression alone. He was, however, studious, and, above all, temperate.

The evening passed away, as was usual in that section of the state upon like occasions. The guests assembled, the parson came, the commotion, and then the deep, pervading silence at the approach of the bridal pair, the marriage, the supper, the dance, and the flow of wit and wine.

After a few waltzes, the parson again made his appearance (being about to leave) and, walking up to and slipping his arm into that of young Henderson, advanced to the sideboard and proposed drinking the health of the bride in a glass of wine, which was readily acceded to.

"Do n't do it, William," said Sarah, at his elbow; "I thought you never drank. Did you not tell me so a few weeks ago?"

"Ah, yes, my dear Sarah; but your charms have made me a willing prisoner to your predilections. Did you not then offer me wine yourself, Sarah?" said William—the last sentence by way of a banter.

"Yes; but I did not intend you should become a tippler," tartly replied the bride.

"O, well, Sarah, only when you say so; it 's a bad habit."

"Well, I am glad that you are so obedient: it is only when you are in fashionable company that I wish you to drink," replied Sarah, as she left him for a waltz with Mr. Murray.

* * * * * *

Ten years had elapsed. Let us again look upon the same parties. Sarah is the mother of three children; and we might naturally conclude, without a knowledge of the events during the intervening time, that she ought to be a happy wife and mother. But alas! such is not the case! The seeds *sown* under the *auspices of first love*, consummated by marriage, *tilled* and *nurtured* by the *man of God*, had germinated and grown to be a huge monster. The property of her husband, as well as her marriage portion, was gone; the peace and joy of her youthful heart had flown. Her husband's love had grown cold—she was morose; kind words had turned to scoffs; the embrace of love, accompanied by affection's kiss, to blows and curses; the house of plenty to want and penury. Her former friends knew her not: William's home was that of the drunkard, and she was his wife. Often did she upbraid him with his conduct, and equally as often did he tell her that she and her fashionable friends were the cause of his ruin. It was a favorite saying with him: "Miss Sally, it is fashionable to get drunk, now!"

I leave the rest to the imagination of the reader. Their lot was not to be envied; still she loved him only as a woman can love.

But, hark! while the drunkard's wife is drowning in the sea of sorrow and despair, a great and mighty shout is heard, as of many voices or the rushing of the waters! That shout is the voice of freemen—it is the march of the Sons of Temperance; the earth is quaking beneath their mighty tread. Their watchword is onward, onward! echoed like a war-cry. Their banners are thrown to the breeze, bearing aloft their beautiful motto: "Peace and good will to man shall reign triumphant over both sea and land." She hears their shouts—looks up, and her drooping spirit hails with joy the star of Hope in the disc of the moral horizon, and bids her have faith in the promise—and the fulfillment shall be verified.

Toward the close of summer, a neighbor tells her, on a bright Sabbath morning, that a Division has been formed in the village, and that Judge Hartford, who lives in the stately mansion hard by her hovel of misery, is at its head; that he, with others, will lecture that evening, in the Methodist church.

She persuades her husband to accompany her, and there hears the evils of intemperance portrayed—an expose of the conventional rules of fashionable society. Her heart beats an affirmative, yet condemning, response to the remarks of the Judge, and, as he vividly lays bare the dangers of the first glass proffered by the hand of beauty, she remembers the folly of her more youthful days, and weeps, and in her desperation of feeling, resolves to try, by all possible means, to rescue and save him whom she had caused to take the first step in the road to ruin. With these feelings, she returned to her abode, intending to see Judge Hartford and solicit his aid. She was received by the Judge with his usual urbanity—instantly laid her cause before him with all the supplicating earnestness of a wife, and, to her great joy, found him ready and willing to assist her.

On that evening the villagers were all agog. Judge Hartford and "Wild Bill Henderson" had been seen by Jack Williams, the groggery keeper, going arm-in-arm to the town hall. Something was on the tapis, for, in a few minutes afterward, several curious faces were seen peeping round the hall with Jack Williams, a conspicuous personage, among them. They assiduously tried to find out "*what was going on inside*," till they suddenly heard some dozen voices exclaim, "Welcome, brother!" At this, Jack Williams turned off, saying: "Come, boys, let's go take a horn; *Bill's done for!*" Bill was "done for," sure enough; and, in about three months, Jack Williams and groggery were "done for," too.

* * * * * *

Three years have elapsed since the occurrence of the events just narrated. The home of the drunkard has been converted from misery to peace and happiness. The children are clothed and at school; the wife prizes her sober husband and boasts of her happy home. The husband has been redeemed through the instrumentality of the wife, and now points with pride to his new cottage. He is now a beautiful and stable pillar in our Temple of Honor.

The parson still continues to take his fashionable glass of wine, and doubtless makes as many converts for hell as heaven.

THE DANGERS OF FLIRTATION.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"The world would hardly be worth living in if it were not for flirtation," exclaimed the gay and thoughtless Isabel Lee, as she laughingly entered her aunt's room.

"I hope you are not serious," she said.

"There is nothing like flirtation!" cried the merry Isabel. "But you look reproachful—angry—"

"O, I am not angry," replied Mrs. Berford, with a melancholy smile.

"But you are displeased?"

"Your words awaken recollections which cause me to feel sad, Isabel; that's all. Sit down here by my side and you shall hear a story of one of my flirtations, which may change your mind."

Isabel sat down, looking thoughtful, and her aunt continued:

"When I was young like you, dear child, I was quite as gay and thoughtless as yourself. I was called a coquette, and, I shame to confess it, gloried in the name, till the occurrence of the painful event I am about to relate.

"Half a dozen times a year I used to visit C—— and spend a week or two in the pleasant society of our friends in that place. I frequently met a pale, handsome, sensitive man, named Gilborne, who paid me very flattering attentions, making me the theme of several poetic effusions, and with whose partiality I was very well pleased.

"I was warned by many well meaning friends against encouraging the addresses of so impulsive a person as Gilborne, who, they said, was more serious than I, and who might end by falling more deeply in love with me than I expected or desired. I laughed at the idea; and finding the attentions of the young poet still agreeable, I continued to receive them till it was too late."

"Too late! how so, aunt?"

"Why, to my astonishment, he one day made a passionate declaration of love and offered me his hand."

"And you did not love him?"

"No, child, I was merely pleased with him. But even then I did not suppose that his love was more than the result of a sudden impulse, which would pass away with my visit to C——. So I respectfully declined his offer, laughed at the idea of marrying at that age, and begged him to dismiss the subject from his mind. On the following day I left C—— and returned home.

"Letters and poetry followed me, breathing the most passionate devotion, and burning with the eloquence of love. They bore no name, but I knew they were from Henry Gilborne—but I was beginning to be very much annoyed. I took counsel with my friends, and resolved to send all future epistles back to him unopened. I returned but two letters in this manner and received no more, but three or four weeks after I received a newspaper, in which there was a sonnet addressed to me under a fictitious name, under his initials. He had discovered a new mode of reaching me with his passionate effusions; and from that time a sonnet or song, signed 'H. G.' came to me in the C—— Gazette nearly every week.

"At this time Mr. Berford was paying me his addresses: he was one of nature's noblemen; frank, generous, firm in what he considered right, and a gentleman in his manners. Having learned a lesson from the unhappy termination of my first flirtations, I received Mr. Berford's attentions in a different manner from what I had been accustomed to do, and in a short time we were married.

"The ceremony took place in the church. I loved Mr. Berford. Gilborne was, at the moment, quite forgotten, and I was perfectly happy. I had not a thought to disturb the peace of my mind—the calm repose of my heart, which I had so willingly, gladly, given away—till, as we were passing from the church, my eyes fell upon a wild, haggard figure, standing near the door.

"It was Gilborne! His face was dreadfully pale, his lips ashy, his eyes gleamed with an unnatural brightness, and he trembled in every limb. I started, uttered a suppressed cry, and, shuddering, clung to my husband's arm. A pang went through my heart; a pang of remorse and dread which I shall never forget.

"'What's the matter?' Edward asked. I could not reply. But he saw my eyes fixed upon the haggard object in the doorway, and he knew why I shuddered, for I had told him something of my unfortunate flirtation.

"'Is that Gilborne?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I murmured.

"By this time all eyes were fixed upon the wretched man. It was not his pale face and wild eyes alone that attracted attention; his dress was disarranged, his long dark hair fell in disordered locks about his cheeks, and his garments were covered with the dust of travel. But while all eyes were fixed upon him, his were fixed on me alone; and, in my alarm and confusion, I felt the blood at first forsake my cheeks, then burn in them like fire.

"Gilborne fell back as we approached the door, and bowed solemnly with his hand on his heart, while we passed out. I was glad to lose sight of him, and I ardently hoped that his passion would be cured.

"But his image, as he stood there in the doorway haunted my brain, and it was many hours before I could compose myself.

"I was beginning, however, to feel at ease again in the midst of our wedding guests, when a domestic came to me to say that a person wished to see me in the hall. Thinking it was some invited friend who had arrived at a late hour, I hastened to the door alone. Imagine my consternation when I saw the wild figure of Gilborne standing before me.

"'How do you do?' he asked, addressing me by my maiden name, 'won't you shake hands with me?'

"I gave him my hand.

"'You tremble,' said he, fixing his wild eyes upon my face. 'You are not afraid of me, I hope?'

"'O, no,' I replied in an agitated voice, for his strange manner frightened me, 'why should I be afraid? come in.'

"'No, thank you; you have company I see, and I make one guest too many. And you see I am not dressed for a party,' said he, glancing at his disordered attire. 'So you must excuse me. Ha! ha! Would n't I cut a pretty figure?'

"'But I cannot talk to you here,' said I.

"'O, I will not detain you a minute. I have——ha! ha! I have a question to ask you, which is really so absurd, when I think of it, that I cannot help laughing. They told me,' he said in a pleasant and confidential tone, 'they told me——ha! ha! think of the absurdity of the thing; they told me that you were married!' and he burst into a wild laugh.

"'I know better,' he continued; 'but they say it is so, and, to satisfy them, I determined to come and ask you, for I suppose you ought to know, if anybody. You are not married; ha! ha! ha! I had such a queer dream; I thought I was standing in the church door, and saw you coming out with your husband, and you would not speak to me. Was n't it queer? and I knew all the time that you would never marry anybody but me. And we are not married yet, are we? But who is here tonight? I never saw you dressed so beautifully before. Ah,' he added, striking his forehead, 'I *dreamed* you were dressed so at your wedding.'

"Thus the wretched man went on, sometimes laughing, and sometimes shedding tears. I knew he was insane; I tried to stop him, but I was too much frightened to speak. In my agitation I took hold of the bell wire and rang. A domestic came and I sent her for Mr. Berford.

"'Berford? who is he?' cried Gilborne, grasping my arm. 'They told me that was the name of your husband! Say, you are—you are *not* married, are you?'

"'Yes, Mr. Gilborne,' I replied, trembling so that I could hardly speak. 'I am married, and here is my husband.'

"To my great relief I saw Mr. Berford advance into the hall. Gilborne started back and fixed his eyes upon my husband with a wild and fierce expression, which caused me to fear for him.

"But Edward was undaunted. Returning Gilborne's gaze with a firm, steady, commanding look, he advanced toward him and demanded what he wanted.

"The dangerous spirit of the insane man was completely subdued. He hung his head and burst into tears.

"'Nothing,' he murmured. 'I want nothing, now. I have been dreaming; I will not trouble you again. May you be happy.'

"He turned and staggered out of the door, and I heard his unsteady footstep die away in the distance.

"'Poor wretch,' muttered Edward, as he kindly took my hand, 'he is to be pitied. But you are agitated! I hope,' he added in an anxious tone, 'you have nothing to blame yourself for in this matter?'

"'I wish I had not,' I exclaimed fervently. 'But, oh, Edward, I feel that I have acted wrong; although, heaven knows, I never intended he should love me.'

"'Well, do not reproach yourself too severely,' he replied in a mournful voice. 'Let us go back to the parlor, and forget what has taken place.'

"We returned together, and Edward's presence alone sustained me for the rest of the evening. Fear, pity and remorse, made my heart faint and my cheek pale, and I was wretched."

"I think I understand your feelings," said Isabel, who had listened with deep interest; "I know how I should have felt under a conviction that any thoughtlessness of mine had ruined a fellow being's happiness—perhaps had shattered his intellect! But you heard from Gilborne again?"

"Listen! He disappeared. For more than a year he was absent, and nobody knew what had become of him. At length there came reports to C—— of a thin, haggard youth, who wandered about the country, begging for his bread from door to door, giving in return for charity the touching songs which he sung in a soft melancholy voice, and the musical tones of an accordeon he carried with him, and which he played with peculiar and feeling skill. Everybody treated him kindly, for, although he was evidently of an insane mind, there was a mildness, a melancholy enthusiasm, about him which won all hearts. Search was made for him. His friends were not mistaken in their suspicions. He was the wandering Gilborne!"

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed Isabel, tears filling her eyes.

"They carried him back to C——. For several weeks he seemed contented to remain at home; but, at length his disposition to wander returned, and he disappeared again.

"One chilly, rainy day, I was sitting alone in my room amusing myself with my first child, then about six months old, when there was a ring at the door. Our domestic had gone out, and, there being nobody in the house but me, I left little Ella playing on the floor, and went to open the door.

"I started back with an exclamation of alarm. Gilborne, drenched with the cold rain, was standing on the steps. My first impulse was of fear, and I would have shut the door in his face, had he not looked up to me and said, in a melancholy voice:

"'It rains: may I come in?'

"I was touched. I held the door open while he entered. There was a fire in the sitting room, and I made him sit down before it to dry his clothes. For ten minutes not a word was spoken by either of us; but his wild eyes followed me about the room wherever I went. I trembled with an indefinable dread, and oh! how ardently I longed to hear the footsteps of Edward in the hall. I tried to speak to the wretched man, but, for some reason, I could not; and his eyes still followed me in silence.

"At length, to my dismay, I heard Ella crying in the next room. Gilborne started.

"'Is that your child?' he asked.

"I trembled as I replied that it was. Turning deadly pale, he started from his seat and approached the room from whence the cry proceeded. Much as I feared him, I caught his arm. The thought that, in a moment of frenzy, he might do violence to my child, made me desperate.

"'You must not go there?' I said. I can hardly tell what followed. I remember that his eyes glared upon me with a momentary blaze of maniac passion, that he pushed me from him, that dizzy sickness came over me, and that I fell upon the floor.

"When I recovered my senses, I saw him bending over my darling Ella, as she lay on the rug gazing up with baby wonder in his face. With a cry of terror I sprang forward. He raised his head. There was no frenzy in his eyes; but tears gushed from them, and, rolling down his sallow cheeks, fell like rain upon the face of my child.

"He kissed her, and, rising from his knees, begged my pardon in a soft and melancholy voice, and words so delicate and touching, that I burst into tears. Before I could speak he was gone."

"How singular!" exclaimed Isabel.

"From that day Gilburne's insanity disappeared. He is now a minister in C——."

"Is that the man—the pious, benevolent, mild preacher, whom everybody loves so well?"

"The same. He turned to Heaven the affections which were thrown away upon my unworthy self. I believe he is happy; but, even now, when I hear of thoughtless flirtations, I am pained by the reflections they call up."

"But they seldom have such a melancholy termination, dear aunt," timidly suggested Isabel.

"True. Disappointments in love generally leave sorrow in the heart without shattering the brain. But there are beings of such fine, sensitive natures, that the health of both the mind and body depends upon the soundness of their affection."

Isabel bowed her head to hide a blush and a tear; and from that day she was never known to indulge in thoughtless flirtations.—*Camden Phenix.*

SKETCHES FROM MEMORY.

BY MARION HARLAND.

THE FOOTPRINT.

> "I dreamt not that the world would hold
> So much to make the spirit ache."—E. Cook.

One pleasant afternoon in September, about—no, I'll not say how many years ago, for reasons of my own which will appear presently—it was a September day, then, and each leaf of the rock maple before the window was edged with red and purple, as if the graceful thing, like other beauties, wished to ascertain the effect of her new dress, before arraying herself in it entirely. The air came softly in, burdened with the aromatic, fruity odor it had stolen in its passage through the spacious orchard; but at that open casement it kissed a cheek of a softer velvet and more delicate bloom than the sunniest peach, and stirred ringlets that curled with all the natural grace, without the stiffness, of grape tendrils. Ada Merton was in those days the embodiment of my ideal of the beautiful and good. I viewed her, it is true, with the partial eyes of a loving child; but I was not alone in my admiration; and while in my mind she still stands pre-eminent—the standard by which all other beauties are judged—I never hear her name mentioned, by those who remember her well, unless when linked with some remark upon her uncommon personal attractions. The day had been warm, and that might have accounted satisfactorily for the slight languor expressed by the snowy lids, half concealing those unfathomable, hazel eyes, into which one might look forever and not weary, so truthful and eloquent was their report of the soul to which they were the portals. The carmine of her cheek, too, was a little deeper than usual; and once or twice I felt the fingers I held in mine tremble. I have said that, in my admiration, I was not singular; and, on the present occasion, my upward gaze was not more ardent than the downward regards of a gentleman, who stood at the oposite side of the window. I was then a spoiled child of twelve, saucy and willful, ever ready to peril neck and limb, if need was, for the sake of those I loved, or to obtain my reasonable share of fun.

I liked Will Dorman: he never brought me sugar plums or nuts, as did some of the many beaux who thronged the house during Ada's visit, or patted me on the head, as if I were a child instead of a young lady in her teens; for, although mamma had as yet taken out but two "tucks" in my short dresses, my ideas had far outgrown my stature. Ada made a companion of me, and she was sixteen—Will did the same, *malgre* the weight of twenty-three years and a pair of magnificent whiskers. I had done him many a good turn out of gratitude, such as proposing a forest walk or "berrying," during which I was sure to keep the rest of the company busily employed; anything to effect a diversion of attention from my "couple." Once I dexterously upset the loaded baskets which had been piled in pyramidal form, while we lunched; at another, tore my own dress in so deplorable a manner, that the entire store of threads, pins, etc., generally carried in case of accidents, was exhausted to repair the damage. I was, however, a cheerful sufferer, and Will took care that no blame should fall upon me from the quarter I most dreaded—my mother's reproving glance.

It so happened that on this particular afternoon, I was not in a very amiable mood; I had been made a convenience of long enough; there was no reason why I should not enjoy Ada's society as well as Mr. Dorman, and I kept my seat upon the footstool, leaned my head against the arm of Ada's chair, and looked up, half-worshiping, into her face. Will gave me several hints, each one more pointed than that which preceded it; but they only excited my indignation. Around Ada's rosebud mouth a roguish smile played for a second, and feeling assured from this that my presence gave her no uneasiness, I remained stubbornly unmovable. Then the gentleman tried another tack; he teazed me about a certain medical student, with a complexion like that of an ill-made tallow candle, and tow-like locks, that reminded one of the wick to said luminary. This interesting young gentleman was wont to regale my ears every Saturday night with a serenade, consisting of "Bonny Doon," "Life let us Cherish," and, as the witching midnight hour came on, "From Greenland's icy mountains"—by way, I suppose, of getting my mind into a fit frame for the next day's exercise. I hated the very sound of his name, and no one knew better how to touch this tender point than did Will; but now I was proof against even this. As my tormentor concluded a home thrust, he bent slightly forward and peeped into my face. I replied to this impertinence by a quizzical look, at which he laughed, colored a little, and turned to the prospect without. Meanwhile, Ada began talking to me in a soft tone, at the same time stroking my brown elf-locks caressingly with her white hand.

"Did you ever hear the legend connected with that blasted pine?" asked Will presently.

"No—what pine?" she inquired, rising so as to get a better view.

"There—do you see upon the summit of that hill, something that looks like a white bristle against the sky?"

She shook her head, smilingly. "Just over that clump of trees, to the left of Mrs. Thompson's chimney." Still she looked in vain.

"You are wearying you eyes," he added, sympathizingly; now if I only had my spy-glass! I lent it to the overseer this morning."

"I'll get it," exclaimed I eagerly; "only do n't tell the story till I get back." He promised, and I was off like the wind.

The house of the overseer was an eighth of a mile from the family residence; but the distance was speedily traversed, the glass procured, and in an incredible short space of time I returned, flushed and panting, to the parlor. I stopped at the door, Ada had doubtless found the pine, and Will forgotten his promise to me. He had taken her hand, and, in impassioned tones, was pouring forth words that vied with each other in fire and earnestness. The listener's cheeks were crimson, and both were too deeply engaged to see poor little me; so, noiselessly laying my burden upon a chair, I withdrew, somewhat fretted and terribly mortified at being thus fairly out generaled.

I was sauntering along the garden walk, when I heard the gate close, and immediately afterward a well-known voice greeting me. It was Harry Norwood—merry, rattling Harry—the favorite, yet plague of all—agreeable in spite of his raillery, and sensible enough to excite the fears of those who would not else have dreaded him as a rival. He had been my "aid and comfort" in sundry plots and scrapes, and at once the thought occurred to me, that I might pay my debt to Will with the coin I should obtain from Harry. We chatted awhile, when he mentioned that he had called to invite us to a lecture, which was to be delivered that evening in the so-called "Town Hall" of the village.

"Will Miss Ada go?" he asked.

"I think so—I wish you would ask her, Harry."

"Is not Dorman here? I should not like to interfere," was the reply.

"But you *must*. He knows nothing of the lecture; I will call them out, and while I engage his attention, do you offer yourself as escort to her. I owe Will one, and you can help me. Think how disconcerted he will look, when he finds that you have been before him." Harry laughed, and the matter was settled. I managed to keep Will in ignorance of the proposed evening amusement till supper. It was talked of at the table, and I detected an attempt, on his part, to catch Ada's eye, as he inquired whether we were going. He did not succeed in this, and his effort to gain her ear for an instant, as the meal was concluded, was equally futile. So he had to fall back upon the last hope of reaching us before Harry, as we came into the hall bonneted for the walk. There was a party of six or eight, and Ada and I were in the rear of the others. Will walked up with a very confident air: "Shall I have the pleasure?" but his extended arm was not taken. At the same instant in which Ada sweetly "believed she was engaged to Mr. Norwood," Harry, from the other side, made known his claim. Will, in one sweeping bow, made his apology and his retreat; but all he could summon up of politeness and self-control, failed to conceal his chagrin. Harry's eyes met mine, and I was revenged. I do not know whether or not Will suspected my agency in his disappointment, but he waited on me with his usual kindness. He was rather silent and grave, however, and once or twice started as Harry's voice or the laugh of his companion fell upon his ear. Gradually these sounds grew more faint, and Will slackened his pace as they died away. Harry had maneuvered so as to be the last in the procession, a little stratagem, well known to most young people, who have particular reasons for avoiding eaves-droppers. They must have walked very slowly, for they did not reach the Hall till we had been seated full five minutes. My fit of pique had, by this time, given way to one of repentance. A new fear came into my mind: "Suppose Ada should prefer Harry to Will in good earnest." The latter was a sad tease at times, and imposed too much upon my good nature; but I had for a long time intended him for the husband of my favorite. I looked at Harry, and he had never before seemed so handsome; my excited imagination found grace in every movement, fascination in each feature. The danger was imminent, demanding prompt and decisive action; I forsook my new ally, and enlisted again, heart and soul, under my former colors. "Will," whispered I, as the crowd slowly dispersed; "do you notice Harry? he thinks to get in the rear again, and will wait here till we go. I'll circumvent him—shall I?" A pressure of the hand denoted assent. We walked carelessly past them, and a glance over my shoulder, as we went through the door, told me that they were following in our wake. "This way," said I, and we re-entered the hall, by another entrance, just as they left it. A moment later, we were descending the stairs directly behind them. Neither of us spoke till we had cleared the village and entered a romantic grove beyond. Harry was very voluble in his criticism upon the lecture, and evidently exerted his best powers of pleasing. His gait became more and more deliberate, and I thought it best to hurry him. My address to him, although but a commonplace remark upon the beauty of the night, made him start as though a pistol had been fired off at his ear, while Will shook with convulsive, silent laughter. It is needless to remark, that our pace was somewhat accelerated after this discovery on Harry Norwood's part, as to who his neighbors were.

"You are a dear little witch, May," said Will, as we arrived at home; "and I hope that you will get a fond and true lover of your own, some of these days."

"What put that into your head just now?" I questioned, mischievously; but a gentle pinch, and a laughing "pshaw!" were my only answers. We all sat in the parlor for half an hour, and my brain was again busily at work. I felt it to be incumbent upon me to give Will the interview, out of which he had been cheated by my counterplotting. How was this to be managed? Harry would leave soon, of course; but there were papa and mamma, aunt Ruth and cousin John, besides my sister, all older than myself, and therefore privileged to sit up later. I knew that my presence would be no restraint, provided I was out of ear-shot, and to clear the room of the rest was now my aim. "Harry," said I, "did you not say something about a hunting party for the swamp?" (a noted hunting ground in the neighborhood.)

"Yes, and that reminds me that I have still some arrangements to make. We set out early to-morrow morning."

"Stay," said cousin John, breathless—I knew the word *hunt* would be enough for him.

"A party—who are they? Is the company made up? How long will you be absent? 'Pon my word, I should like to go."

Harry proposed that they should walk down into the village together, and talk it over, and off they went. John returned before long, but retired at once to his room to prepare his sporting apparatus.

"You are sleepy, aunt Ruth," was my next attack, as the old lady suppressed a yawn, to which she had been unconsciously provoked by the extraordinary exhibitions of tongue, teeth and palate, that I had been making behind my fan, unseen by all but her.

"I believe I am, honey."

"Do let me get your light; we can slip out unnoticed—'early to bed and early to rise,' you know. You are one of the few who practice that rule, aunt; you know the wisdom of it."

Doubtless the worthy dame's vanity (for what woman has not some?) supplied the "healthy, and happy, and wise," at which I had only hinted—I did not care to lay it on too thickly.

Mamma soon ascended to her guest's chamber, to see that she was comfortable. Papa, "guessed that, as he was no longer one of the young folks, they would excuse his retiring;" and my sister, with a woman's tact, and probably recalling some passage in her own experience, pleaded "letters to write," and left me "to entertain Ada and Mr. Dorman." With an undisguised yawn, even more outrageous than those with which I had favored Aunt Ruth, I declared to those thus committed to my charge, that they might talk, if they pleased, for my part. The sofa was, just then, more interesting than their society. I hoped they would arouse me if I should be so impolite as to snore, etc.

Will arranged the cushions of my resting place, which was in a shaded corner, and the one most remote from their window; and, as he bent over me, again repeated, gratefully,

"You *are* a dear little witch, May."

My reader will think that "pert little girl" would have been more truthful; and I can assure him of my acquiescence in this sage opinion.

"Pleasant dreams," added Will, aloud, as he returned to Ada.

And I did dream, but not at first with closed eyes. The voices of the lovers were so low, that I could not have heard a word of their conversation had I been disposed to listen; but I watched them with delighted interest. She, almost angelic in her perfect beauty—he, so manly and intelligent.

"What a fine looking couple—and to think of my having been one of the means of bringing them together!" I fairly hugged myself in self-gratulation. How fast Will talks. What can he find to say? And Ada does not appear weary in the least. I have heard that the course of true love never runs smooth. But their case will be an exception to that rule, I am sure. Nothing evil can befall one so lovely and good as she is; and he would be faithful even unto death. It must be very pleasant to be loved so passionately. I wonder what Will meant by *that* wish about me. I blushed at my own fancies; and, in the midst of my ramblings, fell asleep. How long I slumbered I cannot say, but I was partially awakened by Ada's voice.

"Do not urge me, Will. It is best for both of our sakes. I fear you have been hasty, and would save you pain and perplexity. Two months is a short probation" ——

"Two centuries!" he interrupted.

"You will find the time pass quickly while you are away," she rejoined. "At the end of that period you shall have an answer. Can you not wait for me a little while?"

"But, Ada, this cruel suspense."

"No more," interposed she, hastily. "Good night, Will. Heaven bless you."

These last sentences had been spoken directly above my couch, and Ada now touched me. "May, dear!" she called. I opened my eyes. "It is time for us to go to our room." Without a word, I arose. Will had disappeared—nor was his name mentioned again that night by either of us.

The next morning he was to leave us for his home. We were all sorry to have him go; but he hinted at the probability of a re-union before many months should elapse; and I, at least, understood the allusion.

Ada's return was to take place in a day or two; but, as she lived but a few miles distant, we should see her frequently. That afternoon we strolled out together to "my tree"—as I proudly called a magnificent oak that reared its symmetrical form far above the "scrubs" and undergrowth, by which it was surrounded. The circular clearing, shaded by its branches, was my boudoir, study and play-room; and no monarch's state drawing-room could have been fairer in my eyes. Ada had long since been admitted as a welcome guest into this sanctum; and now, sitting upon the gnarled roots, we talked of many things—past, present, and to come. She spoke of our friendship.

"You do not know how dearly I love you, May."

"Not half so well as I do you," said I—the tears starting to my eyes. "Then, too, my affection will be more enduring than yours. Another will supplant me in your heart, I am afraid."

"You wrong me," she began, but her voice faltered. She averted her face for an instant, and went on in a gayer tone. "The future shall decide."

"The future," repeated I, thoughtfully. "How does it look to you, Ada?"

"Bright—all bright!" she replied, with a blush and smile that fairly irradiated her countenance. "I say this to you, dear. To no one else have I yet confessed it. Not even to ——"

Again a pause, embarrassing to both; and I was half glad to hear the distant tones of the supper bell.

"There," said I, as we sprang to our feet, "you have not yet carved your name upon my tree; and this may be your last visit to it before you go home."

"I have not time now," she said; "and you must be content with some less durable souvenir."

She looked around, as she spoke, and her eye rested upon the tender, green moss of my carpet. The earth had been moistened by a recent shower, and, selecting a smooth spot at the foot of the tree, she pressed her little foot firmly into the yielding soil. It retained a perfect and beautiful impression.

"See," she cried gleefully, "you can now play Robinson Crusoe—solitude, savages, footprint and all."

"Say rather that it will make me think of footsteps of angels," I responded.

When I awoke next morning, Ada still slept. I raised myself upon my elbow, and gazed at her, as she lay unconscious of every thing in the waking world. The exquisite fairness of her skin was her chief beauty; or that which would have been most admired at first sight. Upon the temples, it was almost transparent—allowing the delicate net-work of veins to be seen, like the blue streams of Switzerland's mountains, partly vailed, yet rendered more beautiful by their robe of pearly mist. Her hair had escaped from its confinement, and rolled in shining waves down upon her shoulders. One hand was buried in it, the other thrown above her head. It was not till I noticed this that her position struck me as being uneasy, and her countenance troubled. I replaced the hand by its fellow; but the movement disturbed her. She murmured some inarticulate words, and awoke with a start.

"Is it you?" she asked languidly—then

falling back upon her pillow, put her hand to her head.

"Does it ache?" I inquired.

"Yes; I am afraid I am about to have one of my sick headaches. You know they are frequent."

"What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you. To keep quiet is the only remedy."

I dressed in silence; with my own hands arranged the chamber, closed the blinds, and went down stairs on tiptoe.

"Mamma sends you a cup of tea, dear Ada," said I, as she unclosed her eyes on my re-entrance.

"I am much obliged to her."

But she could not drink. After a vain trial, she returned it to me: "Not now—when I am better."

Seriously alarmed, I felt her pulse. I was only an ignorant child, but I knew that its tumultuous beat was not that of health; and her flesh was burning. My mother instantly repaired to the sick-room upon hearing my report, and, in the course of the forenoon, sent off two messengers—one for Mrs. Merton, the other for our physician. Dr. Tilson arrived first, and my heart sank within me, as I watched his serious face, after examination of the case. Mrs. Merton, however, seemed less anxious. Ada had frequent attacks of this kind. In a few hours she would be well again. If she could only sleep, she would get over it the sooner. She led the way into another room, and began a conversation upon commonplace topics. To do her justice, I must say, that what appeared then to be indifference was only ignorance. She afterward proved herself a tender mother and an unwearying nurse.

Toward evening the fever subsided. Ada held out her hand to me as she saw me standing by the bed, smiled and chatted, and even laughed several times at my nonsense.

"You see I was correct in my opinion," said Mrs. Merton; and I assented with a bounding spirit. But the morrow brought increase of febrile symptoms, accompanied by slight delirium. The doctor had looked grave at his first visit, and now shook his head ominously. I overheard his confidential whisper to mother—"*congestive fever*"—and saw her look of alarm. I have learned since to dread it as much as she did then. Day after day the same scenes were repeated, still no members of Ada's family seemed uneasy, except her father. An invalid himself, he insisted upon seeing his favorite child.

Poor Ada! how she exerted herself during that interview. He was too much moved to utter more than a few sentences of endearment; and she strove to cheer him.

"Indeed, I am much better, papa. So well that I wished to go home to-day. But that tyrannical doctor will not allow it. I am resolved to leave him next week—next Friday, I think. Yes, I *know* I shall go home on Friday."

She was much exhausted, and lay very quietly for a long while after he had gone; then turned her face to the wall and wept. She had forgotten my presence, and I thought it best to retire. When I again sought her room, she was composed; although the tears hung in beads upon her lashes.

"May," she said presently, "are we alone?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"Come closer to me."

I obeyed. She drew from her finger a richly carved ring.

"I may not get well, May."

"My darling, sweetest Ada ——"

"Hush, love. I feel that my days on earth are almost spent. It is hard, *too* hard, for me to leave this life. I am so young—so happy—and have very, very much to live for. Yet, if it be His will——"—and she looked reverently upward—"I bow meekly to the decree. My father will soon follow me. My mother will not be separated from us very long. But there is one ——"

She struggled hard with the rising emotion; but the woman's heart would have its way, and she was again overcome. Sobbing, I laid my cheek to hers, and we mingled our tears.

"Give this to him," she continued, as soon as she could speak, "and say that I *love* him—that indifference had no part in causing my hesitation when he would have had me promise to be his—that my heart was even then aching to pour out its wealth of devotion. I feared, lest his impetuosity had hurried him into a measure which he might repent. I feared *myself*, too; I am little more than a child, weak and inexperienced, and unworthy—his inferior in all things except love. My affection is stronger than death. I would not have him forget me, even after I have passed away. Tell him that this is our betrothal ring. We are pledged for time and for eternity. O, Father!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in passsionate supplication, "be thou his guide! May the memory of my love lead him to thee, the source of love and peace. One thing more, May," she said, "should I recover, what has passed must ever be locked in your own breast."

I bowed my head, too awed to speak. Nothing further ever passed between us with regard to this matter; and, although greatly excited at the time, my apprehensions, in a measure, passed away. I could not believe that Ada would die—others did not think so—or the subdued, yet not melancholy countenances which watched around her couch, would be convulsed with anguish, the soft whispers be exchanged for shrieks and bitter lamentations. The mother would have clasped her sinking treasure to her heart, and forcibly wrested her from the grasp of death. I knew nothing then of the lesson of self-control and self-forgetfulness, that love learns from affliction.

Thursday morning came, and again she said that she should "go home on Friday." But now it was in the wanderings of delirium, and the mother shuddered as the broken sentence came gaspingly forth from the fever-dried lips. Hour "dragged its slow length" after hour, and she noted neither the lapse of time nor the increasing sadness that brooded, like a dark shadow of evil, in the chamber. Just as the sun was setting, a tall form darkened the doorway. It was one who had been a constant visitor since the first day of her illness. He took hold of one of the wasted hands.

"Ada, it is your pastor," said her mother.

A faint smile broke the rigidity of the already stiffening muscles—the fringed curtains of the eyes were lifted for the last time. Surely, among the many precious rewards of his faithful ministrations, that last gleam of recognition from one hovering upon the confines of eternity—nearer to heaven than to earth—was not the least grateful. Night came over the earth; from that hitherto silent chamber broke a scream of intense agony—sorrow that would bear no comfort.

The mother was borne from the room; and the rest hushed their mourning, as the trumpet tones of the pastor went up like a song after victory:

"O, God! we thank thee that thou hast taken her whom thou did'st love from this world of sin and wo, to share the bliss of thy heavenly kingdom."

I have heard many prayers since, in times of sore distress—in times of peril and fear—in times of rejoicing—but never one that so carried my soul along with it as did that. I soared with the newly-released spirit, and exulted at the removal of its earthly shackles. Star after star we left below us, and heaven was gained. Then the joyful welcomings of the redeemed—and, sweeter than all, the Redeemer's plaudit:

"Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

I had never been so near to death before; and wonder at the strange beauty its presence gave to the inanimate form. I could not tear myself away; even after the household had settled into repose, I stole into the chamber of the dead. I drew back the sheet from the marble forehead. The lips were slightly apart, and the pearly teeth disclosed in a smile, as if she were dreaming—a happy dream of youth and love. Of *love*—"poor, poor Will!" the tears that it seemed wrong to shed for *her*, now so blest, flowed for *him*. *She went home on Friday!* The funeral was like a confused dream. I have a faint remembrance of the father's white hairs, as he leaned his head upon the coffin—of a sister's overwhelming grief—of the heart-rending wail of the negroes, as their pride and idol was thus brought back to them. But more distinctly than all, I remember the whisper that, arising from my inmost soul, filled my whole being with sadness—"*Poor, poor Will!*"

The next day I wandered, heart-sick and lonely, to "my tree," and there, as plain as if just made, was her foot-print. I had seen her die with less emotion than was called up by that simple impress. She stood beside me in her matchless loveliness. Her voice floated upon my ear and over the finest chords of my spirit. I threw myself upon the moss with a burst of uncontrollable sorrow. It was as if she, around whom my heart had grown so closely, had been again suddenly, cruelly torn from me. Her friendship, her sweet caresses, all came back to me. What was life without Ada? Like a flash of sunlight penetrating into a tomb, I recalled my lightly uttered words—"footsteps of angels." I wept no more; but the stars came out and found me sitting beside that footprint.

There are times which stamp their memory upon the soul, and make themselves, as it were, partakers of its immortality—and such was that hour of lonely musing.

Years have rolled by since then. New scenes, new friends, found a place in my thoughts and heart—but, distinct as when made upon the plastic mind of the child, and as lasting as if carved upon indestructible marble, is the image of the seraph so soon called to plume her flight to her home. I know that it is not so with others. With pain and shame I speak of one, whom I last saw at the bridal of a friend, and when I looked for at least a passing shade of regretful recollection, he laughed most loudly, and pledged the bride's health, while, upon the hand that held the goblet sparkled the betrothal ring. The face of the young wife was gentle and womanly, and the full eyes, timidly lifted to his as she acknowledged the compliment, were a soft brown; but they had not the liquid radiance of my Ada's. The hair was of the same shade as that of a silken tress which is often pressed to my lips and heart, yet was thin and lusterless when compared with that, through whose rippling flow I had so often swept my fingers in playful dalliance. Could it be that no thoughts such as these agitated the depths of his heart, although upon the surface the bubbles of gayety and wit drifted and glittered? As the solemn words were said: "Those whom God hath joined let no man put assunder," did not one memory pierce his bosom of her from whom death had sundered him—of a lonely grave where slept his betrothed?

But still the glass went round, and the poison for which he had already sacrificed so much, was poured forth at his request. For him, I mourn in hopeless grief. The rich buds that gave promise of such glorious fruition have perished on the stem. For her, I can take up the pastor's words: "I thank Thee, O Father!" Her love was stronger than death. Had she lived, he would have crushed it out from her heart.

Dear reader, my story of "by-gone hours," commenced in mirth, has ended in gloom. It is as if upon the sun-lit waters of my spirit the gray gloaming had descended, clothing all things in its somber hue. Without, the November rain falls heavily. Not the merry patter of the spring shower, or the roar of the summer storm, but the clouds weep large, slow-falling tears, such as the heart sheds above the memory of treasures lost—those graves of the affection that line the path over which we have passed. Happy is he who can find here and there the footprint of an angel to lead his thoughts above.—*Southern Era.*

THE EMIGRANT FAMILY; OR, THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

BY MARY S. B. SHINDLER (LATE MRS. DANA).

It was just about the hour of noon, on a clear winter's day, when a stanch vessel, which had weathered several severe Atlantic storms, approached, with all sails set, the noble harbor of Charleston, South Carolina. The ship was crowded with passengers, young and old, rich and poor, joyful and sad—a heterogeneous mass of human beings. Upon the quarter-deck stood many a merry group, who, having just thrown aside their motley sea attire, and dressed themselves in clean and wholesome shore equipments, could scarcely restrain the buoyancy of spirits called forth by the occasion. Many, after a longer or shorter sojourn in foreign lands, were now returning home to greet their numerous friends, while others were eagerly anticipating the pleasure of a speedy introduction to novel scenes and new and valuable acquaintances.

The pilot, who was to conduct the vessel over the somewhat dangerous bar at the entrance of the harbor, had jumped aboard from his little craft about an hour before, and was now strutting to and fro with a consequential air, in all the pride of absolute authority, and giving his incessant orders with a voice so stentorian that it might almost have been mistaken for the thunder of great Jupiter himself.

But neither with the passengers of the quarter-deck, nor with the consequential, round-bodied little pilot, has this veracious history anything to do; and, therefore, turning our backs as civilly as may be upon *le bon ton* of the vessel, we will straightway introduce ourselves into the steerage, and look about us as well as the darkness will allow. We do not propose to favor our readers with any specimens of "high life below stairs," "romance in humble life," or the like, but intend to deliver "a plain, unvarnished tale," and relate circumstances none the less interesting for being natural and unembellished.

In the gloomy recesses of the steerage, a scene of the same nature with that which had already been enacted in the cabin was now going forward, only in an aggravated form. There was scrubbing and scolding, there was combing and cursing, there was dressing and drubbing. Obstreperous little ones, who evidently did not understand the character of the times upon which they had fallen, nor comprehend the reasons why they should not still be allowed to enjoy their liberty and revel in their accustomed filth, gave loud and hearty tokens of their wounded sensibilities, and danced, and kicked, and screamed, with continually increasing vigor, battling manfully for their hitherto-accorded rights, and heroically disputing every inch of ground.

Yet, amid this scene of dire confusion, there were some calm hearts and composed, though care-worn, countenances. There was one family, consisting of seven persons, which a discriminating observer would immediately have singled out from all the rest. Amid the general turmoil, their quiet demeanor, and the look of lofty resignation which sat upon their faces, could not fail to attract, nay, even to rivet, the attention of the bystander. We shall, for the sake of convenience, bestow upon them the fictitious name of Clarke. There were, as I have said, seven persons, the father and mother, one daughter of seventeen, and four boys, of the ages of nine, seven, four, and two years, respectively. They were an Irish family, possessing all the lofty enthusiasm of their countrymen, together with more than a common share of quiet, unostentatious fortitude. The mother was one of a thousand; for, though the father was by no means destitute of a strong and lofty tone of character, she it was especially, who, like a ministering angel, comforted them in sorrow, strengthened them in weakness, and aroused them from despondency. Possessing, naturally, a superior mind, she had secured for herself a remarkably solid education, and thus appeared far above the humble station in which she was now moving. She was indisputably the main-stay of the family, their unyielding bulwark. We shall hereafter learn the secret of her strength.

Among the passengers, there was yet another of a somewhat different stamp; but our history includes him likewise. Patrick Mulligan was a free-hearted, open-handed, high-souled young man; a genuine Irishman, unsuspecting and improvident, possessing far more heart than head, far more heartiness than heedfulness. You could not help liking Patrick, as you looked upon his open, ruddy Irish face; and, especially, as you gazed into his round, clear Irish eye (that peculiar eye, so characteristic of the nation), the heart of the spectator, if he had a heart, would unconsciously go forth to greet him. In his own country he had been a neighbor of the Clarkes: and now, both father and mother being dead, he had joined their fortunes, and was cared for by Mrs. Clarke as if he had been her own dear son.

She found him wild and wayward, it is true; but what cannot judicious *kindness* accomplish? It was Mrs. Clarke's fervent belief that nothing could stand before it; that no heart, however wickedly disposed, *could* resist its constant influence. Now, this Patrick Mulligan was the undeclared lover of Bridget Clarke.

So now behold the vessel arrived; all her passengers ashore; all quietness where, so late, confusion reigned supreme. The Clarke family, with young Mulligan, had domesticated themselves in obscure lodgings in that portion of the city called "the Neck." Nor were they without their sufferings. A succession of misfortunes had befallen them, both before and since they left their country; bad crops, long sicknesses, and corresponding doctor's bills; deaths, funeral expenses; and, finally, a shipwreck, with its terrible losses—all these had come upon them, so that now they found themselves in a strange land, destitute of even the necessaries of life.

But they lost no time, and wasted no strength in complaining: this would have been madness, nay, suicide; and, so far from helping them out of their troubles, would have been an infinite aggravation to them. If work was anywhere to be had, they were determined to find it; and, when they had found it, faithfully and cheerfully to do it. But where were they to procure employment? To whom were they to apply? It was not the case in Charleston, as in the northern cities, that the poor, in their extremity, could wend their way to intelligence offices, and perchance find employment. So they knew not what steps to take; but, "at any rate," they said among themselves, "we can but try." "The man who *tries*," said Mrs. Clarke, "has already more than half succeeded." Accordingly, one morning, after a poor and scanty breakfast, Mr. Clarke and Patrick sallied forth together in search of work.

Meanwhile, the mother took her seat upon a log by the empty fireplace—for chair or fire had they not—and patiently darned and patched the whole long morning through; occasionally raising her eyes to give a look of encouragement to Bridget and the boys, who were poring over a few tattered books, and trying their best to teach and to be taught. By-and-by, the alloted tasks being over, the boys threw aside their books, and tried, for their mother's sake, to get up one of their merry plays. Still the morning wore heavily away. The sensation of hunger is no very pleasant one; and this, considering what they had eaten for the three preceding days, they could not help feeling. Yet Hope whispered to them all, "By-and-by, our absent ones will return; and who knows what good tidings they may bring?" Twelve o'clock arrived—they could plainly hear the strokes of a neighboring clock—one, two, three o'clock had come, and they had not returned. Mrs. Clarke looked pale and exhausted, but calmly resolute. No human eye could discern the conflict in her soul, the obstinately intruding anxieties, the frightful imaginings, nor the strong resolving, the earnest petitioning. She pressed her pale lips closely together, and strove to smile.

At length, at night-fall, came the wanderers home; but they brought nothing with them—nothing, not even hope; Mrs. Clarke was obliged, as usual, to console and encourage them all. "Never mind," said she, "let us go supperless to bed; we may get something to do to-morrow."

"Always to-morrow! always to-morrow!" said her husband quite impatiently, as he sat on one end of the log, and buried his face in his hands; "to-morrow will not help us to live to-day!"

The children, poor little creatures, controlled their emotions manfully for a time; but, hearing now their father's complaining tones, they all began to cry, though silently and without any ostentation.

"You had better go to the baker's at the corner, father," said Mrs. Clarke, addressing her husband; "tell him frankly our sufferings, and entreat him, for the love of Heaven, to let us have a loaf to keep the children from starving. Tell him we 'll be sure to pay him some time or other: for God has not utterly forsaken us, and we 'll come out of our trouble yet."

"Mother, I cannot!" replied the husband. "The dark hour is on me now, and I have not the heart to speak to a human being."

"Well, I have, father," said Mrs. Clarke, soothingly, and yet decidedly. "I 'll go to the baker's myself. Sit you there, honey, and do what you can to keep the children warm. Do n't cry, darlings; mother 'll come back soon, and, maybe, fetch a loaf of bread with her."

So saying, she departed, wrapping, ere she went, an old, faded blanket-shawl around the two youngest children, as they sat huddled together on the floor. Many prayers went with her; for, as I said before, she was the ministering angel of the family, and always inspired them with strength for the present, and hope for the future. It was Saturday night, and there was a crowd of people in the baker's shop; but she resolutely entered, and took her stand to wait her turn for being served. There was that about her, however, which, at first sight, inspired respect; and so the shopman soon addressed her with,

"Well, madam, what will you have?"

"I would have *bread* for my starving children," replied the woman; "but, sir, I have no money. Let me have some bread," she continued, her voice beginning to falter—"let me have some bread, for the love of Heaven, and I 'm sure we 'll be able to pay you hereafter. If not, God will reward those who help the needy."

The shopman looked at her sternly, and shook his head; but he quailed before the agonized glance of her searching eye.

"No," he said, at length; "I work hard to support my own family, and I have nothing to give to beggars."

Mrs. Clarke drew herself up to her full height, and replied, firmly, though without the slightest appearance of resentment,

"I am no beggar, sir. I ask you for bread, with the promise of future payment, if not from me, from Heaven."

She spoke with all the eloquence of unmitigated agony, and her eye kindled as she raised her thin, pale hand to Heaven. The crowd had unconsciously gathered around her, and were watching the scene with the most intense interest; for there is something in genuine feeling which at once finds its way to the universal human heart.

The baker seemed to waver in his stern resolution, and laid his hand upon a loaf of bread which was upon the shelf; but his evil genius was soon again at work.

"I cannot do it," at length he said, "I 've been imposed upon so many times, that I have been obliged to make a rule not to give to people whom I do not know. I would not be doing justice to my family, if I gave a loaf of bread to every body who chose to ask for it."

Mrs. Clarke said nothing for a moment; but, at length, she replied,

"O, sir! may you never know what it is to ask for a morsel in God's name, and be refused! But, sir," she continued, "I cannot even now believe that you are in earnest; I cannot think that you will let us starve! For the love of God, sir, do not send me empty away!"

She had conquered! The baker took three large loaves from his shelf and handed them to her, while she, with her eyes now full of tears, could only articulate, "God bless you, sir!"

Heaven helps those who help themselves. As Mrs. Clarke turned to leave the shop, more than one kind hand was stretched forth with its offering. Some offered money, and some offered bread. Having enough for present necessities, however, she declined these offerings with many thanks.

"But," added she, "we are strangers, and do not know where to get employment. If you can help us to get work, we will thank and bless you."

And then, having given information where they could be found, in case any one had work to give them—such work as could be done by men, women or children—she bowed kindly to all around her, and quickly sought her home.

Over the short space between the baker's shop and her humble dwelling, she rather flew than walked. O, what relief and joy was she carrying to her household! How quickly the children dried their tears, and ran to ease her of her precious burden!

"God is always with you, mother," said her husband. "What is the reason you never fail in that which you set out to do?"

"Because, father," she replied, "I endeavor to be always sure that I am doing what is right; and that assurance gives me courage. I nearly came home to-night, though, without any bread."

"But you put your trust in God, mother," said the husband, "*and made another trial.* Was n't that the way?"

"Yes, I have strong faith in God, and *in man, too,*" replied the wife. "It is because we do not expect to find goodness in our fellow-men, and do not encourage its development, that we no oftener find it. In more senses than one, I believe that 'he that seeketh findeth.' If a man seeks for evil in his fellow-men, he is sure to find it; and, on the other hand, if he seeks and expects goodness, that finds he likewise. I would not lose my faith in human nature for the world; it has carried me through many a discouraging encounter. But I never yet have found the heart that had not some soft, tender spot about it, which could be reached by judicious means."

"You never gave *me* up, Mrs. Clarke," chimed in Patrick Mulligan, munching, meanwhile, a crust of bread. "You never gave me up, though every body else did. If it had not been for your unwearied patience, your kindness, *your trust in me* when there seemed little ground for trust, where would I be now? What would I be? Och, Pat, my darlin'! ye owe ivrything to Mrs. Clarke!"

"I begin to think you are right, mother," said Mr. Clarke, "in thinking better of men than I do. I begin to think your philosophy is a sounder one than mine; at all events, it brings forth better fruits. I have some faith in God—but very little, I confess, in men."

"Now, father," said Mrs. Clarke, "I'll tell you how I reason about it. Man was originally made in the image of his Creator, and it becomes us to do all *we* can to restore that lost or hidden likeness. Now, I am constantly on the watch for it; I believe it is there, though so unquestionably dimmed, nay, almost effaced. By continually addressing myself to the principle of goodness, if there is the smallest remnant of it left, I am sure to find it. We are now in a strange land; but, I tell you, we shall find friends, and rise yet out of this gloomy abyss into which we seem to have fallen. I am sure of it. Even this night I have seen indications of it; and, depend upon it, on Monday morning, some of those kind persons I saw in the baker's shop will come to offer us employment and the means of living. Ah, my children!" she continued, turning to the little group, who, having satisfied their appetites, were gazing earnestly into their mother's speaking countenance, "ah, my children, the secret of all the success I have ever had in life has been *my faith in God and in my fellow-men;* and just so far as I have lost this compound, though not inharmonious, faith, has my evil star been in the ascendant."

NOTE.—I am happy to be able to state that the above cheering prediction was abundantly verified.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

MANUFACTURE OF SCREWS.

THE Temperance Courier, published in Albany, New York, thus describes the process of manufacturing these articles so extensively used by all kinds of mechanics. It describes an *English* Factory:

"From the smallest screw, required for putting together the nicest philosophical instruments, to the heavy bolt-screws, which sustain the wear and tear of mighty steam engines, we find here specimens of all sorts and sizes. The forging must be done by men, of course; and here we find the anvil and the glowing furnace (fed by the steam engine), and see the great square heads of the bolt-screws beaten while at a white or red heat.

"The coils of wire of different thicknesses, of which the screws are made, come from the wire drawers. They have been made by drawing the heated iron through holes in hardened steel plates. The smaller kinds of wire are drawn, by a hard mechanical gripe, through smaller and smaller holes, till they become of the thickness required. Then the wire is brought to the screw manufactory, and there we see it lying about in shining coils. One end of a coil is presented to a machine worked by boys or women;

when we see the end seized and drawn forward, and snipped off the proper length, the snip falling, hot, into a pan of sawdust below. Women are preferred to boys for this work. Their attention is more steady, and they are more careful of their own flesh and blood. Boys are apt to make mischief; and if they look off their work it is too likely that they may lose their finger ends. It is in this department of the business that most of the accidents happen. It is more satisfactory to see the lads filing the circular saws used in making the machinery, or in other processes where they have not to deal with such inexorable powers as those which cut or stamp the metal.

"The heads of the bits of steel are next stamped by machinery, and delivered over to women to have the heads polished. There is nice fingering required here; and, to do it, we see rows of women, who earn from five to twelve shillings per week, each attending a machine of her own. She presents the head of the screw to a vice, which seizes it and carries it to a flying wheel, which smoothes and polishes it; and it comes out in an instant, brightened with that radiating polish which we observe in the head of a finished screw. All the while a yellowish, ugly liquid is dropping upon the metal and upon the workwoman's fingers, from a can above. It is a mixture of soapsuds and oil, which dibbles from a spout and keeps the metal from becoming too hot for the touch.

"We have now the shank of the screw, and the neat, polished head; but there is no slit in the head wherein to insert the screw-driver, and the shank is plain and blunt. The next thing is to 'nick' the head. This part of the business used to be done by working the nicking machines with treadles. By the modern method, a barrel (somewhat like that of a barrel-organ, but pierced with holes instead of being stuck over with upright bits of wire) revolves slowly, so that every row of holes is brought under the line of a cleaver, which descends to make the cleft across the heads of the screws in a row beneath. It is the business of the steam engine to turn the barrel and send down the cleaver; it is that of the women to stick the screws into the holes in the barrel, as they would put pins in rows into a pincushion. They do this with quickness and dexterity, as the empty holes come up, and the notched screws fall out by their own weight on the other side, as they descend with the revolution of the barrel.

"This is all very well as far as it goes; but the shank is still plain and blunt, and perfectly useless. The grand operation of 'worming' remains. This, also, is women's work; and we may see one hundred and twenty women at a time busy about it. The soapsuds and oil are still dropping upon their fingers and their work; and the job looks any thing but a tidy one, while we regard the process alone. But it is different when we stand aside and survey the room. Then we see that these six-score women are neatly dressed; hair smooth, or cap clean, handkerchief or little shawl nicely crossed over and fastened behind, faces healthy and countenances cheerful. These women are paid by piece-work; and they can easily earn ten shillings per week. Their business still is to feed the machinery, to present the heads of the screws to a vice, which seizes them and carries them forward, then back again, and again forward, as often as is necessary to have the worming made deep enough. As the shank is pressed in its passage forward against the cutter, which grooves out the steel between the 'thread,' which, in other words, 'worms' it, the filings curl away and drop off like so much wood, or rasped cheese rind. It is wonderful to see this rasping of steel. But we were informed that there will be something, hereafter, more curious still to be seen. On these premises, there is at work, now, some machinery, which is shut up from prying eyes, by which the shank is picked up, wormed and dropped, without being touched by human hands; and strange it must be to see the screw, not a quarter of an inch long, picked up by a metallic gripe, and the largest, massive and heavy as they are, carried onward, again and again and again, as the depth of their worming requires.

"After this comes the cocking in sawdust, and the drying and bolting (as a miller would say) of the finished screws in sieves, and the counting and packing. They are counted by weight, of course. The packing is a pretty affair. A nimble-fingered woman throws down half a dozen or more screws, according to size, on a square paper, the heads lying all one way, and then the same number, with the heads lying the other way, and the shanks falling between the first. Then the same number are laid across, and so the pile is built up into a square, which is kept compact by the wall of round heads on all the four sides. The paper is folded over, and the square packet is passed to a neighbor to be tied up. With a dexterous twist of the string, she fastens on a specimen screw, ties the knot, and passes on the packet—to be sent to Germany or almost anywhere in the world where men are screwing anything together, always excepting the United States. Very few are sent there; for, as we are again told here, America rivals us; or, as would be said across the Atlantic, 'America flogs the world' in screw making.

"There are eight houses in Birmingham employed in this manufacture; and this was all we could learn of the amount of production. No one seems to know how many are made in England; for no one can tell what proportion the produce of the little manufactories bears to these larger ones.

"Seeing whole bins full of steel filings and copper and brass, we inquired what became of them. They are sold; the steel being worth little, and the brass much. The brass comes in at the cost of ninepence per pound, and the refuse goes out, as filings, at fivepence per pound. After the noise and dirt of the earlier processes (the oily wheels and greasy candles, in dark places, the smutty forge and the tallow dropping from the cans) there is something pleasant in the aspect of the last stages—the barrels of shining brass filings, the quiet, light room, where two or three neat women are fingering polished screws, surrounded by drab and brown paper, while behind them are compartments completely covering the wall, filled with their square, drab packets.

"As we turned away from the hundreds of women thus respectably earning their bread, we could but hope that they would look to it, that there was no screw loose in their household way, that the machinery of their daily life might work as truly and effectually as that dead mechanism which is revolving under their care, for so many hours of every day. It is much to see dead mechanism producing strength and convenience, in a flow as constant as that of the stream from the cavern in the rock; but it is much more to see vital comfort and beauty issuing from an intelligent daily industry, which works on behalf, not of vanity and wasteful pleasure, but of home."

A VISIT TO THE SPIRITS IN PRISON.

BY C. JEWETT.

While walking down the streets of Portland, a few days since, in company with the very efficient mayor of that beautiful city, I was invited to step with him across the street and take a look at the imprisoned "spirits," shut up in durance vile, beneath the city hall. I accepted the invitation, and in a moment found myself in a large basement room, surrounded on all sides by the imprisoned fiends, which, under the recently enacted and most righteous law of the state, had been arrested in their march from the mouth of the still to the mouths of the wretched men, who had become already so far demonized as to desire the further acquaintance and companionship of the liquid devils. Three or four extensive seizures of the spirits had been made, and here they were all gathered in one group, and a sorry looking group it was. Their sad plight, piled on each other's backs around the apartment, recalled the language of Hamlet to the skull of poor Yorick:

> "Where be your gibes now? Your
> Gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment
> That were wont to set the table in a roar?" * *
> * * "Quite chop-fallen."

I looked upon the strong oak casks, some of them iron bound, and thought how fortunate it was that the hand of government had arrested them before their fiery and demonizing contents had got spilled into the stomachs of some of its poor, deluded subjects. Long and ardently I had desired to see the government, in a true paternal regard for its suffering poor, and for the thousands who are being hurled by the liquor traffic to ruin, exert its power promptly and effectually to stay the work of death. And here, at length, I am permitted to see the master spirit of mischief, the giant curse of the civilized world, chained. A feeling of exultation was kindled within me, which I have no words adequately to express. Aha! thought I, you, who with your kindred spirits have sent thousands to the watch-house, to the jail and the prison—who have bolted the doors upon thousands of my brethren, and shut them out from the society of their families and the world—have gotten into the limboes yourself! The angel of justice has at length come down, "with a great chain in his hand," and bound you. Here you await your trial; and, if condemned, as you probably will be, you shall be led forth to execution, amid the rejoicings of an injured people, and your blood shall flow, not as ye hoped, down the parched throats of men, but down the gutters and through the city sewers. Well, you are in a good way. Mother earth and the waters of the bay can swallow you and not reel, and that is more than men could do.

How long have ye trampled on laws, human and Divine, taken your own wild, wicked way, and gloried in your might? Ye laughed at "restriction" and "regulation," but stronger words have been whispered in your ears by the legislature of Maine: "suppression," "annihilation," and lo! ye pause here to consider the import of the new vocabulary. Well, ye will learn it, no doubt, for ye are apt scholars. But how will your friends and adherents, not only in the city, but among the hills, hear the news of your capture and detention? They have hitherto gloried in thy strength, and have asked, exultingly, "Who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war upon him?" Maine hath answered, in stern and decided tone, and—ye are here! "The merchants of those things which were made rich by thee, shall stand afar off for the fear of thy torment, weeping and wailing, and crying alas! * * For in one hour so great riches is come to nought."

What varied forms have ye taken as I see ye here in your prison, and how varied your destination! Here ye swell out in great bulk like a corpulent, turtle-fed alderman, and there ye shrink almost to the dimensions of a water-bucket. Let me look at your names and learn whither ye were bound. "American Gin, Parsonsfield." And what business had ye at Parsonsfield? Did the parson invite you to visit his field? Nay, verily. He would sooner have sent you to the Potter's field. But to Parsonsfield ye were going, and for what? Ah, I remember. There is a poor widow in that neighborhood whose husband ye slew and whose eldest son ye have poisoned, till the poor lad totters as he walks. His brain is on fire. He talks incoherently, and strange fancies possess him. Sometimes he curses the mother who bore him; and those hands which, when a child, she pressed in hers while she prayed, have been lifted in violence against her. She is almost distracted with her troubles, and knoweth not whither to turn for relief. Despair has sometimes almost taken possession of her soul. She hateth thee, and lifteth her eyes, swollen with weeping, and her feeble hands to the heavens against thee. And you would'st afflict her still more. Heartless, obdurate devil! Yes, you were journeying to Parsonsfield for that purpose; but, the angel of justice met thee, and—thou art here. How will that widow rejoice and sing when she shall hear the glad tidings of thy fall.

But let me look at thy brother fiend. N. E. Rum, "W. A., Bethel." And what was thy errand to Bethel? Jacob went up to Bethel and built there an altar, because *there* the Lord met him in the time of his troubles. And you, too, have built an altar at Bethel, whereon thou dost sacrifice to strange gods. But goats and bullocks will not serve thee for sacrifices. The blood of our sons, "the expectancy and rose of the fair state," is smoking upon thine altar at Bethel. But thou art not there. Iron bands confine, and bolts and bars detain, thee. Thine altar at Bethel will grow cold, and the sweet waters of the rejoicing heavens shall wash away its stains. "Old Madeira, ten gallons; William Baker, Brunswick." And you, old gentleman, were bound for Brunswick. There is a college at Brunswick, and did ye covet an education? "No; ye were going to teach, and not to be taught." So I supposed: a professor of infernal mathematics and languages, en route for Brunswick, to teach the young men big oaths, subtraction from the pocket, multiplication of miseries, and reduction descending; aye, and to add thereto important instruction in *your* rule of three direct, to the poor-house, the prison, and the drunkard's grave. Verily, a rule of *three*, and as *direct* as one could desire. And "you give instructions in navigation." Aye; I have seen your pupils making trial of their skill, and it was indeed an interesting exhibition. But let us make the acquaintance of your next neighbor, Mr. St. Croix. And you, sir, were bound to *Freeport*, but—did not get there. It was not a "*port of entry*" for you, it seems, with all its freedom. And what do you purpose to do now? "Wait here the arrival of your friends from Boston." Very well, we pledge you the word of the mayor and city marshal, that your friends shall visit you here, immediately on their arrival. Farewell to your devilships; keep cool, and learn the "uses of affliction."—*Journal Amer. Temperance Union.*

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

A STRANGER, who was itinerating as a teacher, called upon my father, and requested permission to examine some of the boys. I was among the number. My father, by way of relieving the feelings of the man, said, "That boy is very slow at learning; I fear you will not be able to do much with him." My heart sank. I would have given the world to have been as some of the boys around me. The man spoke with kindness, gave me some directions, and, laying his hand upon my head, observed, "This lad will make a good scholar yet."

I felt his kindness; it raised my spirits; the possibility of being able to learn was, in this moment and for the first time, impressed upon my mind; a ray of hope sprang up within me; and in that hope I lived and labored; it seemed to create power; my lessons were all committed to memory with ease, and I could have doubled the effort, had it been required. From this period, Adam never looked back, and never paused. The same quickness of perception and tenacity of memory, discoverable from the first dawning of intelligence as applied to other things, now accompanied his pursuit of learning; he was no longer like the animal tramping round the same spot in consequence of the chain by which it is bound; he became like the racer; there was progress in every movement; he sped over the course with prodigious swiftness, and he felt the pleasure of it himself.—*Adam Clarke.*

LOOK TO YOUR FEET.

OF all parts of the body, there is not one the clothing of which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet. The most dependent part of the system, this is the part in which the circulation of the blood may be most readily checked; the part most exposed to cold and wet, or in direct contact with good conducting surfaces, it is the part of the system where such a check is most likely to take place. Coldness of the feet is a very common attendant on a disordered state of the stomach; and yet disordered stomach is not more apt to produce coldness of the feet, than coldness of the feet is apt to produce disorder of the stomach; and this remark does not apply only to cases of indigestion, but to many other disorders to which man is liable. Yet do we see the feet of the young and delicate clad in thin soled shoes, and as thin stockings, no matter whether it is summer or winter—no matter whether the weather is dry or damp, the air warm or cold. But this is not the whole of the evil. These same feet are frequently, at different times of the same day, differently covered as to the stoutness of the shoes and their soles, and often, likewise, as to the thickness of the stockings. The invalid or dyspeptic should never wear thin shoes.—*Dr. Robertson.*

THAT LITTLE STRAW HAT.

'T is a dear little hat, and it hangs there still,
And its voice of the past bids our heart strings thrill;
For it seems like a shadow of days past o'er—
Of the bright one gone who that hat once wore.

'T is a dear little hat, for each simple braid
Tells that oft o'er its plattings those fingers have played;
And many a wreath for its crown has been twined
To the graceful taste of his youthful mind.

Yes, there silent it hangs, with its curling front
Still as playfully rolled as has been its wont;
But the golden ringlets, which waved below,
Have curled their last cluster long ago.

Ay, the hat is the same, but it shades no more
Those light blue eyes, as in days of yore;
And the sun-lit smile that danced on that brow
Can light up our heart's sad memories now.

Sad memories they are, o'er their quivering strings
Each breath of the bygone a tremor flings,
And joys that we fain would waken again
In memory are wreathed with a thrill of pain.

Then recall not the past, though the dimpled hand
May never again clasp the braided strand—
Though the breeze no longer may hear the tone
Of the ringing laughter of childhood's own.

Ah, think of him now with a glittering crown
O'er his heavenly forehead resting down,
While his fingers stray over the golden wire,
That bends with his voice 'mid the cherub choir.

Ay, I see him now with the holy light
Pouring broad o'er his brow with radiance bright;
And I hear the tones which to heaven have birth—
O, call him not back to this saddened earth.

[*Berkshire Courier.*

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THE distinguished Governor Morris, of Morisania, near the city of New York, who was a gentleman by birth, education and the most lofty bearing, on being asked for his definition of a gentleman, replied in the words of the Psalmist:

"'T is he whose every thought and deed
By rule of virtue moves:
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.
Who never did a slander forge
His neighbor's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report
By malice whispered round.
Who vice in all its pomp and power
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect.
Who to his plighted words and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And, though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.
Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ,
Whom no regards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy."

CAMDEN, ALABAMA.

WE had the pleasure, during last week, of spending several days in this delightful village, which is the county site of Wilcox. It has been several years since we were there before, and it is certainly astonishing to one, situated as we were, to observe the rapid improvements that have been and are now going on in the place. A few years ago, there were but three or four stores, and these furnished with light and indifferent stocks of goods, and drinking shops innumerable; but now we find some ten or twelve dry goods stores, the most of them with excellent stocks, and not more than two or three *doggeries*, and these in a sickly and a declining state, judging from what we could observe. Camden affords every branch of mechanism and profession that tends to the prosperity, growth and pleasantness of any village; there are lawyers signs innumerable, doctors to the number of about one and a half dozen: but in the mechanical line the numbers are not so numerous: a saddler's shop, tailor's shop, tinner's shop, carpenter's shop, jeweler's shop, barber's shop, and, in fact, almost every branch of business is carried on. But it is certainly astonishing that a village that has prospered so well, and sustains so well all these professions and branches of business, does not afford a public hotel. This difficulty is, however, being remedied; for there is a large and extensive brick hotel under way, belonging, we learned, to Capt. Robert Tait. This village is not lacking in newspapers; for it has two of respectable size, with a remunerating patronage, and conducted with as much ability, perhaps, as any country papers in the state.

The Grand Temple of Honor of the state of Alabama was in session there several days during the week, and a more respectable and *sober* looking number of men we have never seen together; and any Order, with such men at its head as were in attendance on this meeting, cannot but prosper and flourish. There were not as many delegates in attendance as usually are, from the fact, we presume, of its being only the semi-annual session, at which session it is not expected to have a full delegation. Joseph R. John, of Uniontown, a lawyer of eminent abilities, is the Grand Officer, and the Order is represented to be in a healthy and flourishing condition, not only in Alabama but throughout the United States and British provinces.

On Wednesday, the 26th of November, an imposing procession took place, composed of the members of the Grand Temple, the members of the Wilcox Temple, in their beautiful but plain regalia, the pupils of the Wilcox Female Seminary, numbering about one hundred and thirty, the pupils of the Wilcox Female Institute, numbering about the same as the Seminary, and the pupils of the Male Academy, numbering about eighty of the most sprightly, healthy and intelligent boys and young men that we have ever seen together. It was certainly heart cheering to witness the moving of this grand display. First the Templars, then the tender and innocent little girls, to the rosy cheeked and coy young ladies, guarded in the rear by the boys of the Academy. This procession, about half a mile in length, proceeded to the Methodist Church, where a large collection of the citizens of both sexes had assembled, when several charming temperance odes were sung, and then an eloquent and able address delivered by W. C. L. Richardson.

In the evening, Professor Andrews, of the Female Institute, and his large class of young ladies, gave an instrumental and vocal concert in honor of the Grand Temple. There was a large collection of the citizens in the room, about two-thirds of which were composed of ladies, and a greater collection of beauty, we are satisfied, has never before been exhibited in any village on any occasion. It may be that we are more partial to the female sex than the most of men, but a friend present gave it as his opinion that there was not an ugly or indifferent looking woman in the large congregation, in which opinion we fully concurred.

During the concert, many of the young ladies distinguished themselves in their parts, and we cannot refrain from mentioning the names of Miss Catharine Jones, Miss E. Arthur, Miss Mary C. Parks, Miss Caroline W. McIver, Miss Caroline L. Tait, Miss M. J. Packer, Miss Annette D. Wilkins, Misses H. S. and Kate L. Andrews, Miss E. Wilson, but we cannot but give the credit to Miss Amanda E. George, as the most beautiful singer of the entire class. We do not mention these names as a reflection upon the performances of the other young ladies of the class; for each one performed their several parts with great credit, and we feel satisfied that was the decision of the audience.

The people of Camden certainly should feel proud of their prosperous schools: for the reputations of Dr. Moores, of the Female Seminary, and Mr. Johnson and his lady, of the Female Institute, are too well known as disciplinarians and teachers to induce parents and guardians of South Alabama to hesitate in intrusting their daughters and wards in their hands.—*Wetumpka State Guard.*

CLIPPINGS.

BY SCISSORS.

LOOK UP, BACHELORS!—Here 's a morsel of comfort for ye, bachelors, and, at the request of one of the number, we would most respectfully dedicate it to the "immortal twelve" of our city:

Bachelors are styled by married men who have put their foot into it, as only "half-perfected beings," "cheerless vagabonds," "but half a pair of shears," and many other *cutting* titles are given them, while, on the other hand, they extol their own state as one of such perfect bliss that a change from earth to heaven would be somewhat of a doubtful good.

If they are so happy, why in time do n't they enjoy their happiness, and hold their tongues about it? What do half of the men who get married, get married for? Simply that they may have somebody to darn their stockings, sew buttons on their shirts, and trot the babies; that they may have somebody, as a married man once said, to "pull off their boots when they are a little balmy." These fellows are always talking of the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness, indeed! Who is petted to death by the ladies with marriagable daughters; invited to tea and to evening parties, and told to "drop in just when it is convenient?" The bachelor. Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by all the girls who could n't entrap him? The bachelor. Who strews flowers on the married man's grave? his widow? Not a bit of it; she pulls down the tombstone that a six weeks' grief has set up in her heart, and goes and gets married again—*she* does. Who goes to bed early because time hangs heavy on his hands? The married man. Who gets a scolding for picking out the softest side of the bed, and for waking up the baby when he turns out in the morning? The married man. Who has wood to split, house-hunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and lazy servant girls to look after? The married man. Who is taken up for beating his wife? The married man. Who gets divorced? The married man. Finally, who has got the Scripture on his side? The bachelor. St. Paul says, and St. Paul knew what he was talking about—"He that marries does well, but he that does not marry does better."

A Rich Case.—Some years ago an Irishman was knocked down and robbed. He accused a man of having committed the robbery; in due time the case came up for trial. The Irishman, being upon the stand, was cross-examined after having sworn positively to the guilt of the prisoner, by one of our keenest lawyers, and something like the following was the result:

"You say that the prisoner at the bar was the man who assaulted and robbed you?"

"Yis."

"Was it moonlight when the occurrence took place?"

"Devil a bit iv it."

"Was it starlight?"

"Not a whit; it was so dark that you could not have seen your hand before you."

"Was there any light shining from any house near by?"

"Devil a bit iv a house was there any where about."

"Well, then, if there was no moon, no starlight, no light from any house, and so dark that you could n't see even your hand before you, how are you able to swear that the prisoner is the man? How did you see him?"

"Why, yer Honor, when the spalpeen struck me (may the devil fly away wid him), the fire flew out iv my eye so bright that you might have seen to pick up a pin—you could, be jabers."

The court, jury, counsel and spectators, exploded with shouts at this quaint idea; and the prisoner was, directly after, declared not guilty.

Curiosities.—A great quantity of feathers, torn from a hen-pecked husband. It is supposed not game.

A knot that was tied in a cord of wood. A premium offered to any one who will untie the same.

Some of the fish which an individual had to fry, when asked to do a favor by a neighbor.

The edge of a cutting remark—not so sharp as formerly.

A beautiful essay on chimneys, extracted from a volume of smoke.

A spool upon which was wound the thread of an argument.

☞ Mrs. Jemima Jipson never could go to bed without first looking underneath to see if some one was not stowed away there. But her search had always been bootless. At last one night, however, she spied (or thought she did, which is all the same) the long looked for boots and legs. "O, Mr. Jipson! Mr. Jipson!" she screamed out, "there 's a man under the bed!"

"Is there?" coolly drawled her husband; "well, my dear, I 'm glad you have found him at last; you 've been looking for him these twenty years!"

The darkest and most contemptible ignorance is that of not knowing one's self; and that all we have and all we excel in is the gift of God.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TEMPERANCE AND THE PRESS.

THAT the press is a mighty engine, for good or evil, seems to be conceded by all. In this age of literature, our numerous daily and weekly newspapers and monthly magazines find their way to almost every fireside, and do much toward forming the character of our youth. The conductors of these publications cannot be ignorant of the evils caused by the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. No one of ordinary intelligence can overlook them. *What* CAN *the* PRESS *do to avert these evils?* and *What* IS *it doing?* are questions we wish every reader to consider well. We wish we could press them home to the heart and conscience of every patriot, philanthropist and Christian. The editor of the New York Courier and Inquirer, in a late speech at a festival, says:

"It is not fair to deny to the press any of the power which it claims. Why should it not have power? Suppose that you, sir, or any intelligent man, could go each day to any man and tell him all he knew of the events transpiring in the world around him; making upon them your own comment, setting forth the principles they establish and the light in which they are to be viewed. No matter what may be that man's opinions of you at first, how is it possible that you should not influence his judgment in the end? Now, each newspaper visits each day, perhaps, ten thousand readers; tells them every morning all the events of the day, makes upon them its own comments, and shapes their opinions in regard to them. And this it does month after month, and year after year. Why, then, should not its power be tremendous upon public opinion, which, in the end, is the true sovereign that rules the world?"

The conductors of these different periodicals can call the attention of their readers to the various evils entailed on the whole human race by the manufacture, sale and use, of alcohol as a beverage. They can trace out cause and effect, and show them that the greater part of the crime, pauperism and taxation, can be traced, directly or indirectly, to alcohol. They can inform them what is doing, in different parts of the world, to stay this tide of physical and moral desolation. They can give their influence in favor of wholesome laws for the protection of community against the evils of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. They can do much toward forming a correct public sentiment on the whole subject. And do not their positions demand this? If a man should see his neighbor's house on fire, and he unconscious of his danger, would he be guiltless if he neglected to inform him? or, should he see his friend approaching a hidden pitfall, and not warn him of his danger, would he not be responsible for any injury he might sustain, when a word of friendly warning would have prevented such injury?

The philosopher Archimedes once told a certain emperor he would move the world, provided he would furnish him a *lever*, and a *fulcrum* on which to place it. The emperor could not accommodate him, and the world was not moved in that way. In later days the *press* has been justly compared to the "lever of Archimedes," that can move the world; and if it does not move it, and that, too, in the *right direction*, its conductors are responsible for the wrong they do, and the loss mankind sustains on account of the good they *might* do, but which they have left undone.

What *is* the press doing for temperance? In this and other countries are many ably-conducted, weekly and monthly publications battling manfully for the cause. Some of these are partly, others wholly, devoted to temperance. Much good has been done by public lectures, and more by good publications. When the excitement of a public meeting has passed away, much that was said escapes the memory; but the printed sheet can be repeatedly read, and its truths stored away. While temperance has been the leading object of these publications, its kindred virtues have not been lost sight of, and eternity alone can tell the good they have accomplished.

Let us glance at the *religious* press, fearlessly, but not irreverently. *Our* Master said, "By their *fruits* ye shall know them." Nearly all the organs of some of our largest religious denominations are doing their whole duty in regard to temperance. Though some of this class cannot wholly approve of all the temperance organizations, yet they have the cause of temperance at heart. Those who control the organs of some of the smaller religious bodies are opposed to any temperance movement not connected with the church. They seem to have no wish to persuade men to leave off *one* sin, unless they can be wholly converted to their creed. These men act more wisely in temporal than in spiritual matters. Should they wish to rid a garden of noxious weeds, they would remove them singly, and not wait till they could accomplish all by one effort. Or, should they wish to convert a forest into a fruitful field, they would begin by removing one tree at a time. But in the important business of converting sinners they expect to do all at once. The conductors of another large class of religious papers seldom or never mention temperance at all. One would infer, from perusing their periodicals, that temperance was not included in *their* list of Christian graces, or hardly found in their Bibles. Whether such publications should be supported by temperance men and introduced into their families, we will not attempt to decide; we leave our readers to form their own conclusions.

Many of our newspapers, devoted to *literature, amusements, &c.*, take decided grounds in favor of temperance, while a few others openly oppose it or treat it with indifference. In selecting papers of this character, we would urge upon our readers to withhold and withdraw their support from all that are not right upon the temperance question. Your duty to the cause demands this.

But few *political* papers, of any party, take any interest whatever in the cause of temperance. Their conductors seem to have a holy horror of mixing temperance with politics; though they know *rum* has been mixed with polities ever since political parties had an existence. They say, "the cause of temperance is too sacred to be introduced into the political arena." By this they seem to admit that their business is not fit to be associated with any good thing. They *profess* to go for the good of the country, and, at the same time, know that intemperance is the greatest evil in a country, and do nothing toward removing it. There are, however, some honorable exceptions among political papers, some who have independence enough to discuss the subject in all its bearings, and throw the weight of their influence on the side of virtue and morality.

In our late trip through the interior of Ohio, we found some papers in which one or two columns were under the control of some temperance organization and filled with temperance matter. This is a good idea, and we hope the example will be followed in every town in the state and country.

If temperance men will be true to themselves and the cause they have espoused, they will see to it, that temperance papers do not languish for want of support; and, in selecting religious, literary or political papers for their families, they will leave out those that oppose the cause or treat it with indifference.

THE CAUSE.

INDIANA.—A state temperance convention was held in Indianapolis, January 7 and 8. We learn from the Chart, that more than one-half the counties were represented, by *four hundred* delegates.

The greatest harmony and good feeling prevailed throughout the whole proceedings. The following resolutions, after due deliberation, were adopted:

"*Resolved,* That it is the sense of this convention not to *run temperance into politics*, but to *turn intemperance out of politics.*

"*Resolved,* That we, in behalf of the temperance men of Indiana and the friends of humanity, respectfully request the legislature, now in session in this city, to enact a law that shall wholly abolish all laws granting licenses, and provide that the vender shall be liable for all damages accruing from the use of intoxicating liquors, either to individuals or the community, and to enact such laws as will effectually suppress tippling houses and prevent selling to minors; making the possession of intoxicating liquors prima facie evidence of intent to violate the law, and providing that such liquor shall be confiscated, and otherwise provide a summary method of reaching the offender and holding the personal and real property where the liquor is sold responsible for the payment of fines and damages, after notice to the owner.

"*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed by this convention to present the foregoing resolution to the senate and house of representatives, and respectfully ask their serious attention to the matters embraced therein.

"*Resolved*, That this convention, as the representative of the great temperance family of Indiana, inscribe on the banner, under which we are to fight in future, in characters of living light, "total suppression of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage," and go forth with a determination never to be satisfied till that end is obtained.

"*Resolved*, That when we adjourn, we adjourn to meet in a state temperance convention in Indianapolis, on the third Wednesday of January, 1853; and that we respectfully urge upon the friends of temperance, in every county, to organize county and township societies, to discuss the principles of temperance, and to send delegates to the state convention of 1853.

"*Resolved*, That we recommend to the friends of temperance to hold at least one temperance camp-meeting in every county, sometime between the first of August and first of October, this year.

"*Resolved*, That the president of this convention appoint a central committee of ten, who shall have the general supervision of this subject during the interim."

The "Maine Law" was read, and unanimously approved of.

We are of the opinion that the convention erred in not asking for a law similar to that of Maine, instead of asking for what they did. We believe that the principal reason why most of the laws against selling liquor are not better enforced, is simply because they do not amount to much when enforced. They do not strike at the *root* of the evil. Give the friends of temperance efficient laws, and there is encouragement for them to enforce them.

The Chart, published at Indianapolis by the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance, edited by C. Woodward, G. S. and G. W. R., is well sustained—over two thousand copies being circulated semi-monthly. This speaks well for the friends of temperance in Indiana. During the past year there was an increase of forty-two Divisions of the Sons, and a corresponding increase of members.

The Temple Order is also prospering. The Magazine has about twice as many subscribers in the state as it had last year.

OHIO.—The friends of temperance in this state are active. We regret to say that the Sons are not in as flourishing a condition as in years past. The Temple Order is steadily increasing. Notwithstanding the desertions in one great branch of the temperance army, there is more temperance feeling in the state than at any former period. The friends of the cause are actively engaged, in every part of the state, in circulating petitions to the legislature asking a law similar to that of Maine. A convention of the friends of temperance, of northern Ohio, was lately held in Cleveland, which was well attended. A state mass temperance convention has been called in Columbus, February 25. It is expected that the petitions to the legislature will all be ready for presentation at that time, and a strong demonstration for the cause will be made.

Petitions are being circulated in all the groggeries of Cincinnati, asking the legislature to repeal the law of last winter, imposing a fine for selling to minors, to sell to be drank on the premises, and to sell in less quantity than one quart. A resolution to that effect has already been offered by Mr. Dale, of Hamilton county, which has been referred to a committee. Gov. Wood, in his recent message to the legislature, says:

"The fifteenth section of the constitution declares, that no license shall hereafter be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors. This section, submitted in a separate article, was adopted by a large majority. The traffic can no longer be legalized by statute. The power to prevent evils arising from the use of ardent spirits, so far as it can be done by law, is, nevertheless, conferred upon the general assembly. What provision should be made, is a matter of serious consideration. Laws hitherto have not produced the desired effect. They have been the origin of many prosecutions, but they have not prevented the retailing of intoxicating drinks though prohibited under severe penalties. Drunkenness and immoralities arising from the use of ardent spirits may be punished as crimes, but it is doubtful whether any legal enactment will prevent their being sold *by retail*, while their importation is permitted by the laws of the United States, and their manufacture by our own.

"Societies and individual philanthropists have spared no creditable action to stay the evils of intemperance for many years.

"Their exertions have done more good, by a moral force which they have given to public opinion in social intercourse, than all the laws that have, as yet, been enacted. The subject is submitted to your care."

From the tenor of this, we infer that he is opposed to legislation on the subject. What would be thought of a governor of a state who would oppose the passage of laws against *horse stealing*, and should say, in support of his opinion, "it is doubtful whether any legal enactment will prevent their being stolen, while the laws of our state allow them to be raised and imported."

If impossible to stop the sale of ardent spirits while the laws of the state allow of their manufacture and importation, why not pass a law to prevent both, except their importation from foreign countries, which is guaranteed by the constitution of the United States?

This has been done in one state, and has been as effectual as any law ever passed against horse stealing. Gov. Wood is a man of too much general information not to know this, and why does he place so low an estimate on the morality, virtue and good sense, of the citizens of Ohio, as to suppose a similar law would not produce similar results here?

In Pennsylvania, New York and the Eastern States, the people are moving in the good cause. Large conventions are being held, and petitions to legislatures are numerously signed. The people are speaking to their agents in tones not to be misunderstood. Which state will be first to follow the example of the "Star in the East" remains to be seen. One thing is certain, the days of alcohol are numbered. "Mene, mene tekel" is written upon the traffic, and those engaged in it need not the services of a Daniel to interpret it.

KOSSUTH.

The Boston correspondent of the "New York Dutchman" writes:

"A man 'takes a paper' to fill up the interstices of his brains, between the frying of beefsteak and the eating of it, and he finds every article in the paper, from the hatter's card to the editor's leader—Kossuth! Every body thinks—Kossuth! talks—Kossuth! New ships, omnibuses, wheelbarrows, babies and sleds, are—Kossuth! Every new oyster saloon, rummery and ragamuffin operation for these two past blessed weeks, and four to come, will be—Kossuth! Signs of all sorts, from that overhanging the portals of cough sirup and soap depots, to shilling theaters and syringe manufactories, are—Kossuth! Hurra! Go in! Any thing on the board only fo-o-o-u-r cents! Finally, I have sworn off reading the papers, till Christmas—till the frost gets keen enough to cool the brains of the 'rush of blood to the head.' Editors and 'blowers' and other things crawl by degrees into the news market. Do n't let any man say Kossuth to me for the next two weeks, or there 'll be a sudden fluctuation in the item market!

"P. S. Please 'telegraph' me (by the FAST line—two days behind the mails!) if a hint is dropped about Kossuth's haunting Boston. Should such a catastrophe threaten-us, I'll be off for Charleston in the first mail line.

"N. B. The other fellow, Dr. Kinkel—look out for him. Say we've got the small pox and 'yaller' fever down here dreadfully, and add that Yankees must 'go in' for revolutions in faderland! Ha'n't got time to hunt up fighting this season 'no how!' Ring 'em off, skeer 'em, and keep the whole cofloot of those professional revolutionists—non-intervention—patent loan corps—away!"

During the progress of the celebrated "Webster trial," a solitary individual on horseback, after riding several days in Minesota, without passing more than two or three settler's cabins, halted at a cabin door, and accosted its occupants as follows:

Traveler. "What do you think of the Webster case?"

Settler. "Do n't know any such a man in these parts."

Trav. "What is your opinion about the Galphin claim?"

Set. "Never heard of such an animal about here, sir!"

Trav. "Do you take the papers?"

Set. "My son got one down at the settlement three weeks ago that contained the news of Gen. Taylor's election."

Traveler, to himself. "I believe I can stop here in peace a short time. *Aloud.* Can you give me board and lodging a few weeks?"

Set. "Yes."

Trav. "I'll stay with you till I hear Webster's trial mentioned or the Galphin claim discussed, or read about them in the papers, then I'm off for the new country."

We would like much, for the next two months, at least, to be as favorably located as this traveler.

But seriously, what are we to expect from this sudden outburst of *Buncombe* philanthropy? Political parties of every kind are anxious to outstrip their opponents in their admiration of the great Magyar and his cause. Orators, newspaper writers and editors, are anxious to show their love of liberty and hatred of despotism, and in doing so the welfare of their own countrymen is almost lost sight of in their love for the oppressed Hungarians. Cities are paying the bills of the *Hung'ry* adventurers to the tune of thousands and tens of thousands, while hundreds of their own citizens are almost famishing for want of the necessaries of life.

We are told that the people of Hungary are oppressed by Austria, that their condition is little better than that of slavery. At the same time these new-born, over-zealous philanthropists forget that hundreds of thousands of our own countrymen are enslaved, body and *soul*, by the tyrant Alcohol. It may be said, that the devotees of Alcohol are *willing* captives, while the oppressed of Hungary are sighing for liberty, and invoking our aid and sympathy. Admit this, and you only show that the unfortunate victims of Alcohol are more deserving of our pity. The mind or soul is the nobler part of man, and it must be enslaved before a man can become a *willing* victim to his appetite. No tyrant was ever so cruel or exacting as Alcohol. None ever enslaved so many subjects, or oppressed them more when under his control. Would not our country, and the whole human family have been more benefited, if the time, talent and money, recently expended on account of political oppression, had been used to advance the cause of temperance?

CHAT WITH OUR READERS.

This number of the Magazine is the last of the first half of the Second Volume. With it quite a number of subscriptions expire. We intend to write the names of all whose time expires with this number, on the cover, with a *red* pencil. All our subscribers, therefore, seeing their names in red, will please notice it, and if they wish to continue, send us word before the issue of No. 7. If sent before that time, it will save the trouble of erasing their names and afterward writing them again. It is unnecessary to remind subscribers again that the Magazine is never sent *longer than ordered.* When that time expires, and the subscription is not renewed, we suppose such person does not wish the work any longer, and we stop sending it. We started on the cash system, believing it the safest, cheapest and best, for both publisher and subscriber, and have yet seen no reason to change the plan.

We invite all whose time is now out to renew their subscriptions, and persuade as many of their friends as possible to join them. We have toiled early and late to place before you every month every thing of interest connected with our Order and the cause of temperance. With this information we have given you such original matter as our receipts would enable us to purchase, mixed with choice selections from other publications. If you think our humble exertions worthy of encouragement, we ask you to continue your patronage, and to use your influence to secure that of others.

We still have a quantity of the back numbers of this volume on hand, and can supply all *new* subscribers who wish them. But new subscribers preferring to commence with No. 7, can do so.

We would call the attention of all to the premiums offered on the second page of the cover. What Temple will have the honor of sending the most subscribers in proportion to its number of members, and the pleasure of receiving a large number of copies of the Magazine one year for nothing, or two years for one dollar for two volumes. Every Temple will stand an equal chance for this. Let all try it.

We would again ask all for a little more exertion in behalf of the Magazine. How cheering in our labors to know that all our friends are zealously engaged doing what they can for us. Remember that the second year generally decides the fate of a work of this kind. If well supported through this period, it may be considered firmly established, if not, its future existence is doubtful. We have many friends who could hardly do more for the work if they were immediately interested in it. They have our thanks, and others our wishes that they may follow such good examples.

FRATERNAL ITEMS.

ILLINOIS.—January 12, an application was received at this office and charter granted for ——— Temple, No. 10, at Jacksonville. This state has now ten working Temples, more than twice enough to organize a Grand Temple. We would suggest to the brethren there that the effort be made in time to give them a representation in the National Temple, at its session in Indianapolis, in June next.

INDIANA.—A charter was lately granted for Princeton Temple, No. 27, at Princeton, Gibson county.

OHIO.—December 17, an application was received and charter granted for Buckeye Temple, No. 13, at Warrentown, Jefferson county. It has since been organized by W. Mathews, D. G. W. T., and others from Smithfield.

January 16, an application was received, and charter granted, for Bellefontaine Temple, No. 14, at Bellefontaine, Logan county. It was duly organized by the writer on the 26th.

ENGLAND.—Brother Joseph Thomas, writing from Liverpool, December 18th, says: "We have organized St. George's Temple, No. 1. We have not yet initiated any but the charter members, being anxious to perfect ourselves in the work first. I have every reason to believe the Order will flourish in this country. If any of the brethren from the states or British provinces, visit Liverpool, we should be glad of a visit from them. We meet every Friday evening. My address is Joseph Thomas, bookseller and stationer, 159 Scotland Road, Liverpool."

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Brother C. A. Everett, writing from St. Johns, says: "In our circle of Honor we count three members of the National Division, S. of T., and more than half of our number are members of the Grand Division of this province, and nearly all are among the leaders of the Temperance movement. There is no doubt we could rapidly augment our numbers; for as a body we stand high in the estimation of community, but our determination is to maintain that position, and we have no desire to admit those who would be mere hangers on.

"The cause is in a healthy state in this province, and we look forward to no distant period for a law prohibiting the importation, sale and use, of intoxicating drinks as a beverage. Nearly one-half our legislature are Sons of Temperance. We have power in our hands and intend to use it for the good of the people."

Pennsylvania.—Brother Joseph Bridle, writing from Pittsburg, January 10, says: "The Order is prospering since the meeting of the Grand Temple here. Dumars Degree Temple numbers seventy-five or eighty full degree members. On Wednesday evening last, Friendship Social Degree conferred the degree on twenty applicants, one-half of whom were ladies. This Degree now numbers one hundred and twenty-four members.

"On the 21st of December, the ladies of Birmingham presented Alaguippa Temple with a splendid Bible. An eloquent address was delivered by sister De Heas on the part of the ladies, which was responded to on the part of the Temple by E. P. Jones of this place."

MASS TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

The friends of temperance in Ohio will hold a Convention in Columbus on Wednesday, the 25th of February. It is hoped every friend of the cause who can possibly do so will be present. Arrangements have been made with the different railroad lines leading to Columbus to take delegates to and from the place at half price. John B. Gough, and other distinguished speakers will be present. Let temperance men see to it that notice is given in all the papers throughout the state, and that every petition to the legislature, not previously presented, is forwarded by delegates to the convention.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Organ of the Temperance Reform is the title of a new paper just started in this city. Caleb Clark, publisher; S. F. Cary, editor. Weekly at $1.50 a year; clubs of ten and upward, $1 each. We rejoice to find in this new co-laborer an able advocate of the temperance reform. Brother Clark is just the man to carry through whatever he undertakes. We doubt whether such a paper could be in better hands. Gen. Cary is too well known in Ohio and the whole country to require any recommendation from us. If the friends of temperance expect the cause to prosper, they must call to their aid the press, and to be useful the press must be well sustained.

Camden Phenix, Camden, Wilcox county, Ala.; weekly; F. A. Duval, editor and publisher; two dollars a year in advance. This spicy little sheet has lately put on a new dress, and is a welcome visitor to our sanctum. We like its independent tone, and its advocacy of temperance.

Ladies' Repository, Cincinnati, monthly, by Swormstedt & Power, at two dollars a year, edited by B. F. Tefft, D. D. The January number of this valuable monthly is on our table. Like its predecessors, it is entertaining, instructive and useful.

The Life Boat, Portsmouth, Ohio, weekly, by J. Miller, at one dollar a year, devoted to temperance and general news. This unpretending little sheet is quietly, yet efficiently, laboring in the good cause in the rum cursed city of Portsmouth. It is ably conducted, and we wish it abundant success.

Monthly Literary Miscellany, *a Compendium of Literary, Philosophic and Religious Knowledge*, Detroit, Mich., D. F. Quimby, editor; Beecher & Quimby, publishers. One dollar a year in advance. The January number of this work is before us, filled with interesting original and selected matter.

GRAND TEMPLE OF KENTUCKY.

At the semi-annual session of the Grand Temple of Kentucky, held at Covington in November last, James Davison, of Covington, was elected G. W. T., and L. D. Pearson, of Louisville, G. W. V. T.

The regular annual session of the Grand Temple will be held in the city of Louisville, on the third Wednesday in May, 1852. A full attendance of the members is expected, as business of importance to the Order will be transacted.

The brethren of Covington deserve and merit the thanks of the Order for the handsome manner in which their "social party" was conducted, and the liberality with which they provided the refreshments on the occasion. Bro. Van Hamm, of Ohio, was present, and delivered a short but eloquent address.

W. H. JOHNSON, sr., G. W. R.

"COME THIS WAY, FATHER!"

THE following touching and beautiful piece we find going the rounds of the papers, and deem it worthy a place in our magazine:

"During a short visit to the sea-shore of our state, some two years since, with a party of friends, it was proposed, one bright afternoon, that we should make up a party and go down the harbor on a fishing excursion. We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles, a young lady of the company declined going any further, and requested us to land her on one of the small islands in the harbor, where she proposed to stay till our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred remaining with her. Accordingly, we left them, and proceeded about six miles further. We remained out much longer than we had intended, and as night approached a thick fog set in from the sea, entirely enshrouding us. Without a compass, and not knowing the right direction to steer, we groped our way along for some hours, till finally we distinguished the breaking of the surf on the rocks of one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat where I had been steering, and shouted with all my strength. I listened a moment, and heard, through the thick fog and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy calling, 'Come this way, father! steer straight for me. I am here, waiting for you!' We steered by that sound and soon my little boy leaped to my arms with joy, saying, 'I knew you would hear me, father!' and nestled to sleep on my bosom. The child and the maiden are both sleeping now. They died in two short weeks after the period I refer to, with hardly an interval of time between their deaths. Now, tossed on the rough sea of life, without compass or guide, enveloped in fog and surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear that cherub voice, calling from the bright shore, 'Come this way, father! steer straight for me!' When oppressed with sadness, I take my way to our quiet cemetery; still, as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes thence, 'Come this way, father; I am waiting for thee!'"

Surely, though the "child and the maiden are both sleeping, now"—though they were called, so soon, to their "home in heaven"—their mission here on earth was not without its fruits, that of guiding to a haven of safety a parent and friends and of lengthening the probation of souls probably unfit for immortality. And who could measure the joy of the angels in heaven on hearing, near the throne of God, the sweet welcome of the child, "Come *this* way, father; I am HERE, waiting for you!"

MARRIED:

IN Cadiz, Ohio, on Tuesday, December 30, by the Rev. Mr. Kerr, Bro. WILLIAM J. BLAIR, of Cadiz Temple, No. 56, and one of the proprietors of the "Cadiz Sentinel," to Sister NANCY VOSHELL, S. G. of the Social Degree; all of Cadiz.

DIED:

IN Conneautville, Pennsylvania, January 3, of tubercular consumption, Bro. R. W. WILLIAMS, aged 31 years.

The deceased was formerly principal of the Conneautville Academy, and, at the time of his death, a worthy member of Excelsior Temple of Honor, No. 66, and of Conneautville Lodge, No. 168, I. O. O. F.

The two Orders were out in a body to attend his funeral, and passed appropriate resolutions.

THE TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE.

CINCINNATI, MARCH, 1852.

THE INDIAN TEMPLAR.

BY WM. ROUNSEVILLE, D. M. W. T.

MOKENA was the chief of his tribe. His voice was heard above the battle cry, and his arm was strong to smite a foe or to defend a friend. He was the idol of his tribe. For many moons he had led the braves to battle, and never to defeat. Where Mokena was, victory was sure. When he was at a distance, the warrior was discouraged, his arm was weak, and his blows were ineffectual.

The frosts of fifty winters had bleached the raven locks of Mokena, yet his eye was not dim, nor was his strength yielding to old age. His form was erect, and his step was as firm as when he first led his warriors on the war path. Why should his strength forsake him? He had traveled but to the meridian of his day, and the sun of his life shone in unsubdued, unclouded splendor. What need that the strong arm should so soon become weak—the bright eye dim—the stanch and steady muscle uncertain? There was no need; it was not so with Mokena. In strength as in place, in act as in office, he was the chief of his tribe, and none disputed his right to the position he had held so long with honor to himself and profit to his nation. Mokena reigned in the hearts of his warriors. * * *

A change came over Mokena; for what man liveth and changeth not? But it was not a change from manhood to old age; it was not that change which comes over the body and spirit when sickness lays its palsying hand upon the strong muscles of manhood and makes him a child. The bloodshot eye, the bloated cheek, the unsteady step, told of another and a sadder change. He was going down to the grave under the damning influence of the fire water of the white man.

Victory no longer was wrought by his arm; for that arm was enfeebled by intemperance, and had forgotten its cunning. He was no longer looked up to by his tribe as the father and leader of his people; for the acute perception which had made him such, had been blunted by the power of strong drink. And that tribe which had always been victorious over its enemies, and which never had fled from a foe, became cowardly, weak and imbecile. The scepter departed from them, and rested with their enemies. The strong men became weak under the influence of rum. The old men were unfit for business around the council fire in consequence of drunkenness. The war path led to destruction because it was wet with strong drink. The women and children were hungry in the wigwam because the aim of the hunter was unsteady, in consequence of the fire water of the white man. The arm of the father ceased to protect his family, because his brain was on fire with flame kindled at the pit of hell. The mother forgot her babe, because her love was consumed by the fires which were burning up the old and the young, the strong and the weak, of the tribe. And Mokena was, as the rest, a drunkard!

Years passed on, and still Mokena was a drunkard. The erect frame became bowed down. The eye which had been able to detect the panther in most secret covert, and search out the foe in his ambush, was dim. He was no longer Mokena. He was an enfeebled sot.

His enemy taunted him, and he replied only by grimaces. Once he would have answered by the knife or the tomahawk. Even the young chiefs of his tribe spoke of him as an "old squaw," who had neither strength nor courage. The scepter of power had departed from Mokena, and others ruled the degenerate tribe which, to middle age, he had always led to victory.

As he sat in his lodge, his withered cheeks were wet with tears. His thoughts were upon the past. A long line of heroic deeds were arrayed before him; then came shame, reproach and infamy. It was a picture of his own life. The review of it cleared his brain from the effect of strong drink, and he saw clearly the truth. From the hight of strength and power he had fallen so low, that the youths of his nation made him their butt of ridicule. It was not wonderful that the old chief wept over his fall. As these sad reflections passed through his mind, a shout as of danger saluted his ear.

"The Miamis are upon us! O, that Mokena was as in days of old, when they quailed before him, and he always led his braves to victory." Thus spake a voice before the lodge of Mokena. The chief arose, and seized his bow and his spear. He rushed forth, and found himself surrounded by the warriors who, in a hundred battles, had been victorious under his command. He shouted as he came forth:

"Mokena *is* as in days of old! The strength of the fire-water has gone, and Mokena is again a man! Henceforth he will be the leader of his people. The Miamis shall flee before us as before. Let him who will follow Mokena come forward. A cool head, a steady hand and a strong heart, shall find a leader. Let the drunken man remain at home; sober men only can be victorious. He who will not abjure the fire-water of the white man, must not go on the war-path with Mokena. He who will swear never to touch the accursed poison, let him come forward, and Mokena will lead him against his enemies. Let all who will swear it come forward!"

The assembled braves to a man came forward, and exclaimed, "We swear it! Hail to Mokena, the great chief!"

"Braves, ye have sworn never again to touch the bad spirit of the pale face. What shall be the penalty for him who shall break his vow?"

"Infamy!" shouted a hundred voices.

"He who shall forget his vow, and partake of the fire-water, shall be held a liar and infamous!"

"So it shall be!" responded the band of warriors.

"It is enough!" cried Mokena, whose form already grew more erect, and whose voice thrilled the hearts of his audience as in days gone by; "It is enough; the foe already is near us. Remember that Mokena sober was never beaten, and that he is sober now. Let us on!"

"Hail to Mokena, the invincible!" was the response of the band of braves as they darted into the forest, and sped toward the thicket where their enemies were reposing themselves before the attack.

* * *

Long years had passed, but still Mokena was the chief of his tribe—still was he "Mokena, the invincible;" for he had kept his vow. His nation was prosperous, the chiefs revered him for his wisdom, the youth delighted to hear him recount the feats of courage and strength which he had witnessed, and all blessed him for the pledge he had administered. It was the salvation of Mokena. It was the salvation of his nation.

WHAT IS LOVE?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE DOVE."

A MOTHER, full of thought and tender affection for her beautiful daughter, was seated on a sofa in a large apartment. She had been reading, but the book had fallen from her hand, and she was gazing upon her fair child who stood beside the street window. An earnest, pleased smile played around the sweet mouth, and a rosy blush mantled over the fair cheek of the young girl, as she gracefully, yet with an embarrassed air, bowed in acknowledgment of a passing recognition.

The invalid mother closed her eyes, and clasped her hands in an earnest prayer for her beloved child. Her spirit grew calm in an inner light. Truth seemed sensibly to flow into her from the divine form of God, and her maternal love was the plane into which this truth was received. She called, in her low, loving tones, "Lucie!" and the fairy-like, delicate Lucie was at her side in a moment. She sank, in her girlish beauty and grace, on a low seat, and gazed into her mother's face with the innocent lovingness of a young child.

Mrs. Herbert drew her to her, and kissed the sweet, blooming face, and said to her, "Lucie! this is your sixteenth birth-day; you are no longer a child."

Lucie bent her head upon her mother's bosom, and said, "O, mamma! I am a child; I do not wish to be any thing else."

The mother smiled and said, "Not so, my daughter. I would have you retain the grace of obedience; and, as a child, yet learn from the wisdom of others. But I would also have you realize that you have entered upon another period of life which God has blessed with beautiful gifts; and to appreciate these gifts, you must know what they are; otherwise, through ignorance, you may abuse them. Look, my daughter, into that mirror, which reflects your form, and see what beauty you are blessed with."

The pleased and blushing Lucie raised her eyes to the opposite mirror. She caught her mother's glance of warm affection, and turned to embrace her, saying, "O, mamma, I thank the good Lord that I am beautiful, because it makes you happy."

"Yes, dear child, you do indeed make me happy; and I thank the good Lord, also, that I have given birth to one so fitted to make others happy. Your beauty is not for yourself, nor for me alone. God has thus created you in so fair and gentle a form, that through you he may bless some noble and good man."

Lucie felt the destiny of woman unfolding itself in her expanding being. She reverently kissed her mother's hand; for she felt that she was guiding her into the sacred recesses of her own being—into the holy of holies—her heart.

A warm, confiding sympathy, changed the relation of mother and child, at that moment, into that of spirit friendship. The young girl felt that the mother was her heart's confident, and said, in her guileless simplicity:

"Mamma, I feel such a capacity for loving; I am always imagining how dearly I could love; and, sometimes, when I receive little attentions from men, my heart bounds forth to meet them with a beautiful joy—and then I fear—and my heart shrinks back—and then I feel like nestling in your bosom as a little child; for I remember that "*Undine*," the fair water spirit, had never a woman's soul till she loved. Mamma what is love?"

"My child, God is Love; and all pure love flows from him."

"But, mamma, that seems mystical and abstract. I want to understand that which is in myself."

"Very well, my child; I am coming down into your own little heart. But, as love could not exist in your heart if there was no love in God, you must first perceive his love before you can understand your own heart. The divine love is a desire to make others happy. God would give himself to every human being; devote his infinite grace and beauty of character to their happiness. He would soothe them in their sorrows, rejoice with them in their joys, elevate their thoughts, purify their affections, and delight to do them every possible good. But he cannot do this unless we love him; for it is as when a beautiful, loving woman desires to do this to a man and he remains indifferent to her charms. Of course, she cannot make him happy, because he will not know her, or see her, or delight himself in her presence. Do you not see that to receive love from God we must love him, and we cannot love him without knowing him and thinking of him."

"But," said the young girl, "to know God seems so impossible. Dear mamma, help my thoughts."

"My child, it is simple and easy to know God, because he has brought himself down to our comprehension. The divine Jesus, with all of his vast, incomprehensible thoughts and feelings, filling eternity and expanded into infinity, yet walked the earth in so simple a life that we can know him and love him. He was a being of such pure and unselfish a goodness, of such tender and gentle affections, without a taint of pride, vanity or earthly ambition."

Lucie looked up with light sparkling in her eyes. "O," she cried, "truth at last seems clear to me. This is the type of a real man. Yes, now I can love God. My thoughts can rise from his earthly life to his heavenly glory. Now I *see* what goodness is—what his love is."

Mrs. Herbert continued, with an earnest enthusiasm, "Lucie, my child, fix this divine image in your mind. God is the type of what man should be. So chaste—so meek and mild—so serene before a mocking world—with his thoughts ever dwelling within an inner world of glory. This is the measure of a man; and when the spontaneous spring of love that swells in your maiden heart, from an infinite fountain of love, would flow forth, let each human being be measured by this divine image. If you see not the qualities which assimilate man to God, turn from the finite imperfection to the infinite and eternal truth, and this form of God, which is the truth, will be your guide.

"But, my child, you are young and inexperienced, and I must hold up to your view the opposite of love—which appears as love—but is as to true love, what the dancing 'will-of-the wisp,' born in bogs and fens, is to the eternal sun that shines in the pure, blue heavens. This apparent love is born of the selfishness of man. It does not look to God; it has no thought beyond this earth—beyond personal gratification. A man may woo a woman with a grace and tenderness that charm her fancy and call forth the deep gratitude of her loving heart, when *she* has no place in his heart. Himself is enshrined there like some bloody Moloch, to whom a fair and innocent victim is to be devoted. Such a man weds a woman with no thought or desire of making her happy, but of making himself happy, by having her to minister to his desires. She is his slave, not his equal. It matters not whether she wear a visible manacle, or whether she grace, with her beauty and intelligence, some gorgeous home—she is his slave. He regards her as being for his use. He may feel pride in her rare beauty, he may be vain of the accomplishments of her intellect, but it is with the sole idea that they are *his*—that they are means by which he may attain ends. Ah, if woman but realize this truth—would make of love a *science*—would learn to test the genuine and reject the spurious, how many breaking hearts might be saved."

Mrs. Herbert's earnestness affected Lucie. She kissed the tears from her mother's sad eyes, and said:

"Dear mamma, I thank you that you are so anxious to save me from sorrow; and I will love no one who does not love God, and who does not try to be like him."

The twilight hour of communion between mother and daughter was ended, and soon a gay circle of society came with the evening lights.

Lucie's birth-day party seemed to catch the very spirit of joyousness from her light and graceful being, which was so full of an inner light of love. As she glided, sylph-like, through the mazy dance, the glance of admiring eyes and the words of flattering tongues followed her. But no self-love grew in her heart; for she had realized the high and beautiful destiny before her of making *one* human heart happy, and she lived in the delight of that thought.

The last compliment had been gracefully acknowledged; the warm good-night kiss of her mother yet lingered on her lips; and, in the sanctuary of her chamber, she knelt, in her child-like innocence, to thank God for all of his blessings. But, most of all, her thought in her evening prayer rested upon the beautiful truths her mother had spoken. The divine image grew radiant in her mind. But even this thought grew mazy in her indistinct consciousness. Sleep had come; and the kneeling maiden, in her light undress, half reclining on the crimson couch, rested in the rosy repose of her blooming innocence. But it was her body alone that remained unconscious. The happy spirit awoke in the gardens of God. She felt the glorious sunshine, and opening her eyes, she beheld the effulgence of light, flowing from the divine sun in the east. She said softly to herself, "This is the God whom I worship." But a sense of his infinity, of the vastness of his existence, overwhelmed her. She bowed her face in a self-abasing humility. The infinite purity and absolute perfectness of the divine Being seemed to separate her from him; and yet the joy of worshiping so great a God, held her to him.

Music came floating on the soft air that touched like a love-kiss her cheek, and she felt that the music was that of a human mind breathed upon by the breath of God—truth. She felt the thrill of a responsive symphony. She looked up, and saw standing beside her a youth radiant in beauty. He smiled, and pointing upward, said, in the words of the Psalm she had just read upon earth, "O magnify the Lord our God, and worship him upon his holy hill; for the Lord our God is holy."

Lucie turned to the bright spirit with such a loving trust, and said, "Tell me, am I upon the hill of God, that I see so much of his glory." And the youth seated himself by the maiden on the velvet turf, where roses grew in a bowery beauty, and bright crystal waters murmured to the soft breathing winds. The spirit answered in gently attuned words of wisdom:

"The hill of God is the inmost of thine own being. It is the spiritual love of the finite human soul, that looks to God as being the supreme good from whom all good flows as light from the sun; from whom all life in the universe exists, as the life of the finite human body exists from its indwelling soul.

"You and I, fair maiden, are not life in ourselves. We are *forms*, receptive of life, and this life from God is love; for God is love, and love is life."

"I feel it," said Lucie; "for I can never lose my love but with my life."

The youth smiled and said, "Then, truly, thou wilt never lose thy love; for thy *life* is immortal and indestructible."

As the wise spirit spoke, Lucie felt as if she had found an eternal joy, so welcome to her were the pleasant words of his wisdom, and she said pleadingly:

"Tell me, I pray thee, of the being of God."

The spirit answered: "The being of God is incomprehensible to our finite minds. He is *self-existent.* He is life itself, and we are but forms of life, derived from him. We cannot attain to the perception of life as it is in him. We only perceive his life as it flows into us. We know that the *substance* of God is love, and his *form* is wisdom; and the emanations from this self-existent substance constitute the elements of creation, and creation takes the divine form. We are but forms of God's love, and this love is molded in us by our finite understanding, either into forms of beauty, or into perverted, distorted forms. That only is a form of order and beauty which is molded after the divine Form. If our understandings and our intellectual perceptions are turned to God, the light from him flows in and reveals to us his divine spiritual form, in all of its grace and beauty, in its divine perfections of being, so full of tender mercy and loving compassion as it looks into the hearts of the countless myriads of its creation, and provides for all of their wants. In God we see an endless bounty of doing *good* to beings out of himself; not for the sake of himself, but for their sakes. How, in all of his divine providences, he strives to raise us out of an evil life, and fill us with beautiful thoughts and pure affections! Even now," said the spirit youth, "methinks he, in his divine providence, has brought me from the outer life into a spiritual consciousness, in the world of dreams, that I might see the beautiful maiden whom my heart has, heretofore, treasured as an ideal form of loveliness. But, now, I know that my *ideal* is a spiritual reality, and when I return to the cold outer life, believe me, I will ever remember the maiden of my dream."

"What," said Lucie, "dost thou, too, dream like me—dost thou live in the outer world? for I sleep, yes, sleep, kneeling at my evening prayer. But it is beautiful thus to sleep, and dream in the warm sunshine of God, love. Ah, now I see how he watches over us in our sleep; how we have two lives, an inner and an outer; and in the inner life spirits commune together, though in the outer world they may be far separated."

"This," said the youth, "is a delightful knowledge, and evermore I will look away from my outer isolation to my inner beautiful companionship. It is this for which my soul has so often yearned; for one so gentle and loving, to reflect my thoughts in whom I may ultimate my love of God."

The maiden said: "I, too, have yearned for one in whom I might see the form of God, and love God in him."

The youth said: "These words are indeed sweet to my soul; but, as our love comes from God, we will worship him. And worship, my beautiful one, is realizing that God is all, and we are nothing without him. It is this humility of self-abasement that is the true joy of worship. We delight to see the glory in him." As the spirit thus spoke, his beautiful countenance grew radiant with the grace of humility.

And the two knelt in the fair spirit world, and as they gazed up to the eternal sun of glory, a light so translucent flowed to them, that they beheld the form of the divine Jesus revealing to them the beauty of his infinite soul. The kneeling maiden was borne up in the supporting arms of the youth, and her head rested on his bosom. She looked up to him, and said:

"The light of divine truth, has revealed to us the beauty of the Highest; my soul can only love him; and thou must be like him, O beautiful youth, that I may love thee. In thee must I see the light of his truth, glowing in a gentle intelligence, animated by a love of doing good to others for his divine sake."

"Ah," said the youth, "thy love will prompt me to these pure aims. It is thus God regenerates his children through love."

But a dim consciousness of outer life was coming. Lucie felt a warm kiss, and heard the words, "Adieu, my spirit bride." Then she awoke, and her dream seemed so like a reality, that she looked wonderingly around and felt a painful loneliness, and yet she was so happy. No maiden, after hearing the beautiful words of love spoken, which betrothed her to her heart's chosen one, ever felt, more thrillingly, the self-consecration of her whole being, to this elected one, than did Lucie to the youth of her dream.

Sleep came no more to those bright eyes, though she lay so still and happy in her beautiful thoughts. She recalled every feature, every word, the air and the acts of him who had called her his "spirit bride," ah, those words, how they thrilled her—and was she indeed the bride of one so good and wise and beautiful? This thought, warmed her heart with the most fervent love and gratitude to God. She could not think of the youth, but the thought of God flowed into her heart, and when she thought of God in his great sun of glory, then was the vision of the kneeling, worshiping youth beside her.

Beautiful maiden! this dream was God's providence to thee; for, cradled in wealth, Lucie, in her Eden garden of youth and beauty, like a fair Eve, might have listened to the voice of the tempter, and become the victim of some external love. But now, having listened to the music of a spiritual wisdom and love, all other loves seemed so earth-born, that she heeded them not.

For many days, the young girl spoke not of her dream. Her mother saw that a great change had passed over the spirit of her child. The serene grace of a dawning woman-hood had replaced the careless frolic of the thoughtless child. She no longer seemed to have outer wants or troubles, and when she spoke, her words were the forms of ideas, not mere words. An inner life seemed to have awakened in her, that lifted her above the outer, and had opened in her a fountain of intelligence and perception that astonished all of her masters.

Mrs. Herbert studied her sweet child with a mother's yearning tenderness. She gazed with delighted surprise upon her developing being. When another long twilight talk with Lucie revealed to her fond mother all the hidden springs of thought and feeling, she listened to the dream, told in a confiding simplicity, and entered into all of Lucie's feelings. Free from all idle superstitions, yet her mind was open to a rational perception of the possibility of *dreams* being *real-*

ities. The train of Lucie's thought and conversation, on that evening, had opened her soul to a higher life; and she realized that, in the providence of God, the body might sleep, while the spirit remained awake in a vivid perception, and retained its consciousness, in the highest or inmost degree of its lower mind, or outer intellectual casement. Lucie was delighted to find that her mother did not think her dream but a dream, and she said:

"Dear mother, then you think that I have had a glimpse into that inner life, which is every day as real as it was in my dream."

Mrs. Herbert replied: "That our spiritual life must be as continuous as our outer life; for the outer but existed from the inner."

Lucie answered musingly, "But, mamma, it is so different from the outer life—so beautiful, so satisfactory, and altogether charming."

"Yes," said Mrs. Herbert, "it must be quite different, and yet the outer life is a correspondent basis of the inner life. The outer life must be pure and good, that the inner life may be beautiful. An evil person could not have seen the scenes you saw, nor the companion whom you so much enjoyed."

"Ah, mamma," said Lucie, "how pleasant it is to be good, to love truth, to be gentle and kind, because the good God is, when we know that this outer thought and feeling brings us into so beautiful an inner life."

Mrs. Herbert looked happy with her beloved child, and answered, "This revelation of your inner life may serve to help you comprehend how, when God was upon the earth, clothed in materiality, he yet had a consciousness of his infinite interior life.

"Yours was but a passing momentary consciousness in the world of your ideas, and you perceived that what was but a thought, a feeling, in your outer life, was, in reality, a form, a personation in your inner world, and that your life was more vivid and sensitive in the inner world of the spirit, than in the outer world of the body. If your finite spirit had such a perception of pleasure in an inner spiritual possession, what must this inner consciousness have been in the Lord, who in spirit filled the universe, while this spirit manifested itself in a material body to our external perceptions?"

Lucie said, "Yes, the life of God must have been wholly different from all other human lives, because a finite spiritual consciousness could only reveal its own small sphere of ideas, but the spiritual consciousness of God revealed the universe, both spiritual and material. It is a beautiful revelation to me, dear mamma, that we have two lives—one visible to men and the other to spirits—and that our spirit may live in the sunshine of God's presence, no matter how the storms of earth may darken our outer life. And O, mamma, the pleasant companionship in the inner world! What a charm it gives to my life."

And Lucie bent her head to her mother's bosom, and seemed lost in her happy memories.

Mrs. Herbert was eminently a practical woman; she *saw truth* only to *love* it. Every new perception lent its light to her everyday life; and, while she entered, with the most fervent sympathy, into the dreams of the young girl, she wished not that she should be only a dreamer. Up to this period of her life, Lucie had been a mere child—with all the thoughtless gaiety and want of responsibility that would naturally manifest itself in a child, for whom others unceasingly thought and provided.

Mrs. Herbert saw that the dawn of a new existence had opened upon her daughter. The amusements and interests of the child were giving place to the yearnings of a woman's heart. She saw, that now was the crisis in her destiny; that now the warm spiritual being was taking its mold in the outer circumstances of her life; and the judicious mother lifted up her thoughts to the great center of love and wisdom with a prayer that God would guide her to influence her child aright.

She stroked back the soft brown curls from Lucie's fair brow, and kissing her tenderly, said, "Lucie, what if your dream should some day be realized on earth, and you should meet this spirit youth in a bodily form. You would expect to marry him, would you not?"

Lucie answered softly, "Dear mamma, why do you ask such a question?"

"Because, my love, I would have you prepare for this all-important event. For, if this ideal of your girlish fancy and dreams should be realized, of course you would wish to minister to his happiness in every possible way; for this end you must acquaint yourself with many things, of which now you are totally ignorant. To make a happy home is the most beautiful work of a woman's life. Man seeks peace and repose in the order and harmony of his home. A woman must understand many practical details to attain this order, which is the basis on which the superstructure of her happiness is to be built; for, having attained the basis, then she can help to elevate the thoughts and affections of a man to that which is higher, holier and more beautiful."

"Ah, mamma," said Lucie, "it will be delightful to learn what may minister to the happiness of another."

The young girl felt a self-consecration of her whole inner being and outer life to one end, and this fixedness of purpose, and definiteness of object, gave energy and order to her whole life. It was wonderful what the next few years accomplished. Knowledge poured in upon her eager mind, her warm heart awakened her perceptive faculties, and she learned, as it were, by intuition. These were the most important years of her education; and while her physical health was carefully guarded, her life was an active succession of pleasing duties.

Mrs. Herbert was a happy mother. In the place of her winning, artless, but thoughtless child, she now had a companion and friend, so tender and devoted, that her thoughts and feelings were discerned and responded to almost before she spoke them. Accomplished and efficient in all things, Lucie possessed a quiet, self-forgetting repose of manner, which united with an almost infantile grace and purity of being, made her presence delightful to all. She moved in society like a messenger of blessings to all with whom she came in contact, her thought was constantly flowing forth to do good to others.

Beauty and wealth naturally attracted admirers, but Lucy felt that God had created her for *one*. To her, marriage was too holy and sacred a thing to be made a jest of, and, without being reserved or forbidding, no man ever spoke of love to her, simply because she totally avoided the subject, and was blessed with a mother's protecting presence.

And in all of these years, what had become of the dream? Could she forget it? No; for in her evening prayers, that scene never failed to recur to her; as she knelt and lifted her thoughts to the great Sun of her worship, it ever passed through that garden of beauty, with its bower of roses, and murmuring winds and waters; and the radiant spirit of the beautiful youth knelt with her, and the soul-thrilling words, "My spirit bride," rolled back on her memory with an exquisite delight that called forth a daily inner consecration of her whole being to this high and beautiful ideal. And, sometimes, when a great and true thought flowed into her mind, she would smile with a dreamy-looking satisfaction; for she felt that she was not *alone* in the spirit world; and this thought had flowed into her mind from the radiant intelligence of that bright spirit. Sometimes she yearned sadly after the outward companionship and daily consciousness of the presence of her heart's beloved. But she indulged in no vain longings; for she knew the providence of God would guide all things right.

Lucie was in the enjoyment of this happy and contented mood, when, one morning, her mother requested her to visit an old lady upon some errand of friendship.

The servant ushered Lucie into the parlor to await the coming of Mrs. Leslie, who was engaged for a few moments. As she stepped lightly into the apartment, she saw a gentleman standing before the fire, with his face toward the door. Lucie felt a thrill. She knew not what it was, the air and figure of the person before her struck her so wonderfully. She was embarrassed. She sunk into her seat. There was no word or glance from the gentleman; but his head was slightly inclined forward, as if listening intently.

Lucie scarcely ventured a second glance toward him; but a soul-thrilling voice broke upon her ear in plaintive tones—"Am I alone?"

She started involuntarily, and looked eagerly—alas, the gentleman was blind! an unutterable compassion and sympathy filled the heart of Lucie. She had scarce self-possession enough to answer,

"A morning visitor to Mrs. Leslie is seated in the room." Her voice was tremulous with emotion; but as she spoke, she saw a most wonderful lighting up of that pale, speaking face—gladness, as of a joyful recognition, shone over the whole being of the blind man. At this moment Mrs. Leslie entered; and, after a most affectionate greeting, said to Lucie, "I must make you acquainted with my nephew, Henry Vernon, who has come to live with me."

Mr. Vernon bowed with a peculiar grace. His figure was light and elastic, with that buoyancy of a highly nervous temperament, so expressive of genius. His aunt, with kindly affection, guided him to a seat, and then devoted herself to Lucie, who was strangely embarrassed. She could have wept; why, she knew not; for, before, she had met with those who had walked enwalled by darkness, and, though she had pitied them, she was not so strangely moved by her compassion; but, now, she could scarcely control her voice to deliver her mother's message.

Mr. Vernon sat bending forward with that intense eagerness of expression so peculiar to the blind, who must make sound and touch suffice for sight.

Mrs. Leslie, with a kindly tact, drew Mr. Vernon into the conversation, by informing him that Mrs. Herbert, the mother of the young lady, was a friend of his mother's. Again the radiant smile illumined his face, and he expressed great delight at learning this; and remembered to have heard his mother speak of her friend, Mrs. Herbert, in connection with her youthful days.

Thereupon, Mrs. Leslie proposed to Lucie, that if her mother would be disengaged, she would bring Mr. Vernon round to spend the evening with her.

Lucie ended her visit, and walked home in an excited bewilderment. She felt that she could not see her mother. The moment she entered the house, she flew to her chamber and knelt before God. Her heart was throbbing with a great cry of sorrow—the radiant spirit of her dreams was blind upon the earth! She could not mistake him; it was he; there was not a doubt in her mind; and she wept over his misfortune, as if she herself had been just struck with blindness.

But upon this great sorrow a light shone; a perception how useful she could be to him awakened an inner joy in her. She arose, and putting away the traces of her emotion, sought her mother. She determined that she would say nothing of what she had felt and perceived, but simply informed her mother of Mrs. Leslie's expected visit for the evening. Mrs. Herbert was pleased to hear of her old friend, Mrs. Vernon, and said she had learned from Mrs. Leslie, that her only son was blind—that he had lost his sight three years since—that he was an artist by profession—and that she imagined, from what she had heard, that he was a very interesting person. At all events, she would be interested in him for the sake of his mother. Lucie made some excuse for spending several hours in her own room, and, in this time, her soul was resigning itself to the Divine Will.

The evening brought the expected guests. Mrs. Herbert received them with a warm welcome, so warmly and kindly, that Mr. Vernon felt strongly attracted to her, and this sympathetic attraction called forth the latent charm of his genius. He entered into conversation with vivacity and freedom; and the little circle could scarcely realize that a blind man talked, so vivid were his descriptions of what he had seen. For he had been a traveler both before his misfortune and since; and all of his sight seemed to have been devoted to art. In whatever country he had sojourned, his attention had been directed to this one subject. He said his profession had been dedicated to a high and holy use. He had studied to perfect himself in it as a science, that through it he might shadow forth the spiritual perceptions that thronged in his mind.

"For," said, he, "the true mission of art is not to minister only to the sensual perception of the beautiful, but through the senses to awaken the intellectual perception of truth. There have been," he continued, "two schools of art, the Italian and the Greek. The first is a sensual school; in it is the external perfection of form, without any appeal but to the external perception of the beholder; and these two schools are signally illustrated on the Capitoline Hill in Rome. In the court of the capitol stands an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius in bronze. It is a magnificent horse—an animal full of sensual life and power expressed—and the emperor is a man in keeping with the horse, with all the brawn and muscle which with the Romans constituted manhood. But as you descend the lofty marble steps of the capitol, you behold two Greek equestrian statues—Castor and Pollux: here you see the *spirit* of a horse breathing through the marble. You realize, in the horse, aspirations after mighty deeds, tempered by the gentle affections and sympathies he bears for man; while the twin brothers have in them that aerial grace that leads the mind to a perception of a higher life, of an inner spiritual existence. When I stood before the Apollo, I realized this to the fullest extent. Those old Greek artists," said he, musingly, with a mournful melody in his voice, "must have sometimes had their spiritual sight opened, and have seen as an actual existence the spiritual form of man; hence the pure ideality of some of their creations—perhaps in dreams they saw visions of the spiritual world."

Lucie drank in these words with thrilling interest. But in a few moments the blind artist continued. He had studied Greek art only in Italy; "for," said he, "when I traveled in Greece, I was blind. With closed eyes I breathed the balmy breath of its delicious climate, and saw not the havoc of time, nor the perversions wrought by its fall from the order into which it was created. Yes," continued he, "to me Greece was hallowed ground. I had wandered in Egypt, that mighty type of the sensual science of the human mind; in Assyria, which represents the rationalism of man, a degree above the sensual scientific; in Israel, which is as the spiritual mind, with its voices from heaven, in which the word of God is written; and then I came to Greece, which is as an intellectual perception of truth. As the nations of the earth represent the faculties of the human mind, so do individuals in nations represent the nationality in a concentrated individual type. This type of Greece is Plato. In him the intellectual perception of the human mind reached its culminating point. It shows that without revelation the brightest intellect must wander in obscurity. And why? Because the finite man cannot realize the infinite man; his conception of man is so narrow, that he seeks to make God an ether, an aura of intelligence, that he may disembody him from his own finiteness of comprehension. Till God reveals himself to us, we cannot elevate our minds above space and time, to realize that his infinity is of feeling, and not of space—his eternity is of thought, not of time; for he is above all space and all time, and we are bound within their material walls till he lifts us out of their suffocating darkness."

The sighing cadence in which the last words were drawn out, revealed the sorrows of the stricken man, which he, with a quick and sensitive perception of the sympathy of his friends, sought to dispel by alluding to some of the advantages which his blindness gave him—that he dwelt in a world of ideal forms, unmarred by material reality. For instance, he said that, while in Greece, he lived not in the present, but in the past; and when he stood on the hill of Colone, where the blind Œdibus had rested, that he had realized, in *fancy*, the charming description of Athens, which Sophocles puts in the mouth of Antigone:

"*Œdipus.* Where are we now, my dear Antigone?
Knowest thou the place?
Antigone. Far as my eyes can reach, I see a city
With lofty turrets crowned; and if I err not,
This place is sacred; by the laurel shade,
Olive and vine thick planted, and the songs
Of nightingales sweet warbling through the year."

"And were you alone?" asked Lucie, "on the hill of Colone."

"I had no Antigone with me," replied Mr. Vernon, smilingly, "but I had a friend who kindly guided my steps."

Refreshments were brought in, and Lucie had a nervous desire to assist one whom she felt that she was created to minister to. But Mrs. Herbert assumed this privilege herself; for her feelings were so much interested in Mr. Vernon, that all of her attention was devoted to him.

Mrs. Leslie asked for music, and Lucie inquired what she should play for her. She referred to Mr. Vernon, and he arose and accompanied her to the instrument, and as they walked across the room, her hand within his arm, guiding him, he said.

"Music is the soul breathing itself into sound. Choose your own music, that through its sound I may recognize your soul."

Lucie trembled with excitement, and, without a thought, almost involuntarily struck the notes of her daily chant. Beautifully soft and harmonious was her voice as she sung,

"O, magnify the Lord our God, and worship him upon his holy hill; for the Lord our God is holy."

"I thank you," said Mr. Vernon, as if *his* soul spoke through his lips; "I once heard that chant in a dream; and no words ever move my soul as do these."

"And do you dream so vividly?" asked Lucie.

"But once—but once," answered Mr. Vernon. "It was several years ago, and your voice and your presence strangely recall my dream. It is sad that I may not see you, and compare you with the vision of my dream."

And the blind man sighed, and said, as if speaking to himself, "That was a dream of my youth; it would be selfish in me even to seek to realize it on earth."

Lucie attuned her music to his state; it was delightful to him to feel the harmony of a perfect accord with her being steal over him. The magnetic sphere of a beautiful spiritual presence was thrilling his every nerve with blessedness.

Mr. Vernon left that charmed presence with the most yearning desire to live forever in it, and yet with a dreadful feeling of the bitterness of his misfortune, that would forbid him to *ask* a woman's love.

Lucie, too, was elevated into a state of blessedness. There was a fullness of joy in the companionship of such a mind, that she had never before realized. Her sweet face was flushed with the pleasurable excitement of her spirit; her eyes beamed with radiant light; and her motion was full of the grace of her happiness. Mrs. Herbert looked upon her with admiring eyes, and sighed. She was regretting that Mr. Vernon was denied this pleasure. Lucie seated herself beside her mother, and laid her hand lovingly in hers.

"Mamma," said she, "I am very happy."

"Mrs. Herbert responded to her affectionate pressure, and said, "It is a great pity that Mr. Vernon is blind; he is so agreeable a man. I wonder if his sight cannot be restored."

"Ah, no, mamma, there is no hope of that," responded Lucie. "He told me all about his blindness. It arose from a disease of the optic nerve, and it is incurable. But how [illegible]nly and patiently he bears this great [illegible]tion. He says that it is wearisome—[illegible] long, long darkness—but when he reflects upon how kindly he was prepared for it—how much he had read, and seen, and how his memory is stored with subjects of thought—that he cannot repine. He spoke of his travels, and said it was beautiful to travel; to see many countries, and to have loved and been interested in many people in different lands; that it extended the sphere of man's thought and feeling, and made him realize how great and beautiful a thing it is in the life of God, that he, from the fixed center of his being, looks into all the stars of the universe, with their peopled worlds, and knows, and loves, and cares, for all.

"Mamma, I find Mr. Vernon delightful, because he always lifts my thought up to God. And O, mamma, he had the same dream that I had. I did not tell him that I too had dreamed it; but he detailed it all to me with perfect accuracy, and, to-morrow, he wishes us to come to Mrs. Leslie's to see the scene of his dream, painted. It was the last work he executed."

"Lucie, my child," exclaimed Mrs. Herbert, "would you be willing to marry this man, blind?"

"God created me for him, dear mamma, and it matters not what his misfortunes are, I am his; and if he *is* blind, dear mamma, only think of how many ways I can minister to his happiness—of how useful I can be to him. Dear mamma, when I was a young girl, and asked you what love was, you made me realize that it was a consecration of myself to another, to promote his highest good in every possible way. For years I have lived with this beautiful hope before me. I have trusted that God would provide for me this highest happiness and use of woman. And now he has brought to me the bright spirit of my dream—of a dream so vivid and remarkable that it has influenced my every thought and feeling since I have experienced it, and a dream which you explained as a supernatural state of spiritual consciousness. And he, too, had the same dream! Mamma, we met in heaven! God joined us together there; shall we be disjoined on earth?"

Mrs. Herbert was much agitated. This was not the destiny she would have chosen for her lovely and beloved child—a union, perhaps for many, many years, with a man hopelessly blind. But she felt that what was not her will, might be the will of God, and she bowed her soul submissively.

She clasped her child in her arms, and said, "Lucie, you know how dear you are to me. But now you have attained the age of a woman. I no longer wish to exercise the authority of a parent. You are free to act in accordance with your convictions and feelings; but act slowly, my beloved child. May there not be some mistake?"

"No, mamma, there is no mistake. But I will do nothing without the sanction of your advice; for I am convinced that God will order all things right for me in his providence. And he will bring you to see that it is good and right for me to become the guide and assistant of the one who alone can be to me a spiritual guide. Mamma, it is you who have taught me that, in the 'beginning God created them male and female'—that the man is the understanding or the wisdom, and the woman the love that is to be united to this wisdom, that thus out of two a *one* might be found—an indissoluble one, whose identity of being involves eternity. And O, mamma, how short will this outer blindness seem to be, compared with an endless future, a bright and glorious future, of light, and joy, and freedom!"

"But, my child, there will be many weary days, even in the short, outer life. It is a fearful thing to be blind—to be dependent upon others for innumerable wants—it is scarcely possible that human patience should not sometimes sink under it. You have seen Mr. Vernon but one evening; you have been charmed with his mental resources—with his amiable appearance; but he may have quite other moods. Your life would be a trying one."

"And what do you think my life would be if I should shrink from my highest and holiest duty from any selfish consideration. Could I be happy *alone*, dear mamma, knowing that he for whom I was created languished in unhappy isolation? No, mamma, neither could you be happy to have me, in opposition to my clear convictions, do such a thing."

"But, Lucie," said Mrs. Herbert, "has Mr. Vernon recognized you as the vision of his dream?"

"I do not know, mamma. He said it was said, that he could not see me, to compare me with the person of his dream; for my voice was the same. But he added, that it would be selfish in him to seek to realize upon earth what he had enjoyed in heaven."

Mrs. Herbert asked Lucie to permit her to go alone the following day to Mrs. Leslie's to see the painting. Lucie cheerfully consented, and retired, not with a desire to sleep, but to *think*. At first her spiritual sensations were undefined; gradually they calmed down into a glad and tearful happiness; and, finally, after elevating her thoughts into the heavenly light of the spiritual sun, she slept as in the presence of the Lord.

And when she awoke, it was as if to a new day in her existence. Life was suddenly so filled with interest; it was as if she realized her own being in another. She longed to communicate all the joy and good of herself to that other, who, she felt, with an intuitive perception of his thought, was sadly yearning for her. She met her mother, with a new warmth of affection, as if she would love her into her own inner joy. Mrs. Herbert responded to her affectionate warmth, and at the earliest possible hour, walked round to Mrs. Leslie's to see the painting, in which Lucie was so deeply interested. She saw that Mr. Vernon was intensely excited when he heard her voice. He started forward with that peculiarly radiant smile and listening air, as if his ear awaited the tones of another voice; but when he found that Mrs. Herbert was alone, the light faded from his countenance, and a mournful, disappointed, yet patient and resigned, expression succeeded it. Mrs. Herbert was deeply touched and she could not but realize how Lucie loved the unfortunate man. She turned to him in the kindliest manner and said,

"Mr. Vernon, will you gratify my curiosity by permitting me to see the last picture that you painted." He bowed an acquiescence, and Mrs. Leslie led Mrs. Herbert into an inner apartment.

The beautiful painting represented a youth and a maiden kneeling, with their faces upturned to a great glory of light that streamed upon them from the east; while around them bloomed a flowery Eden. As Mrs. Herbert gazed intently, almost unconsciously, she exclaimed,

"It is, indeed, Lucie!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Leslie, "it is so remarkable a likeness, that I questioned Mr. Vernon closely as to whether he had not seen Miss Herbert before his blindness; but he says not—that this is simply his ideal. And you see that he has caught his own air and likeness, too."

While the two ladies gazed and discussed, Mr. Vernon listened with a breathless attention.

Mrs. Herbert felt her heart drawn toward him in a great compassion. She saw his delicate and sensitive nature; and if he was indeed created for Lucie, she felt that she could not object to her daughter performing her duty, and making both herself and this unfortunate man happy.

With this feeling, when she was leaving, she asked Mr. Vernon if he would not like to walk with her. He accepted her invitation with a grateful alacrity that plainly showed where his heart was yearning to be. When they were in the street, Mr. Vernon narrated to Mrs. Herbert his dream, and told her how the first tones of Miss Herbert's voice had thrilled upon him—of how, without seeing her, he felt that she was good and beautiful, and how his dark outer life seemed to grow bright in her gentle presence. But he sighed deeply, and said his misfortune would prove an insuperable barrier to his earthly happiness, but that in *heaven* he could look forward to a beautiful blessedness.

Mrs. Herbert's heart was melted, and she told him that she could conceive it possible for a woman to love him in spite of his misfortune.

"Yes," said he, "if I met with her whom God created for me, she would undoubtedly love me; for there is an irresistible spiritual attraction between such; but it would be selfish in me when I could not add to her happiness, to permit her to become the minister of mine."

Mrs. Herbert replied, "It is sometimes the highest blessing that can be conferred upon woman, to give her an object upon which she may pour forth the pent up love of her heart—one upon whom she may lavish all the tenderness and gentle sympathies of her nature. But," said she, "we have reached my house, and you can discuss this point with Lucie."

As Mrs. Herbert guided the young man into the house, he said:

"Words cannot express the gratitude I feel to you, but God will bless you for your beautiful kindness."

She left him alone in the parlor, and sought Lucie in her chamber. She clasped her child to her heart, and murmured joyfully, "Lucie, I have seen the picture, and it is a beautiful likeness of you."

"O, mamma," said Lucie, "how happy you make me."

Mrs. Herbert informed her that Mr. Vernon awaited her in the parlor. She tripped down with so light and airy a grace, that one might easily see that the elastic spirit was but slightly clogged with its case of earth. But, light as was that step, the quick ear of the blind man caught its every tread, and felt the joy of his life expanding as it drew near to him. The soft hand was clasped in his, but no word was spoken. It was a joy too deep for utterance. Gradually his head bent forward in that waking dream of happiness, and he felt a light kiss on his brow. Had an angel touched him there could not have been a deeper reverence in his murmured words, "I thank you," that rolled up from the deep gratitude of his heart.

Thus it was, upon the earth, began the united life of those whom God had made one in heaven.

Lucie lived but in her devotion to her husband, who was to her, in his serene, thoughtful resignation, the very form of wisdom—of a wisdom that was always seeking to elevate her thoughts and affections to a higher world. She lived in heaven with him while yet upon earth, and she to him was as the light. Her loving hand guided him through the darkness of earth, while the quick perceptions of her feminine intellect lent a grace and beauty to every truth which he made clear to her. Thus he loved his own wisdom out of himself, and she loved the wisdom that was from God in him.

Mrs. Herbert looked with delight and satisfaction on the beautiful happiness she had been the medium of bestowing, and always said softly to herself, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

Care for others.—A poor old man, busy planting an apple tree, was rudely asked,

"What do you plant trees for; you can not expect to eat the fruit of them?"

He raised himself up, and leaning upon his spade, answered,

"Some one planted trees for me before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit. I now plant for others to show my gratitude when I am dead and gone."

Thus should we think and act for the welfare of others.

TO COBBESSECONTE LAKE.

BY MARTHA.

Sweet, lovely lake! no poet's pen
  Has shrined in verse thy name,
And to the "haunts of busy men"
  No voice proclaims thy fame.
No classic ground thy waters boast,
  By lofty mountains crowned;
No gold lies sparkling in thy depths;
  No palaces surround.

But sweet and gentl[illegible]ories
  Are clustering round thee now,
Of happy homes and smiling fields
  That deck thy peaceful brow—
Of waving trees that sing to thee,
  Of pebbles on thy shore,
Where oft the gay and fair have walked,
  Who now may walk no more.

Of island gems upon thy breast,
  Of sails upon thy wave,
Where many a bird his curving neck
  And snowy feathers lave.
O, ever changeful is thy face,
  Like human face so fair,
When each succeeding thought imprints
  Its joy or sorrow there.

When skies are blue, and earth is filled
  With zephyrs wild and warm,
A strange and winning power lies
  Within thy sleeping form.
Trees, cot and hills then gaze to see
  Within thy mirror true,
Their forms in beauty penciled there
  To greet our raptured view.

And then when clouds of darkness roll
  Their gloomy folds along,
When angry winds rouse up thy waves,
  A white-capped snowy throng—
There 's grandeur in thy billows dark,
  And beauty in their foam,
And music in thy saddened wail,
  That seems to tell of home.

Yes, ever beautiful art thou,
  Though not in song enshrined,
Though not on history's bright page,
  Thy humble name we find;
And though unworthy is the lyre
  That now would sing to thee,
Thou still wilt holy thoughts inspire,
  And bind my heart to thee.

If every person were to count fifty each time before taking a glass of beer, one hundred before taking a glass of wine, and one thousand before taking a glass of grog, there would not be so much intemperance in the land.

CHEER AND CHILDREN.

FROM IK. MARVEL'S DREAM-LIFE.

* * * "Dear Madge?"

"Dear Clarence!"

——— And you pass your arm now unchecked around that yielding, graceful figure, and fold her in your bosom with the swift and blessed assurance that your fullest and noblest dream of love is won!

* * * What a glow there is in the sun! What warmth, yet—yet it does not oppress you: what coolness—yet it is not too cool. The birds sing sweetly; you catch yourself watching to see what new songsters they can be—they are only the old robins and thrushes; yet what a new melody is in their throats.

The clouds hang gorgeous shapes upon the sky—shapes they could hardly ever have fashioned before. The grass was never so green, the butter cups were never so plenty; there was never such a life in the leaves. It seems as if the joyousness in you gave a throb to nature that made every green thing buoyant.

Faces, too, are changed—men look pleasantly—children are all charming children—even babies look tender and lovable. The street beggar at your door is so suddenly grown into a Belisarius, and is one of the most deserving heroes of modern times. Your mind is in a continual ferment; you glide through your toil—dashing out sparkles of passion—like a ship in the sea. No difficulty daunts you—there is a kind of buoyancy in your soul that rocks over danger or doubt, as sea waves lave calmly and smoothly over sunken rocks.

You grow unusually amiable and kind—you are earnest in your search of friends—you shake hands with your office boy as if he were your second cousin. You joke cheerfully with your stout washerwoman, and give her a shilling over change, and insist upon her keeping it, and grow quite merry at the recollection of it. You tap your hackman very familiarly on the shoulder, and tell him he is a capital fellow, and do n't allow him to whip his horses, except when driven to the post-office. You even ask him to take a glass of beer with you upon some chilly evening. You drink to the health of his wife. He says he has no wife, whereupon you think him a very miserable man, and give him a dollar by way of consolation.

You think all the editorials in the morning papers are remarkably well written, whether upon your side or upon the other. You think the stock market has a very cheerful look—even with Erie, of which you are a large holder, down to seventy-five. You wonder why you never admired Mrs. Hemans before, or Stoddard, or any of the rest.

You give a pleasant twirl to your fingers as you saunter along the street, and say—but not so loud as to be overheard—"She is mine, she is mine!"

You wonder if Frank ever loved Nelly one-half as well as you love Madge? you feel quite sure he never did. You can scarcely conceive how it is that Madge has not been seized before now by scores of enamored men and borne off, like the Sabine women in Roman history. You chuckle over your future like a boy who has found a guinea in groping for sixpense. You read over the marriage service, thinking of the time when you will take *her* hand and slip the ring upon *her* finger, and repeat after the clergyman: "for richer, for poorer—for better, for worse!" A great deal of worse there will be about it, you think.

Through all, your heart cleaves to that sweet image of the beloved Madge, as light cleaves to day. The weeks leap with a bound; and the months only grow long when you approach that day which is to make her yours. There are no flowers rare enough to make boquets for her; diamonds are too dim for her to view; pearls are tame.

———And after marriage the weeks are even shorter than before; you wonder why on earth all the single men in the world do not rush simultaneously to the altar; you look upon them all as a traveled man will look upon some conceited Dutch boor, who has never been beyond the limits of his cabbage garden. Married men, on the contrary, you regard as fellow voyagers; and look upon their wives, ugly as they may be, as better than none.

You blush a little at first, telling your butcher what "your wife would like; you bargain with the grocer for sugar and teas, and wonder if he *knows* that you are a married man? You practice your new way of talk upon your office boy; you tell him that your wife expects you home to dinner, and are astonished that he does not stare to hear you say it!

You wonder if the people in the omnibus know that Madge and you are just married; and if the driver knows that the shilling you hand him, is "for 'self and wife?" You wonder if anybody was ever so happy before, or ever will be so happy again?

You enter your name upon the hotel books as "Clarence ——— and Lady;" and come back to look at it, wondering if anybody else has noticed it—and thinking that it looks remarkably well. You cannot help thinking that every third man you meet in the hall wishes he possessed your wife; nor do you think it is very sinful in him to wish it. You fear it is placing temptation in the way of covetous men, to put Madge's little gaiters outside the chamber door at night.

Your home, when it is entered, is just what it should be—quiet, small, with every thing she wishes and nothing more than she wishes. The sun strikes it in the happiest possible way; the piano is the sweetest toned in the world; the library is stocked to a charm; and Madge, that blessed wife, is there, adorning and giving life to it all. To think, even, of her possible death, is a suffering you class with the infernal tortures of the inquisition. You grow twain of heart and of purpose. Smiles seem made for marriage; and you wonder how you ever wore them before!

———What a joy to be a father! What new emotions crowd the eye with tears, and make the hand tremble! What a benevolence radiates from you toward the nurse—toward the physician—toward everybody! What a holiness and sanctity of love grows upon your old devotion to that wife of your bosom, the mother of your child!

The excess of joy seems almost to blur the stories of happiness which attach to heaven. Your name and blood will live after you; nor do you once think (what father can?) but that it will live honorably and well.

With what a new air you walk the streets! With what a triumph you speak in your letter to Nelly, of "your family!" Who, that has not felt, knows what it is—to be a "man of a family!"

How weak, now, seem all the imaginations of your single life; what bare, dry skeletons of the reality they furnished! You pity the poor fellows who have no wives and children from your soul; you count their smiles as empty smiles, put on to cover the lack that is in them. There is a Free-masonry among fathers that they know nothing of. You compassionate them deeply; you think them worthy objects of some charitable association; you would cheerfully buy tracts for them, if they would read them—tracts on marriage and children.

———And then "the boy"———such a boy!

There was a time when you thought all babies very much alike:——alike? Is your boy like anything, except the wonderful fellow that he is? Was there ever a baby seen or even read of, like that baby?

———Look at him—pick him up in his long white gown; he may have an excess of color—but such a pretty color! he is a little pouty about the mouth—but such a mouth! His hair is a little scant, and he is rather wandering in the eye—but, good Heavens—what an eye!

There was a time when you thought it very absurd for fathers to talk about their children: but it does not seem at all absurd now. You think, on the contrary, that your old friends who used to sup with you at the club, would be delighted to know how your baby is getting on, and how much he measures round the calf of his leg? If they pay you a visit, you are quite sure they are in agony to see Frank; and you hold the little squirming fellow in your arms, half conscience-smitten for provoking them to such envy as they must be suffering. You make a settlement upon the boy with a chuckle—as if you were treating yourself to a mint-julep—instead of conveying away a few thousands of seven per cents.

———Then the boy develops, astonishingly. What a head—what a foot—what a voice. And he is so quiet withal; never known to cry, except under such a provocation as would draw tears from a heart of adamant; in short, for the first six months he is never anything but gentle, patient, earnest, loving, intellectual and magnanimous. You are half afraid that some of the physicians will be reporting the case, as one of the most remarkable instances of perfect moral and physical development on record.

But the years roll on, in which your extravagant fancies die into the earnest maturity of a father's love. You struggle gaily with the cares that life brings to your door. You feel the strength of three beings in your single arm; and feel your heart warming toward God and man with the added warmth of two other loving and trustful beings.

How eagerly you watch the first tottering steps of that boy; how you riot in the joy and pride that swell in that mother's eyes, as they follow his feeble motions! Can God bless his creatures more than he has blessed that dear Madge, and you? Has Heaven richer joys than live in that home of yours?

By and by he speaks; and minds tie together by language, as the hearts have long tied by looks. He wanders with you, feebly, and with slow, wondering paces upon the verge of the great universe of thought. His little eye sparkles with some vague fancy that comes upon him first, by language. Madge teaches him the words of affection and thankfulness; and she teaches him to lisp infant prayer; and by secret pains (how could she be so secret?) instructs him in some little phrase of endearment, that she knows will touch your heart; and then she watches you coming; and the little fellow runs toward you and warbles out his lesson of love, in tones that forbid you any answer—save only those brimming eyes—turned first on her and then on him; and poorly concealed by the quick embrace, and the kisses you shower in transport.

Still slip on the years, like brimming bowls of nectar! Another Madge is sister to Frank; and a little Nelly is younger sister to this other Madge.

———Three of them! a charmed and mystic number; which, if it be broken in these younger days—as, alas, it may be!—will only yield a cherub angel, to float over you, and to float over them—wean you, and to wean them, from this world, where all joys do perish, to that seraph world, where joys do last forever.

MORE ABOUT “WHO SHALL WEAR THE BREECHES?”

BY TERRY TALLMAN.

Mr. Editor—I am personally unacquainted with your correspondent, "The Doctor;" but, in the true spirit of friendship, I greet him, and wish what I am about to offer may be received or rejected in the same spirit. I have been an interested reader of his contributions to the Magazine, and was amused, to say the least, by a perusul of his dream of "Who shall wear the breeches?" but could be reconciled to its spirit and tendency in but one way—a belief in the assurance of Ireland's celebrated "Rory O'More," that "drames always go by conthraries."

Now I regard "The Doctor" as a real, or imaginary, representative of a large portion of our people—honest, doubtless, but timid souls—who regard the efforts of woman to throw off the restraints which are imposed upon her with the same anxiety with which they would view the struggles of a bound tiger to break the thongs which fetter him—who fear to loosen one single rivet in the shackles of woman, lest she should thresh about, get entirely loose, retaliate on man, go to congress, or indulge in some other desperate freak which would turn the world topsy turvy, knock society off its hinges, or, worst of all, put her in possession of the "breeches."

Perhaps "The Doctor" has now, in his mind's eye, the image of his "better half" astride of his goodly steed, rigged out in

Bloomers at least, if not in his identical breeches, boots and spurs, with pill-bag behind, frisking away to prescribe for the ailments of his scores of patients; while he is left at home to dust the parlor, rock the baby and scold the servants. Now seriously, Doctor—barring the breeches and boots—is there anything so very terrifying in the picture after all?

I am perfectly aware that this is not the time nor place to discuss this matter, were I disposed to do so; but I wish to tell a dream of *mine* and leave the interpretation with the reader.

Shall I commence with a quotation? Well, what shall it be?

> "I fell asleep, and dreamed a dream."

No, that wont do!

> "Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
> Had in her sober livery all things clad."

I sat and mused. The subject of my thoughts was woman's lot, Musing, I fell asleep—my mind pursuing still the channel of my waking thoughts. Time rolled back and I saw a vision of the past. I saw woman worshiped—idolized. I saw man make of woman a divinity, and of himself a sycophant and a fool. I saw him make woman his ruler—then bow in mock submission to her mandates.

I saw brave knights battle furiously in the lists to vindicate the claims to divine charms of their respective "lady-loves." I saw the sword and lance clash fearfully and deal thundering strokes on steel clad forms—for the reward of the victor was a wreath from fair hands, and smiles from the lips of beauty. I saw a glove snatched from beneath the very jaws of wild beasts in a death struggle: and a simpering smile greeted the happy rescuer on his return from the bloody arena.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream!"

I saw the mantle of divinity, with which the imagination of man had clothed her, fall from the form of woman, and she stood forth, not as an angel clad, nor yet as a slave. Angelic qualities were there, but too intimately blended with earthly to call for worship: yet was she a fit companion and an equal for lonely man. But it chanced that, in dream-land, too, "might constituted right," and man said, "I'll command—you obey." So, it was done. I saw man spring, with eager haste, to guard every avenue by which woman might escape from his power; and, if a noble spirit raised its voice through the lips of woman, in an instant was that spirit crushed. If woman spoke of rights which, by the will of God, were hers, sneering lips, bitter rebukes, or vile reproaches, from high and low, from church and state, from pulpit and press, were brought to effect her overthrow.

I saw grave statemen stand in legislative halls, with the lore of ages in their brains, and gravely prate of woman's inability to use the faculties which a short sighted Creator had given her, and of the dangers of permitting her to try. I saw them create law after law for her benefit, till, in the misty, foggy atmosphere of their creation, she was lost and became a nonentity—or appeared as a flitting, shadowy specter, beneath their towering forms. Then these wise ones loudly assured all womankind, that it was blessed beyond the lot of mortals in being allowed such efficient protection—in thus being relieved of all responsibility: in short, in being allowed to exist in a cage where it could not escape nor any but the initiated enter. But woman, poor, silly soul, believed it not! So, ever and anon, there came a voice of discontent from the east and west, from the north and south. At first, man heard and scoffed—then, heard and attended—then, heard and trembled.

Again the scene changed! I heard a voice come from the great heart of man, saying, "These bonds must be removed from woman, and she shall then, and forever, stand forth as the *equal*—not as the slave or toy—*of man.*" It was done! The mighty balance of society creaked as it vibrated on it rusty pivot, and then, as the needle to the pole, adjusted itself as truly as its Maker intended. Now, a sound of harmony pervaded creation: not the music of the spheres, but the harmony of society, whose every element had found its equilibrium and settled to repose. Strong and stronger still swelled forth the sound of melody from where before all was silence or discord; every home, every fireside, added volume to the song, till creation owned its power and bowed to its influence. "Grim visaged war" wiped the perspiration from his hideous face, and the gore from his devastating blade, gazed a moment in alarm, then fled in dismay and was heard of not again: while smiling peace waved her olive branch over the earth, and said, "Henceforth, this is my dominion." Cruelty and injustice spread their dark pinions to seek a more congenial clime: while Justice and Humanity joined hands, and went abroad to bless the earth. I saw a vile and abandoned wretch, on whom force and harshness had been expended in vain, rushing wildly down the road to ruin. An unwonted sound reached his ears; he paused in his flight and listened; a tear glistened in eyes that had not wept for years. He stepped from the path of vice, and mildness led him back to virtue. I saw the reeling inebriate about to carry to his lips the hellish draught: he hesitated, and the fiery liquid was dashed to the earth, while its destruction sealed his return to abstinence and sobriety. I saw the executioner about to inflict the last penalty of the law upon its victim: the breeze came whispering by, and on its wings there rode a sound of exultation. It was the voice of humanity redeemed through woman's influence, while the voice of mercy mingled with the tidings. The hangman paused in his unholy work; his hand trembled; the noose dangled unfinished from the beam, and the gallows was cheated of its prey. I saw lawyers starving in their offices, surrounded by musty and useless volumes.

I saw learned and portly magistrates grow lean on their benches and stare, day after day, through their spectacles, in astonishment that weeks had passed without a "case."

The prison house and the brothel poured out their polluted hordes, to be purified and elevated by this holy influence, till where poor degraded thousands groaned in anguish, deep solitude reigned, or was disturbed but by the hooting of the owl or the whizzing of the bat. Education sprang from the confining rules of the school room, and, divesting herself of the thousand tinsel gew-gaws with which absurd custom had loaded her, came and claimed a seat at the fire-side and an abode in the domestic circle.

I saw pure and finished men and women leaving their homes, to go out into the world and practice the noble lessons of purity and holiness inculcated beneath a mother's fostering care and daily rehearsed beneath her supervision. I lived to see a generation pass away in an hour—but, the hour passed, I awoke and found it a dream, while all things were jogging along still the same, and likely to continue the same for a century to come. Nine women out of ten are flirts or coquettes, because nine men out of ten profess to believe their conduct is charming—the men pleased because the women demanded so little, the women pleased that so little pleased the men.

THE MAGNETOSCOPE.

A GENTLEMAN, Mr. Rutter of Black Rock, Brighton, has recently invented a magnetoscope of such extreme delicacy, that it is capable of indicating plainly to the sight the existence of magnetic currents, which would appear to be constantly traversing the human frame, and the various modifications of them which are produced by circumstances apparently of a totally insignificant character—such even as contact with the dead objects and living people around us.

The invention of the instrument is undoubtedly Mr. Rutter's so far as it is an invention at all. However, many of the phenomena produced by the apparatus, and the principle of the arrangement, were introduced to the notice of the English public several months ago by Dr. Mayo. No doubt many who read his work thought too contemptuously of the apparently fabulous phenomena there said to be producible, to take the trouble of putting the matter to the test of experiment, even though nothing was required, if I remember right, than to string a gold ring on a silken thread, let it hang loosely and freely from the human hand, and watch the results. In this form, however, it was a mere toy. Mr. Rutter has made of it a philosophical instrument.

The following account is drawn up from notes taken at a lecture on the instrument given in London by Dr. Madden of Brighton.

1. From a stand fixed firmly to the table there rises perpendicularly a rod of wood, say eighteen or twenty inches high, having a brass knob on the top. From the knob projects, at a right-angle with the upright, a brass arm, say nine inches long, tapering to a fine end.

2. A fine silken filament is attached to one end of a small spindle-shaped piece of sealing-wax like a fisherman's float—but the shape is not material. This is hung from the extremity of the brass arm; and the line being merely a raw thread taken from the cocoon, there is no twist or tendency to turn in it, but the plumbob hangs free to vibrate or circulate, or adopt any motion in obedience to the infinitesimal influences which are to act upon it.

Immediately underneath the center of the bob is a small circular wooden plate, say four inches in diameter, so made as to be fixed in a horizontal position, higher or lower—that is, nearer to or further from the lower point of the bob. On this is placed a glass dish, rather less than the tablet it rests on, and about as deep as the bob is long. The tablet is then moved upward till the lower end of the bob almost touches the center of the glass dish. The bob, thus hanging down into the dish, is protected from the accidental movements of the surrounding air. If thought desirable, however, the whole line and bob can be surrounded with a glass shade, such as are placed over artificial flowers or small statuary, having a hole in the top for the string to pass through.

The apparatus being thus prepared, and the sealing-wax bob hanging dead from the brass arm, and all parts at rest, the operator placed the finger and thumb of his right hand upon the brass knob, and almost without perceptible interval the bob was evidently moved; in a few seconds it was decidedly making an effort to swing round, and in less than a minute was steadily careering in a circle parallel to the sides of the glass dish, the lower end of the bob tracing a circle of perhaps two inches in diameter, or the size of a crown-piece, from left to right, as the hands of a watch move. The lecturer said he would call this the normal motion, being that which was invariably produced, at least after some practice; but it was a curious fact, and as yet unaccountable, that many of the movements were different with different individuals—that they were often even different with a given individual on first experimenting and after considerable practice; but that there came a time when an operator could depend on the movement peculiar to himself occurring without exception. This left-to-right movement invariably occurred, however often the experiment was made, the bob invariably beginning to swing with the sun a few seconds after the application of the finger and thumb to the knob. He stated, too, that many experiments which at first were difficult, or gave dubious results, became sure and unvarying as the operator increased in delicacy by practice.

The mode of stopping the movement is by taking a piece of bone in the left hand, when the motion gradually slackens and ceases. With Mr. Rutter the bob will stop almost immediately, but, with Dr. Madden, the time occupied is tediously long, and, therefore, more forcible means were, on the present occasion, employed when it was wished to commence a new experiment. The lecturer, however, showed an equally satisfactory experiment. Placing the finger and thumb of the right hand to the knob, and holding a piece of bone in the left, no movement whatever could be produced: on dropping the bone from his palm, the bob was instantly *stirred*, and in a few seconds once more traced out the normal circle.

When only the *finger* was applied to the knob, the bob set up, not a circular but a to-and-fro movement, like a clock pendulum. On stopping it and applying the thumb only, a similar pendulation was produced, but in a direction directly across and perpendicular to the former. The direction of the swing for finger and thumb respectively was always the same, however often the experiment might be tried—that is, calling the direction for the finger N. and S., that for the thumb was E. and W.; and if, while the finger was producing the N. S. swing the thumb was substituted, the bob was instantly affected—staggered, so to speak—and shuffled itself into the E. and W. direction.

While the lecturer held the knob by his finger and thumb, a person standing by touched the operator's left hand with his own right, when, instead of a circular motion, an oscillatory one was produced, but in a direction different from the two. On this a chain was formed by the gentlemen present joining hands, and as the chain increased the arc of oscillation increased till the bob swung as far as the sides of the dish; the contribution of a few more hands, and it must have struck the glass. If the bystander touched the experimenter with his finger (index) only, the same effect was produced as if the experimenter touched the instrument with his finger only, and so with the thumb.

Now came an extraordinary and mysterious part of the subject. The lecturer stated that if, while the operator's finger and thumb were producing the left-to-right movement, a woman were to touch his left hand, the bob would immediately refuse to proceed in the normal direction and be carried round in the opposite direction—right-to-left. No ladies were present, but the lecturer stated that any thing which had been worn or carried about by a female for a length of time, or even a letter written by one, would do as well. Incredible as this may seem, it was put to the proof and succeeded. The instrument being at rest, the operator placed his right hand on the knob, and a letter written by a lady was laid in the palm of his left, when the bob immediately commenced a circular movement from right to left. This was tried with several documents, one of which was of the date of September 27th, twenty-four days previous. One of these experiments was startling, and touches on a disputed and much-vexed question; but we may venture to state what really occurred. One letter placed on the hand produced an apparent indecision on the part of the bob, to such an extent that the lecturer "gave it up;" he could not tell of what sex the writer was. It proved to be a woman; but the writing had been penned while in the mesmeric sleep, on which the lecturer remarked, that Mr. Rutter had already ascertained the fact of the disturbing influence exerted by a somnambulist.—*Ex.*

A TRUE STORY.

COL. C., of Mansfield, Ohio, was a lawyer and merchant in this place, some twenty-five years since. Col. C. was a tall, muscular man, noble and high minded in all his transactions in life. He purchased goods at Pittsburg, and had occasion to repair to that place, at a certain time, and fork over and buy more goods. On his arrival at P. he called his creditors together, and told them he would not be able to pay them but fifty cents on the dollar, and if they would accept of that proposition he was ready to do it; if not, they might do with him as they pleased. They would not accept of his offer, but had him immediately arrested and put in prison. On arriving at the jail, he found three hearty looking men, who were confined for debt, sitting on their blocks or stools in rather a desponding attitude.

"Well," said the Col. to the one nearest him, "what the d—l are you here for?"

"For debt, sir," replied the prisoner.

"How much is it?" asked Col C.

"Three or four dollars," was the reply.

(The Sheriff being present.) "How much is it, Mr. Sheriff?"

"Four dollars and seventy-five cents."

"Well," said the Col., "here is the money, but do n't let me catch you here again for that amount."

The Col. addressed the next one: "Well, sir, what are you here for?"

"For debt, sir."

"How much is it?"

"Twenty-five dollars or more."

"Well," said the Col., "here is the money, and now clear yourself, and do n't let me see you here again."

The Col. put the same question to the third one, and paid twenty-five dollars for his liberation.

"I have now," said the Col., vacated the coop, and am cock of the walk. Now, Mr. Sheriff, lock me in, and go and engage me a good, trusty servant man, at a good price. I 've got the money to pay him, and you also for your trouble, and one with whom you can entrust the keys of the prison."

"Very well, said the Sheriff, "I will do so."

Accordingly, the man appeared with the key of the prison in his hand.

"Well," said the Col., "you have come, I suppose, to work for me while I remain in this solitary abode of justice."

Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Now," said the Col., "get all the help you want to renovate this room by washing, whitewashing, &c., and, in the meantime, purchase one table, six chairs, one bedstead and bedding, one washbowl and stand, a two gallon jug of the best brandy in the city, one loaf of sugar, pitcher, tumblers, decanters, and all that is convenient and comfortable for a gentleman to keep house with, and put them in as soon as the room is cleaned."

The Col. furnished the necessary funds. All these requisitions being complied with, his hired man was employed from day to day in attending to visiting gentlemen, and also to see the Col. furnished with all the luxuries of life.

Gentlemen and ladies, and creditors, came to visit the Col. The latter were surprised to see the expense incurred in fitting up a room and furnishing it with such costly furniture.

"Well," said the Col. to his creditors, "I was raised to live decently and comfortably, and when you had me conveyed to this horrible place of justice, I found it in a filthy, uncomfortable condition, and I was determined to make it more comfortable during my stay in this unholy abode. And further, said Col. C., call on me to-morrow, at 3 P. M. and dine with me on fine roast turkey, and although my conveniences to entertain gentlemen are not very good, as I am confined to this room alone, I will endeavor to make you as comfortable as circumstances will permit."

"Very well," said his creditors, "we will dine with you on the morrow."

At dinner, Col. C.'s creditors said they did not feel disposed to keep him in prison, if he could not pay but fifty cents on the dollar—they would take it and give him a discharge.

"But," says the Col., "I have incurred some necessary expenses that must be deducted out of that fifty cents."

"What are they?" asked one of his creditors.

"One hundred and five dollars and fifty cents," said Col. C., "for the liberation of three prisoners which I conceived to be an act of charity and humanity; and then again, my expenses in fitting up the prison room, a duty I owed to myself, treating friends, hired help, &c., and six days imprisonment at $3 per day, will amount in all to $181, and I will pay the balance after deducting this."

"Very well," said his creditors, "we will do it. We do not want to see you absent from your family for the paltry sum of $4,000, when you say, honestly, that you are unable to pay the whole."

"Very well," said the Col., "I have told you what I would do, and I will do nothing else. Let us make out an estimate of the amount you are to have."

All being done, Col. C., purchased a lot of goods and returned again to his residence in Mansfield, Ohio.—*Ex.*

THE CONDITION—THE CONSENT.

A CAPTAIN recently won the heart of a fair maiden in New York. All that remained, in preparation of the bridal hour, was the consent of her parents. The mother unhesitatingly bestows the object of her heart upon the lover of her choice. How could she do otherwise, when the Captain was a man, a gentleman, everything that a fond parent or a loving wife could wish.

The father was now consulted, with the expectation that such a son-in-law would be quite an honorable acquisition to the family.

"You have my best wishes," said the old man, "but, so long as you do one thing, I can never consent to give you my daughter. You can marry her, I will attend the wedding, but my consent you can only have on one condition.

"What can the matter be," thought the young man, "have I offended you?"

"No."

"What is the condition?"

"That you sign the temperance pledge," sternly replied the father.

"O! that's a trifle; I but seldom take a glass. Never mind that, give me your daughter."

"No! no! never, till your name is enrolled on the total abstinence pledge. How can a father give his child to a man who drinks and may become a drunkard?"

The Captain pleaded in vain. The old man was firm in his resolution. Finally, the Captain thought his prize worth more than the bottle, and settled the dispute by bringing the old gentleman a certificate of his connection with the temperance society. Need I add, that the Captain is happy in his choice, and in his emancipation from the bottle, which had already gained a power over him, of which he was unconscious, till he attempted to throw it off.

Let every parent take a lesson from the father of Amelia, and refuse to give his daughter in marriage to any man, however brilliant his prospects, who will not abandon the use of alcohol and sign the temperance pledge.

For, in nineteen cases out of twenty, he who drinks a little occasionally, will soon drink a good deal oftener.—*Ex.*

EXTRACT

FROM A REPORT OF THE MAYOR OF PORTLAND TO THE COMMON COUNCIL OF THAT CITY.

I THINK it is not an exaggeration to say, that the quantity of intoxicating liquors now sold in this city, except by the city agent, is not *one-fiftieth* part so great as it was seven months ago, and the salutary effects of this great improvement are apparent among the people in all parts of the city. The amount of liquors consumed in the state I think is not *one-quarter* so great as it was seven months ago, and it will become less very rapidly, as the people in the country towns are now enforcing the law more extensively and vigorously every day; from many towns in the state the illegal traffic is entirely banished. I have now adopted a regular system by which the power of the law to exclude intoxicating liquors from the city, except for lawful purposes, is to be fully tested.

The master of the alms-house has submitted to me the following returns, which show the effect of the law on that establishment. Admitted into the alms-house, from January 1 to December 31, 1850, 290. Number admitted to the house from January 1 to December 30, 1851, was 262; average number through the year was 106. Number of families assisted out of the house from June 1 to December 31, 1850, was 60; average number through the year 1851 was 96. Number of families assisted out of the house, from June 1 to December 30, 1851, was 40. Number in the house, December, 1850, was 107. Number in the house, December, 1851, was 86. Number committed to the house of correction for drunkenness, from June 1 to December 31, 1850—six months—was 40. Number committed from January 1 to May 31, 1851—five months—was 34; from June 1 (the law was approved June 2) to October 16, was 8; from October 16 to December 31, none; from June 1 to December 31—seven months—8. THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION IS NOW EMPTY!

* * * * * *

The number of commitments to the jail of this county, for drunkenness, assault and larceny, from June 1 to December 31, 1850, was 192; for the same months of 1851, the number was 89, and for these months of 1851 there were 58 liquor sellers imprisoned, while in 1850 there were none. The law was in operation here pretty well by the first of August, 1851, and from that time to December 31, there were 9 commitments for larceny, and for the corresponding months of 1850 there were 16 commitments for that offense.

The whole number of convictions before our municipal court, under this law for selling intoxicating liquors, has been 101, and the amount of fines imposed for that offense is $1,310; amount of fines for keeping liquors, $360; amount of costs in cases of selling and keeping $373.35. Whole amount of fines and costs $2,043.35. The whole number of seizures of intoxicating liquors has been about fifty, and the market value of the liquor seized has not been far from five thousand dollars.

There were committed to the watch-house, from June 1 to December 31, 1850, 332 persons; corresponding months of 1851, 152 persons; in October, November and December, 1850, respectively, 43, 44 and 48=135; in the same months of 1851, 21, 23 and 11=55. * * * * *

I have notes received from Mr. Mitchell, city missionary, and from Mr. Hadley, minister at large, whose duties call them exclusively to visit the poorer part of our population. Mr. Mitchell has been city missionary for many years, and has had under his supervision from 650 to 700 families, and he adds that not one-twentieth of the intemperate drinking can now be found that existed when the "Maine Law" went into effect. In his constant walks about the city, he does not meet one intoxicated person a day; and he does not recollect more than five or six cases, for the last six months, of complaints of wives that their husbands drink too much; in many inveterate cases which he knows, where both husband and wife drank to excess, are they entirely reformed through the effect of the law, and are living happily together.

Mr. Hadley says that his intercourse is chiefly with the poorest part of the population, who are out of the alms-house, and especially with the intemperate. For the quarter just ended, compared with the corresponding period, ending December 31, 1850, the calls made upon him for assistance have been less than *one-seventh,* and the cases where relief was actually afforded were *just one-sixth* as many as they were during the same months of 1850, and the amount given in the three months of 1851, was $1 to 5.37½ given in the corresponding period of 1850. These results he obtains from careful examination of his books, and attributes the difference entirely to the favorable operation of this law upon the habits and domestic economy of the people.

* * * * * *

If the suppression of all grog-shops could have been effected at a cost to the treasury of some thousands of dollars, it would be regarded as a good financial operation; but I have made it a point in carrying on the warfare against the illegal traffic in rum, to compel the enemy to pay the expenses of the campaign; so far I have succeeded in accomplishing this object, and I am confident that at the end of this municipal year, I shall be able to report to the city council, that this traffic is entirely extinguished, and that the city has not paid a dollar of the cost.

NEAL DOW, *Mayor.*

MAKING HOOKS AND EYES.

THE New York Evening Post has a letter from a correspondent in Connecticut, from which we copy the following:

Upon the premises we were shown the works of the Waterbury Hook and Eye Company, where a capital of $16,000 is employed in the manufacture of hooks and eyes. Here were arranged long rows of little machines about the size of small wash-stands, under which a constant shower of feminine conveniences was pouring down, but from what cause or what agency it was difficult to conjecture. Upon a closer inspection a large spool of wire was perceived revolving slowly in the rear, growing shorter inch by inch, in mechanical harmony with the machinery, while iron fingers curiously articulated were ready to grasp the severed fragment, and pass it along from change to change till it finally dropped into the receptacle beneath, a perfect hook or eye, ready for use.

For a moment it seemed as if each machine was instinct with life and intelligence. The power of speech seemed to be all that was wanting to complete the delusion. There were but four or five men in the room, who passed around occasionally from one stand to another, to oil the machinery, to supply new wire when the previous spool was consumed, or to empty the vessels when filled by the silvery shower. The whole performance more resembled the voluntary process of nature than the result of mechanical art.

The duty of the superintendent of one of those machines seemed to me curiously alike to that of the gardener who plants his peach-stone, which, after many days, sprouts, grows into a tree, blooms, and finally bears peaches, which, when ripe, drop from its branches, and are gathered for use.—*Exchange.*

IRON AND STEEL.

Steel is iron passed through a process called cementation, the object of which is to impregnate it with carbon. Carbon exists more abundantly in charcoal than any other fusible substance, and the smoke which goes from a charcoal forge is carbon in a fluid state. Now, if you can manage to confine that smoke and put a piece of iron into it for several days, and heat the iron at the same time, it will become steel. Heating the iron opens its pores, so that the smoke or carbon can enter into it.

The furnace for this purpose is a conical building of brick, in the middle of which are two troughs of brick or stone, which hold about four tons of bar iron. At the bottom is a large grate for the fire. A layer of charcoal dust is put upon the bottom of the troughs, then a layer of bar iron; and so on alternately, till the troughs are full. They are then covered over with clay, to keep out the air, which, if admitted, would prevent the cementation. Fire is then communicated to the wood and coal with which the furnace is filled, and continued till the conversion of the iron into steel is completed, which generally happens in about eight or ten days. This is known by the blisters on the bars, which the workmen occasionally draw out in order to determine. When the conversion is completed, the fire is then left to go out and the bars remain in the furnace about eight days more to cool.

The bars of steel are then taken out, and either sold as blistered steel, or drawn to a convenient size, when it is called steel. German steel is made out of this blistered steel, by breaking the bars into short pieces, welding them together, and drawing them to a proper size for use.—*Albany Courier.*

IMPORTANT ADVICE.

Above all maxims necessary to be borne in mind by the parent and teacher, I would earnestly recommend the following: Be on the watch for the least dereliction that bears the character of deceit. Insincerity is the crowning fault of the world. Let not the terrible vice of falsehood implant itself in your children's minds. The first undiscovered deception—the first undetected and unpunished lie—will strongly tempt repetition; and ere long this, one of the basest vices of our nature, will hold sway over the hearts of your offspring. Point out, in mild yet forcible terms, its meanness, its futility, its wickedness; at the same time assuring the offender of pardon after a free and perfect confession. Exhort them to the truth on all occasions; let them feel that any slight fault, concealed by falsehood or evasion, is doubled and trebled in sinfulness thereby. Teach them, also, that the Eternal Parent pardons only the penitent, who humbly confess their errors.

It cannot be too early indicated to the observation of the youthful understanding, that the straightforward path is invariably the best and safest, although, perchance, it may seem less inviting and seductive than that of falsehood and deceit. That, to act with self denial and a strict regard to truth, will, in the end, be amply rewarded. That virtue, in short, is the best policy, chiming most closely with our real interest; and, that wrong-doing and infringement of the moral law, albeit apparently successful, is linked to the perpetual scourge of an evil conscience. But the more matured and enlightened mind should be taught to pursue good for its own sake, irrespective of all interested motives—should be made to comprehend the true beauty of holiness, and unselfish love of doing good, and to enter fully into the eternal truths revealed by the boundless love of God.—*Exchange.*

CLIPPINGS.

BY SCISSORS.

The Death of our Friends.—"I do not grieve when I hear of the death of any man," said a friend to us on one of the streets of this city a day or two ago; I am rather glad than sorry."

We looked at him with some apprehension that we did not exactly read his meaning, when he added,

"If the man be a bad one, I think of God's goodness and his wisdom, and feel quite sure that he would not remove him in his sins, if it were not morally certain he would never be any better. I am, therefore, glad that the world is rid of him.

"If he be a good man, our loss is so infinitely his gain, that it would be wrong to grieve at his departure. I think of his escape—his triumph—his exceeding great reward. And although I may sympathize with the sorrow of his sorrowing friends, I know it is a mere physical, not moral loss, even to them; for observation has assured me that the survivors are rather benefited than injured by the death of one they loved much; and that these wise dispensations of Providence generally are of spiritual advantage to the living."

We left our friend a wiser, if not a better man; and submit his observations to our readers for profitable meditation.

Whimsical Anecdote.—A medical student in Berlin lately fell deeply in love with the daughter of the lady at whose house he lodged. His passion was warmly returned, and the lovers swore eternal fidelity, and entered into a promise to marry. But there was an insurmountable barrier to their union, in the fact of the lady being a Protestant Christian and the gentleman a Jew; and both professed themselves no less attached to their respective faith than to each other. Business called the youth to Breslau; and when he had been there a few days, he received a letter from his mistress, couched in the following terms: "Dearest friend, the difficulties which have so long stood in the way of our marriage, have at length been put an end to, and by the intervention of your good angel, as you have so often called your faithful Minna, who yesterday became a Jewess." Scarcely had this letter been dispatched, when its writer received one from her lover, dated Breslau, and to the following effect: "My beloved Minna, the obstacle which presented itself to our union, in the unfortunate difference in our religious faiths no longer exists, and I shall hasten to complete our mutual felicity. I, yesterday, became a Christian!"

Forget-Me-Not.—"Grandmother," said little Gretchen, why do you call this beautiful flower, blue as the sky, growing by this brook, a 'Forget-me-not?'"

"My child," said the grandmother, "I accompanied once your father, who was going on a journey, to this brook. He told me, when I saw this little flower, I must think of him, and so we have always called it the 'Forget-me-not.'"

Said happy little Gretchen, "I have neither parents nor sisters, nor friends, from whom I am parted. I do n't know who I can think of when I see the 'Forget-me-not.'"

"I will tell you," said her grandmother, "one of whom this flower may remind you—Him who made it. Every flower in the meadows says, 'Remember God;' every flower in the garden and the field says to us, of its Creator, 'Forget-me-not.'"

Thundering Cold Fire.—On a winter night, a few years since, I was riding through the little village of Lowell, Maine. My route lay along upon a high ridge of land between Coldstream Pond and the Passadunkeag stream. The large full moon was just rising in the horizon, looking larger than ever. The sleighing was excellent, and my horse, as if charmed by the scene, jogged merrily on, when, from some cause, he suddenly stopped. On looking for it, I discovered a horse and sleigh driverless. In the sleigh was a mysterious looking jug, sole master of the premises; and upon looking for the driver, I found that individual by the roadside—the jug evidently master of him, as well as of the sleigh. He was muttering something about a "thundering cold fire," and blaming an imaginary John for not putting on more wood. Coming nearer him, I found that he was sitting upon the snow, with his feet through the fence, warming them.

Sir Isaac Newton.—All the world has heard of Sir Isaac roasting himself before a great fire, till informed of the possibility of escaping the fate he apprehended by pushing back his chair. The story of his employing the finger of a lady whom he was courting as a tobacco-stopper, is equally well known. Not so that which follows:

Dr. Stukely, one day, visiting Sir Isaac by appointment, was told by a servant that the philosopher was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but as it was near dinner time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. After a time, dinner was brought in—a boiled chicken under a cover. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The Doctor ate the fowl, and, covering up the empty dish, bade the servant dress another for her master. Before that was ready, the great man came down. He apologized for his delay, and added, "Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service; I am fatigued and faint." Saying this he lifted the cover, and, without any emotion, turned about to Stukely with a smile: "See," said he, "what we studious people are; I forgot I had dined."

I 'd Rather than that Mother Should.—Going from market, the other day, we observed a very small boy, who gave no special indication, by dress or face, of other than ordinary sensations or training in life, carrying a basket that was so heavy as nearly to bear him down beneath it. We observed, "My boy, you have a heavy load."

"Yes," said he; "but I 'd rather carry it than that mother should."

The remark was one of a nature we love to hear, but we do not know that we should have thought of it to have chronicled it, had we not seen, across the street, a highly accomplished young lady playing the piano, while her mother was washing the widows.

Youthful Neglect.—Walter Scott, in a narrative of his personal history, gives the following caution to youth:

"If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such readers remember, that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and would this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if, by so doing, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

Louis XIV, when, in his intercourse with the accomplished society of France, he felt his own deficiences, often upbraided the foolish indulgence which had left his own youth without instruction, exclaiming, "Was there not birch enough in the forest of Fontainbleu?"

Domestic Happiness.—"Six things," says Hamilton, "are requisite to create a 'happy home.' Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted up by cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God."

Forgiveness.—Forgive the repentant. Guilt carries its own punishment with it, and they who truly repent deserve your kindness. Be merciful; for thou, too, may err and need forgiveness.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PUNCTUALITY IN ATTENDING TEMPLE MEETINGS.

We are not aware that the members of our Order are behind those of other fraternities in their attendance at our stated meetings; but we have been present at Temple meetings where more than three-fourths of the members were absent; and we know that, in some Temples, about one-third of the membership keep up the meetings and do all the work of the Temple. Is this right? and, if not, what shall be done to remedy the evil?

Let us examine some of the evils of irregular and unfrequent attendance on our meetings. We hold that, when a person joins our Order, he takes upon himself an obligation, either expressed or implied, to advance the interests of the Order. He knows, at the same time, that, to prosper, we must have regular stated meetings. If these meetings are useful, every brother is under equal obligations to assist in keeping them up, and he who stays away without good reasons, violates an important part of his obligation. And when a member does not strictly observe this part of his obligation, he will soon think less of some other part, till at length the whole is forgotten or unheeded. Besides, this carelessness, on the part of a few members, will discourage others. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so does the face of a man his friend." When our meetings are well attended, every member feels encouraged, and the Order prospers much better than under a different state of things.

Again, those not members of an Order, in deciding on its merits, to some extent judge of it by the love its members show for it. "Whatever we love, we labor for with cheerfulness, and spend for freely." When they see members careless about attending meetings, they conclude there is nothing there to interest them, and frequently form unfavorable opinions of an institution, when the fault is not in the institution itself, but with some of its members. Any Order loses more by the pernicious example of members who seldom attend its meetings, than it gains by their initiation fees and dues. We do not speak now of those whose business or duties to their families keep them away from meetings. We know there are some such; they are excusable, and their example does not have the same effect as that of those who stay away for every trifling cause, and frequently for no cause at all, except it is, their hearts are not in the work.

The neglect of past officers to attend the regular meetings of their Subordinate Temples has discouraged and weakened many. We have known brethren to be regular in their attendance at meetings till they had passed the chairs and received the highest honors of their Temples, and then rarely attend. If irregular attendance on the part of other members is injurious, how much more so on the part of those who have filled the highest offices. It is also ungrateful. After the members of a Temple have honored a brother with the highest office in their gift, common justice would seem to require that, ever after, he should be a faithful laborer. Irregular attendance, after passing the chairs, subjects a brother to the charge that the honors were his principal object.

Every member of our Order ought to be watchful of its reputation. He ought to do all in his power to prevent the admission of unworthy members. And how can a brother, who rarely attends meetings, know but that some one, who will bring disgrace on the Order, will be admitted in his absence? Unworthy persons are sometimes proposed, who are not well known to the regular attendants, and absent members may know some reason why they should not be admitted; and neglecting to attend and make these reasons known, when they exist, is a great injury.

To remedy the evil of irregular attendance, let every brother regard it his "first duty to know and *consider well* the nature and extent of his obligations." Let him act as if the prosperity of the whole Order depended on his individual exertions. Let him, unless prevented by extraordinary circumstances, be in his place at every meeting. His example will stimulate others to be more punctual, and will convince those out of the Order that our watchwords, Truth, Love, Purity and Fidelity, are not unmeaning words, but living, active principles.

We do not wish to be understood that the whole of our duties as Templars is comprehended in regular attendance at meetings. We have other important duties to perform, of which we intend to treat hereafter.

FRATERNAL ITEMS.

Texas.—January 9th, Western Star Temple, No. —, was instituted in Springfield, by D. M. W. T., W. N. Henson. Ward Keeler was elected W. C. T.

February 16, an application was received at this office for a charter for "The Grand Temple of Texas," to be located in Tyler, Smith county. The petition is signed by T. A. Harris and R. P. Brown, P. W. C. Ts. of Olive Branch Temple, No. 2; M. J. Edmiston and John R. Hayes, P. W. C. Ts. of Trinity Temple, No. 3; H. C. Childress and W. W. Cochran, P. W. C. Ts. of Newbern Temple, No. 4; and Giles N. Graves, W. B. Rennolds, and Sam'l C. Henderson, P. W. C. Ts. of Eureka Temple, No. 5. The charter was granted, to bear date February 1st, 1852. The charter and documents will be forwarded to R. P. Brown, of Marshall, as soon as the new Degree Odes are ready, and it is expected the Grand Temple will be instituted about the 20th or 25th of March.

Georgia.—January 31st, Rising Star Temple, No. 3, was instituted at Palmetto, by D. M. W. T., S. S. Oslin, of Knoxville. Bro. Oslin writes: "I conferred the three Degrees on eighteen of the charter members, with which all were well pleased. An interest appears to be awakened in this state in reference to the Temple Order, and the time is not far distant when Temples will be reared in every portion of the state."

Bro. Oslin sends "material aid" for the Magazine, and a promise of more from the members of the new Temple.

Arkansas.—Bro. W. H. Ailes, D. M. W. T., at Fort Smith, writes, January 27: "We have had eight new 'pillars' added to our Temple the present month. Prospects are brightening, and bid fair to continue. Our subordinate Temple now numbers forty-seven members, twenty-five of whom have taken the Degrees. Our Social Degree numbers thirty-six members, twenty of whom are ladies. The sisters are very punctual in attending the weekly meetings, and take a lively interest in the affairs of the Degree."

Illinois.—February 10, an application was received at this office, and charter granted, for McDonough Temple, No. 11, to be located in Macomb, McDonough co. The charter and documents have been forwarded to D. M. W. T., A. Hibbard, of Oquawka.

Bro. J. P. Furnald, writing from St. Charles, sends "material aid," and says: "Our Temple is in a healthy condition. We work harmoniously, and are doing good. We have just organized the Social Degree, and like it much, and I have no doubt it will soon become popular."

Canada West.—We have not heard from the flourishing Temple at Hamilton, in this province, for some time, they having failed to make returns at the close of last term. When last heard from, they were flourishing, and sent seventeen names as subscribers to the Magazine, which shows an interest in the Order.

A warm friend of temperance in Toronto, has lately sent for information in regard to our Order, which has been forwarded. He seems not to be aware of the existence of our Order in Canada West.

Indiana.—We learn from the Chart, that Perryville Temple, No. 28, in Vermilion county, and Crystal Fount, No. 29, at South Bend, were lately instituted, making four Temples chartered in this state in the last three months.

In the last number of the Magazine, we announced, that a charter had been granted for a Temple at Princeton, Gibson county. Bro. J. A. Mann, writing from Mount Vernon, February 3d, says: "About ten days since, eight of us from this place organized a Temple at Princeton. Twenty-five of the best citizens of the place went into the organization, and we conferred the three Degrees on eleven of the members. No Temple ever commenced with better prospects for success. Our Temple in Mt. Vernon is doing well, both in the subordinate and Social Degree departments. The Grand Temple of Indiana meets here the last Wednesday in May." Bro. Mann also sends "material aid," with the promise of more, soon.

Bro. W. Hannaman, writing from Indianapolis, February 6, says: "We have, within the last ten days, had a most spirited temperance revival in our city. Four or five of our drinking men commenced at a private house on the same plan of the Baltimore Washingtonians, and adopted a pledge by themselves, commenced holding meetings at private houses, then at ward school-houses, and now in our large halls. They have grown so that it is now difficult to get a hall large enough to hold their meetings. About two hundred, who have, more or less, been in the habit of drinking, have been reformed, and they have now over five hundred names to their pledges.

They call themselves the "Social Order of Temperance." Their pledge prevents them from drinking any thing that will intoxicate, binds them under no circumstances to visit a house that keeps liquors for sale, and requires them to stand by and sustain each other in business, sickness, &c. My impression is, that all our drinking houses will be closed in three months."

Bro. J. W. Elbridge, writing from Pittsburg, Ia., February 2, sends "material aid," and says: "Our prospects are brightening in Northern Indiana. We are receiving accessions to our Order from some of the best men in the state, men of wealth and influence, many of whom have heretofore stood aloof from the reform. Public meetings are being held in different portions of the state, and the doctrine now is, 'Total extermination or eternal war.'"

Connecticut.—Bro. T. B. Smith, of Ansonia, writes, February 9, "Last week I assisted in organizing 'American Temple of Honor, No. 8,' in Waterbury. This Temple commences with some thirty charter members, all good men and true. I expect soon to send you a list of subscribers from this new Temple."

We do not know of any better way to insure the prosperity of a new Temple than for its members to subscribe liberally for the Magazine. Bro. Smith sends "material aid."

Pennsylvania.—We learn from the "Token," published at Pittsburg, that "Venus Temple, No. 97," was instituted in Bridgewater, Beaver county, January 20. The Temple starts with every prospect of success. Beaver county now contains three Temples, all organized within the past nine months.

CHAT WITH OUR READERS.

We have received quite an addition to our subscription list, since mailing the last number. This is really encouraging. The brethren appear to be aware of the importance of sustaining the only publication devoted to our Order. They have responded liberally to our late calls for aid in extending the circulation of the Magazine. But let them not rest satisfied with what they have already done. We still have several hundred copies of the back numbers of this volume on hand which, if not disposed of, will be a loss on our part. We believe they can yet all be disposed of to subscribers, if every brother will take as much interest in the work as some have. We would like to supply all new subscribers to this volume with all the back numbers, if they wish them, and would ask all to state distinctly whether they do or not. With those who say nothing on the subject, but merely send a dollar, we shall commence with this number, which is the first on the last half of the volume, and send on till the middle of the next volume.

We call the attention of the brethren to the premiums offered on the second page of the cover. We are often written to, to send the diplomas by mail. When thus sent, the postage must be pre-paid. To send them safely by mail, they must be rolled around a stick, which adds to the weight and postage. To those sending *six* new subscribers for this volume we will send a diploma, post paid; those sending but *five*, must receive them by private conveyance, or send three stamps to pay postage on them.

We are not given to boasting, but we ask our readers to compare this Magazine with other dollar, and even one and a-half and two dollar magazines, and see which is the cheapest. By cheapness we do not mean *simply* the price, but price and quality.

By a reference to our "Fraternal Items," it will be seen that our Order is working its way to public favor. We ask all our readers for any "items" of this kind that may be of interest. We look upon this as one of the most interesting features of the Magazine.

We bespeak, for our lady readers, a careful perusal of "Terry Tallman's" reply to the "Doctor's" last article. We would not be surprised if the "Doctor" should dream again, perhaps awake.

We have two or three short articles, received too late for this number; they will appear in due time.

Contributions from the brethren and others are respectfully solicited.

DIPLOMAS.

Bro. Parrott, of Boston, who publishes the diploma recommended by the National Temple, wishes us to caution the brethren against purchasing a diploma of membership in our Order, recently got up in New York city. He says it is an infringement on his copyright. We know nothing about the law in reference to copyrights, but we know Bro. Parrott's right is secured by law, and we presume he is posted up in the matter. We have seen the New York diploma, and consider it greatly inferior, both in design and execution, to that published by Bro. Parrott. Any Temple whose members are not in possession of a diploma, wishing a specimen, will be furnished with one from this office, provided they send a dime or three postage stamps to pre-pay the postage. They must be prepaid, to go by mail. Temples, nearer Boston than here, will apply to the publisher in Boston.

NEW DEGREE ODES.

The revised Degree Odes will be ready for distribution about the fifteenth of March. G. W. Recorders will please bear in mind, they will only be sent to order; and those wishing them will please let us know how many they want, and, if possible, send a remittance with their orders. They will be put up in sets of thirty—ten for each Degree in a set. The price cannot be fixed till they are finished. It will probably be not less than fifty or more than seventy-five cents per set. As there is not sufficient money on hand to pay for publishing them, it is hoped all orders will be accompanied with cash.

NOTICE TO G. W. RECORDERS.

We have generally published notices of the meetings of a *few* Grand Temples for one or two months before they were held. With one or two exceptions, these were not sent us by G. W. Rs., but gleaned by us from printed proceedings or newspaper paragraphs. The Magazine is taken by members of almost every Temple of our Order, and we know of no better way to give notice of these meetings than through the Magazine. We will give notices of the time and place of the May meeting of all Grand Temples whose G. W. Rs. will send us such notice officially; but will not promise again to overhaul a large number of old pamphlets to find them. To insure an insertion in the April number, they should be received by March 15.

Poetry.—The Richmond Whig says it will publish *original poetry* on the same terms as advertisements. We *have* received poetry that we would not publish even at that rate.

BRO. ALEXANDER VAN HAMM.

Bro. Alexander Van Hamm has removed from this city to Chilicothe, O., and entered into partnership with the Hon. John H. Keith in the practice of law in that place. His brother, W. Van Hamm, formerly associated with him here, continues in business at the old place, on Third street, opposite the Henrie House.

Bro. Van Hamm will be much missed *here;* but his services will not be lost to the Order. We hope soon to hear of a Temple's being established in Chilicothe through his instrumentality.

A HINT TO OUR BACHELOR BROTHERS.

In September last, Bro. J. M. M. sent us the subscription price of the Magazine for one year and a half, with directions to send it to Miss A. F. B. We lately received a letter from Bro. M., with directions to change the address of the Magazine sent to *Miss* A. F. *B.* to *Mrs.* A. F. *M.*, as they had lately been married.

Now, as we know of no better present for a young man to make a young lady than a volume of the Magazine, we recommend others to follow this example. We are particularly fond of tracing cause and effect, and we wish to know whether the same results will follow in other cases. If so, we shall soon offer the Magazine, as the patent medicine venders say, as a "real blessing to young men," particularly the diffident and those whose suits have so far proved unsuccessful. "It has never been known to fail," yet, when tried, and we only wish a few more well "authenticated cases" to establish its reputation among young men. As this is "leap year," the ladies have a perfect right to try what effect a volume will have on the young gentlemen.

THE COLUMBUS CONVENTION.

The Magazine will go to press before the 25th, consequently we are unable to say any thing of the proceedings of this meeting. It will be a large gathering, and the number of petitions that will be presented for the Maine law, will make politicians stare.

KOSSUTH.

The three first degrees of Masonry were conferred on Louis Kossuth, in this city, by Cincinnati Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, on Thursday and Friday evenings, February 19 and 20. The large hall, corner of Third and Walnut streets, was crowded to overflowing by resident members and visitors.

DIED:

In Fort Smith, Arkansas, December 27, Bro. **George W. Ingalls**, W. C. T. of Fort Smith Temple, No. 4, and B. P. T. of the Social Degree connected therewith.

Hall of Niagara Temple of Honor,
No. 41, *Smithfield*, *Feb.* 14, 1852.

Whereas, it has pleased divine Providence to remove from the circle of his family and friends, and from his station as a pillar in this Temple, in the midst of his life and usefulness, our worthy brother, **David S. Bartholomew**, P. W. C. T.; therefore,

Resolved, That while we condole with the widow and friends of our deceased brother on their and our bereavement, we are consoled by the assurance that he has vacated his place in the Temple here for a seat in that "building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Resolved, That it is but due to the memory of our late brother, that we should testify our knowledge of his worthy and unflinching integrity as a Templar and a man; our memory is his remembrance, and it is lasting as time.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be presented to the widow of the deceased, and that they be published in the papers of this county and the "Templar's Magazine," of Cincinnati.

James A. Ong, W. C. T.
Geo. N. Matthews, W. R.

THE

TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE.

CINCINNATI, APRIL, 1852.

ADDRESS ON TEMPERANCE.

BY REV. THOMAS I. DRANE, NICHOLASVILLE, KY.

The whole world is agreed, that drunkenness is both sinful and disagreeable. Among all the wars which have agitated the nations of earth, not one was ever commenced on this score. In a word, history does not tell us of a nation, from the most civilized and refined down to the most rude and barbarous, that does not admit that intemperance is an evil of no ordinary character. And that which is universally conceded must be true.

And the ancients were accustomed to regard drunkenness, not as an evil merely, but rather as the evil of evils. Else, why did their legislators employ the strongest measures to repress it? Draco, a celebrated Athenian legislator, who flourished about six hundred and twenty years before Christ, and who first introduced written laws at Athens, punished drunkenness with death. Pittacus, a native of Mytilene, in Lesbos, and one of the seven wise men of Greece, who flourished about five hundred and eighty years before Christ, caused crimes to be doubly punished which were committed during drunkenness. Lycurgus, a celebrated Spartan law-giver, caused slaves to be intoxicated, to show the youth the horrors of drunkenness. In the early and most prosperous days of the Roman republic, drunkards were banished from her Senate.

And we might weary you with historical facts of this sort, from the early ages down to the fifteenth century, when Louis XII, in 1514, the year before his death, granted to a company of merchants permission to distill brandy. Francis I saw the error of his predecessor as destructive to the political interests of France, and published the severest edicts against drunkards, causing every man convicted of intoxication to be imprisoned and fed on bread and water for the first offense. For a second offense of the sort he was publicly whipped, and for the third he was banished and his ears cut off. After the death of Francis I, 1547, the number of distilleries multiplied in France, but not, till about the middle of the sixteenth century, was brandy sold publicly in the streets of Paris, and hotels and taverns permitted to retail wines. And from that time drunkenness became too powerful to be arrested by the force of civil and penal laws.

But you may ask, What do all these facts prove? Why, that in the estimation of the wise and good, whose names illume the records of the past, and who are honored by the united voice of posterity, drunkenness is a curse to man. And these opinions and enactments of which we have been speaking, are sustained by the laws of Heaven. Under the Mosaic law drunkenness was punished with death, the father and the mother were required to lay hold of their drunken son, and bring him before the elders of the city, and say, "This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of the city shall stone him with stones that he die."

It will be my object in the further investigation of this subject, to show that drunkenness is a *moral, social* and *political evil.*

I. **Intemperance is a moral evil.**

1. *It degrades and destroys the body.* The

command of the Creator is, "Present your body a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Intemperance renders the performance of this duty impossible!

But it is asked, Why does God require the consecration of our bodies to his service? Because they are of great worth.

And this will appear from the following considerations:

(1.) The human body is the handiwork of God. And Solomon says: "The Lord hath made us beautiful, and for a purpose of his own glory." And the conviction of this truth we cannot resist when we contemplate the human body, with its members, senses and organs.

(2.) When God determined to visit man, to save him, he passed by the beautiful form of angels, and took upon himself a human body. That most wonderful work, which far exceeds all other works of his hands, was performed in a human body! In a human body he expiated the sins of men, purchased our redemption, and brought life and immortality to light in the Gospel!

And God declares that the human body is of so much importance, that he will rescue it from the hand of the destroyer—that Death, the tyrant, shall not always triumph over the dead: "In this he hath given us an assurance, in that he hath raised Christ from the dead."

Who, then, can estimate the worth of the body? How wicked to abuse and debase it! And does intemperance degrade and destroy it? We answer in the affirmative. And in this we are sustained by the testimony of many of the most eminent physicians.

Dr. Bush, after enumerating various loathsome diseases of the body, says: "These are the usual natural and legitimate consequences of intemperance." Other eminent physicians say, that in a majority of instances, in those who use ardent spirits as a beverage, life is shortened from ten to fifteen years!

The use, then, of ardent spirits as a beverage makes men self-murderers! And God says, "No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." Again, "All murderers shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone."

If, then, the severest judgments of Almighty God are denounced from heaven against intemperance, is a Christian community guiltless, which will behold it with supreme indifference, or refuse to put forth its hand to check its ravages?

2. *Strong drink debases and destroys the immortal mind.* I need not consume your time in speaking of the greatness of the human mind. It is infinitely more valuable than the body. No man can compute its worth. The Savior says: "It is worth more than the whole world." It has an existence which cannot be effected by the destruction of the body. No, though the heavens should be dissolved, and the material universe pass away, it would not affect the existence of the soul. Because it is immortal. And who has not felt its triumphs? It takes its flight, and roams at will over the regions of space when our bodies are stationary.

The soul, then, is of intrinsic value. And by intemperance its powers are paralyzed? Yes, more, intemperance divests the soul of its nobleness and dignity. It disqualifies man for the service of God in this world. It unfits him for that high state of enjoyment for which he was created in the beginning. It for ever excludes him from the kingdom of heaven, and converts the noblest work of God into a demon. God says in Corinthians, "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven," and in Galatians he classes the drunkard and the murderer together.

Permit me to add, by way of illustration, a few startling facts. A few years ago, it was ascertained that near one-half of the maniacs in the different insane hospitals were rendered maniacs by strong drink?

It produces, in the children of those who use ardent spirits as a beverage, a predisposition to intemperance!

It is also estimated that a majority of cases calling for Church discipline, have been occasioned by the use of ardent spirits.

Finally, the habit of drinking ardent spirits is incompatible with that eminent holiness to which we are commanded to aspire. It is written, "Be ye holy; for I am holy;" "Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect;" "Abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul."

No habitual dram-drinker, then, can be a good man, to say nothing of the confirmed drunkard. Now, with this array of evidence before the mind, the most skeptical cannot resist the conviction, that intemperance is a moral evil.

II. INTEMPERANCE IS A SOCIAL EVIL.

1. *Intemperance makes industrious business men loathsome and worthless.* Argument here is unnecessary. This fact is palpably demonstrated to the most superficial observer. Nor is its ravages confined to any *one* class of society. It has pushed its encroachments by gradual but sure advances through all the walks of life, from the peasant's cot to the judgment hall, and from the senate chamber to the pulpit!

We have seen the mighty genius rise up in the midst of us, whose towering intellect seized as by intuition those rich stores of knowledge which others could acquire only by studious application, and with a full, rich flow of social feeling, which rendered him the fascinating center of an extended circle of friendship; we have heard his rich and commanding voice, and have been charmed by his oratory, and we have followed him as he moved forward in the field of knowledge, and have seen him fill the most elevated positions in life: there he stood, the pride of his profession, and one of his country's highest hopes. *But where is he now?* Like some towering edifice, undermined by the artful stream, whose fragments are still sublime in their ruins, he fell, an object of universal grief and surprise!

2. *By intemperance prosperous and happy families are rendered poor and miserable.*

Go to that lonely cottage, which the ruthless hand of intemperance has made the abode of want and wretchedness. The vine once entwined itself around the door to shed its fragrance upon every visitor, sweetly emblematic of that tender vine of affection which made all joyous and fragrant within. *Survey that cottage now.* Scarcely does it afford protection from the cold winds, the drenching rains, and the pelting storms. See that amiable woman, born, perhaps, under the smiles of fortune, raised in ease and luxury by fond and doting parents. *Behold her now.* She is destitute of every earthly comfort! The joyous smile of her lip is gone, the bloom of her cheek is succeeded by premature wrinkles, occasioned by untold sorrows, which have wrung anguish from her bleeding heart, and that once joyous and interesting countenance, now pale and meager, but too plainly indicates the unutterable grief of her heart. *There she sits*, friendless and helpless, the early victim of wretchedness. The shadows of deep and unholy memories are resting, like the wing of death, upon her brow. And though a faint smile should occasionally wreathe her lips, there is something in its mournful beauty which indicates that it was occasioned by some bright reflection which chanced to pass through her distracted mind.

That man—for he was a man then—who most solemnly vowed, before God's holy altar, to provide for her comfort in sickness and in health, sacrifices all the endearments of home to gratify an unnatural appetite! Behold him as he returns home from the grog-shop a reeling, staggering drunkard! Oaths fall in quick and rapid succession from his polluted lips. What brutish and cruel deed is he not likely to commit! He is now an unfeeling, furious tyrant, and those to whom he should have been a husband and a father, and whom he has beggared, are the defenseless objects of his malice and revenge! Who can conceive of the pangs of grief which now wring the heart of that poor wife? Fearful clouds quickly gather around her. The sea upon which she rides is suddenly lashed into fury, and dark forebodings, more terrible than the grave, quickly enshroud her mind! Behold her as the tear of anguish steals down her pallid cheek! She trembles for herself and for her doomed children. That man who has broken her heart and beggared his own offspring, once wiped with a gentle hand the tears from her eyes, once from his lips the words of gentle soothing fell in softest and sweetest accents, and once, with the fondness of a devoted father, he "watched the budding graces of his helpless babes." But, alas! some curse-to-society-generator of vice and wretchedness held the maddening fire to his lips. He drank; he became a drunkard and a brute; and upon the heads of his own family he pours his terrors and his curse! Is this a fancy sketch? I would to God that it were. But it is not; it is a sad and mournful truism. Nor are we under the necessity of leaving our beloved land and country to find such cases. But too many females of our own county have realized even more than what I have said. Yes, I have spoken to you of wretchedness which has fallen beneath your own observation.

3. *Persons, once mutual friends, become, by the use of ardent spirits, deadly enemies.* No one cause has produced so much discord and contention among friends and acquaintances, as the use of ardent spirits. Says Solomon, "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging." "Who hath wo? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? They that tarry long at the wine." And to these truths we heartily respond. How often do men meet as friends and confederates, invite each other to drink, as an acknowledgment of friendship, and for a time mirth and jollity prevails; they seem to enjoy the feast of reason and a flow of soul. But this does not last long. The sparkling cup is passed around again and again. They drink to excess, their brain is fired, reason falls from the throne, they reel, they talk nonsense, fancy themselves insulted, they rave and threaten, they unsheath the dagger, and not unfrequently, before the awful tragedy ends, it is plunged into the heart of him who, but an hour before, regarded his murderer as a friend! And you will testify to this truth. Such instances have fallen beneath your observation. And Seneca spake of those who, "let a thief in at the mouth to steal away the brains." "And in such cases the stupidity of the brute is often united with the fury of the demoniac"! Nay, the drunkard is more dangerous, and much more to be dreaded, than the man among the tombs, who only injured himself. His hand, armed with the dagger of death, is lifted against his best friend, perhaps his own mother who nourished him in infancy!

Who doubts, therefore, that intemperance is a social evil? And who that is sober and capable of appreciating the wretchedness, which it is constantly infusing into the cup of human sorrow, will withold his influence from the temperance reform? And shall men set up their shops in this community and manufacture drunkards, curse society, damn souls, and we, as Christians, philanthropists and patriots, hold our peace?

III. INTEMPERANCE IS A POLITICAL EVIL.

1. *Because it requires a great outlay of money to support it, and that, too, without one cent of profit from it.*

(1.) Our hospitals are crowded with the victims of intemperance. These asylums are erected, and their inmates supported, at the expense of government. During the last legislature of Kentucky, near one hundred thousand dollars were given by the state for the erection and support of her asylums!

(2.) Because the expense of trying causes in criminal courts is immense. It has been ascertained that fifteen-sixteenths of all such causes have been occasioned by intemperance. Judge Rush, of Pennsylvania, said—"I declare, with the most solemn regard to truth, that I do not recollect a single instance, since my being concerned in the administration of justice, of a single person being put upon his trial for manslaughter which did not originate in drunkenness; and of but few instances of trials for murder, in which the crime did not spring from the same cause." These trials cost each state from twenty to thirty thousand dollars annually!

(3) Because of the great waste of time and property. From these sources alone the government suffers incalculable injury. Idleness, the legitimate tendency of intemperance, is sufficient of itself to prostrate the proudest nation upon earth. This is attested by all history. And then contemplate the loss of human life. More than thirty thousand American citizens fall annually by the ruthless hand of intemperance!

Finally, does not all history admonish us, that, whenever the use of intoxicating liquors become common to a people, morality and virtue have declined. Does not history also teach us, that, wherever they have been used, they have proved a curse instead of a blessing. Yes, intemperance is a moral sirocco, sweeping, with its burning, blasting, pestilential breath, over all that is lovely and all that is fair!

The most renowned and powerful empires and republics of antiquity have fallen in consequence of intemperance! Athens, that fruitful mother of philosophers and statesmen, who instructed the world in the arts and sciences, encouraged her subjects in the use of ardent spirits! Rome, the boasted mistress of the world, was celebrated in like manner for indulgence in the use of wines! The victorious army of Hannibal "fell less by the hand of Scipio than the wines of Capua"!

The Babylonians were once the most powerful people on earth; their city has never been equaled—either in extent, riches or magnificence; its walls were too strong to be broken down, and too high to be sealed by the enemy, and they were surmounted with towers well filled with all the implements of defense known to that age. But that which Cyrus and his invincible army never could have accomplished, was achieved for them by an agent more powerful. "This agent was strong drink." And if this fell destroyer is not driven from our beloved land and county, which has already insinuated itself into our legislative and congressional halls, who can tell but free and proud America, all that Greece and Rome once were, may not become all that Greece and Rome now are.

Application.—If, then, intemperance, as we have seen, is a moral, social and political evil, what is the duty of every Christian, philanthropist and patriot? Why, to aid in the great temperance reform.

1. *I appeal to the Christian:* I wish to be understood. I do not mean those professors of our holy religion who are engaged in the cursed traffic of ardent spirits. Is such a man as this a Christian? is he a follower of the Lamb? Judge ye of him: by his works he may be known. "He is surrounded by living exhibitions of his deeds."

Behold that loathsome drunkard, that infuriated husband! See his ragged, friendless, haggard-featured children! Witness his heart-broken wife, as she sits in her joyless solitude at the hour of midnight! "Hear the noonday curse and the midnight revel"! All these proclaim, trumpet-tongued, the dark and diabolical deeds of the rumseller. His course can only be known by the destruction it makes. It is like the road of the pilgrims across the desert to Mecca, marked by the bones of thousands who have perished in their mad journey! "In vain men talk of living faith, when all their works exhibit death." But the deeds of the rumseller are not confined to this world: having made the life of his victim a curse here, he pursues him to another world, and there inflicts all the horrors of the second death! Could Beelzebub treat one of his victims with more heartless cruelty? And yet this man, as he stands in the center of a dark circle, surrounded by living specimens of his atrocious deeds, would have you regard him as a *Christian!* He tells you that he is a follower of the spotless Lamb of God; that he has been converted and is as harmless as a little child! He says that "he is the light of the world, the salt of the earth—a city set on a hill; that, by his good works, he is constraining men to glorify God"! And he also says, "I help support my minister, who *comforts me so much* by frequently reading from God's holy book, the following passages: 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' 'Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God.' 'Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging.' 'Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons forever.' 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven.' 'Drunkards shall have their portion in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone.' 'Wo unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken.'" Now, these passages which so pointedly condemn him, are not more incompatible with his calling than his calling is with the Christian character. And, does he believe himself what he professes to be? O, "wonderful fatuity!

amazing insensibility!" Why, does he not know that his character and the Christian's are the poles asunder? Christians are the lights of the world; they are to those tempest tossed on the ocean of time, as beacon fires to direct them to the haven of rest. The rumseller puts out the moral perceptions of his victims; he overshadows them by a cloud of moral darkness, which excludes the light of the glorious gospel of the Son of God—a darkness through which they stagger and stumble over the precipice of time into a drunkard's hell. Christians are soldiers of the cross, they are engaged in a glorious warfare, groans and tears do not follow in their line of march, their "weapons are mighty through God to the pulling down the strong holds of Satan." But where, amid this wonderful contest that excites the chivalry of heaven, earth and hell, is the Christian rumseller? He has deserted his post—he has let fall his standard—he sleeps upon the watch—he has laid by his armor and cast away his weapons! He is cooling the ardor of the soldiery—he is among the ranks of the enemy—he is causing sinners to blaspheme, to desecrate the Sabbath and despise our holy religion! He is "vending death for dimes, and perdition for picayunes"! He is a traitor: "Let him die the death!" And does he complain of the severity of our remarks, and would he have us prophesy smooth things concerning him? This is but another specimen of his character. If God did not allow Peter to call that common or unclean which he had cleansed, how dare I call him clean upon whom God has set his *curse* and pronounced his wo?

And I deny the innocence of that church which retains the rumseller in her communion. Does she not indorse him and send out, in one of her own body, the ignis fatuus glare to lead the unsuspecting into the moral swamps and quagmires? What is this man, other than the Church's agent to do that which she, as a body, would scorn to do? to spread the cause of drunkenness, with its long train of evils! When she bids *her* rumseller put forth his polluted hand and partake of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of the Son of God, she says, by this act, Go on, beloved brother, in your calling; we regard not those bloated forms which stagger through our streets. You, dear brother, are an heir of God, and on your journey to the skies. "Be thou faithful until death, and God will give you a crown of life!" Angels of light, dear brother, are made mininistering spirits unto you, and that, too, while you are engaged in training up drunkards—feeding every evil passion and nourishing every base propensity of the human heart—robbing wives of their husbands, and then the widows of their sons, and filling the land with lamentations, wretchedness and wo! Now, this is the question: Does the Church, in such a case, believe what her acts say she does? Does she believe that the angels of God are despatched from the eternal throne to fill the heart of *her rumseller* with joyous anticipations of heaven, while he is filling his neighbor's jug with maddening poison, and filling his pocket with the price of immortal souls? Does she believe it? Does she believe that *her rumseller* loves God, whom he dishonors and whose threatenings he despises, and his neighbor as himself, whom he is destroying, both body and soul? Then she occupies precisely the position of a false friend and a deceiver; consequently merits disapprobation of the community in which she is located.

2. If the Church does not believe *her rumseller* a man of clean hands and a pure heart, why does she hold him up before community as such? Can she make public declaration of a thing which she does not believe, and escape public censure?

3. If I embolden a man to murder my neighbor, though I am not the chief constituent of the crime, yet I am accessory and must suffer with the man who perpetrated the deed, and this is legal and right. Now, apply this principle to the Church and her rumseller, True, the Church does not tell her members, orally, to engage in the cursed traffic; yet she sees one commence dealing out death and destruction—opening the floodgates of wretchedness and wo upon community. Does she hold her peace? Yes, more; she takes him by the hand, calls him brother, invites him to lead in the prayer meeting, takes him up to the Lord's table,

and thus says to the unsuspecting, He is a lamb, he will not hurt you—all this hue and cry about the rumseller and intemperance is a humbug. Is she not, then, accessory to his crimes? Is she not partaker with him in his bloody deeds? I maintain, therefore, that that church or congregation which holds in full fellowship the vender of ardent spirits, should occupy his level in public estimation. And, if public attention were called to this thing, as it should be, they would not look *up* to the Church and *down* upon *her* rumseller. And why should they? Is not the vender of ardent spirits a component of the Church? and does not the act of one member, which is indorsed by the whole, become the act of the whole? Then, is the rumseller guilty, and does he merit public censure? The congregation which indorses him is also guilty, and deserves public contempt. The force of this truth she cannot evade.

4. When a church retains and fosters the cause, she declares the effect good and wholesome. Yes, more; she holds up before community a God who tolerates drunkenness, and thus publishes a libel on his character!

Finally: Such a congregation as we have been describing, is guilty of unpardonable inconsistency. She acts upon the principle of punishing the murdered and fostering the murderer! When a man is converted from a sober man into a drunkard, he is as one dead—dead to the Church, to society, to his wife and children. The Church in such cases holds ecclesiastical court, hears the evidence and passes the sentence of excommunication upon her murdered member! And, mark you, the murderer is one of the court, and not unfrequently the most efficient and eloquent gentlemen at the bar! and with all the ingenuity and sophistry of his Satanic majesty, he calls attention to the sins of others, that his own dark and bloody deeds may not be discovered!

Such are some of the works and glaring inconsistencies of a church and her vender of ardent spirits. Her rumseller makes the drunkard, beggars his family, kicks him out of his grog-shop, and then holds up his bloody hand to cast him out of the sanctuary! And yet the devoted brethren of the rumseller hold him up before the world as an angel of mercy, a monument of our holy religion and proof of its intrinsic value! O consistency, thou art a jewel! I leave, for the present, such a church in the hands of God, recommending to her acquaintance the language of God (Rev. ii, 13-14; iii, 17-18). Permit me, however, to remark that, it is no part of my object to put down the Church—far from it; but to amputate those embodied curses, at whose approach peace flies, and in whose train despair triumphs, and who are paralyzing the Church, that she may arise, "her light being come and the glory of God risen upon her; that she may be beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth." And, could every congregation of true worshipers be freed from those "synagogues of Satan," whose bloody deeds cry daily to heaven for vengeance—could they be freed from those moral masses of putrefaction, the very idea of whom, as members of the Church of God, is a withering sirocco—then Christ's holy and redeemed Church upon earth would live and flourish in more than her ancient beauty. I know that no foe can finally prevail against her, nor even time, under whose corroding tooth all things disappear, touch her life. But, could the Church be disencumbered of her Balaams and Judases, she would present to the world brighter palaces than those which adorned Jerusalem, and firmer towers and bulwarks than those built by human hands.

In our appeal, therefore, to Christians, may we not assure ourselves that it will meet a warm and hearty response. You are bound, by the relations you sustain to God, to his Church and to your neighbors, to promote, as far as possible, the great temperance reform. God requires you "to do good unto all men, as you have opportunity." Look, we beseech you, at the thousands of immortal beings in our beloved land, whom the spirit of God cannot reach successfully in consequence of intemperance! And think of the reproach and disgrace inflicted on the Church of God by disorderly members, who were made so by indulgence in the use of strong drink! Let these momentous considerations stir the great fountain of Christain benevolence in your hearts, and prompt you to a vigorous action in the cause of temperance. "Ye are the light of the world." You occupy a high and responsible position, and you should realize it. On you, as instruments, devolve the work of reforming and saving the world. Go forward, then, in all the departments of the work assigned you: "Put on the whole armor:" "Be not weary in well-doing."

I appeal to the philanthropist: Here is a channel opened to you. Here you may advance the best interests of society. You may stretch forth your hand over the turmoils of life, stilling the rude, rough surges of sorrow, and arching up the moral sky of saddened ones with the beautiful colors of peace. And around the fireside of the reclaimed, you may scatter the ornaments of joy and gladness.

I appeal to the patriot: You esteem the honors and interests of your country, as of great value. Were it announced to you that a foreign enemy had set his foot on American soil, that the iron heel of the invader was crushing your country's prosperity, would you fold up your arms in indolence and manifest supreme indifference? No; you would spring to arms and redress your country's wrongs, or die in the conflict. Survey, then, the ravages of intemperance! This mighty despot is traversing our beloved country, "carrying in his course taxation, and chains, and fire, insomuch that our whole country mourns at every step of his iron foot, at every movement of his massive scepter and at every pulsation of his relentless heart."

Mothers, I appeal to you: The influence you possess was given you to be exercised in behalf of the great interests of society and of the world. And there never was an age in which woman possessed a rank so elevated and enjoyed such unbounded influence as now. In the dark ages of the world, she was uneducated, depressed and degraded. But, thank God, those days of darkness have passed away: almost every nation on the globe is now awaking from its long nurtured lethargy, forming resolutions to educate woman, that she, by her unrestrained influence, may exercise her right in the refinement of the world. And American females enjoy a place in the affections of man which gives them the power to charm him away from folly. Who, then, can estimate the influence which you might exert in behalf of the great temperance reform? Did not the mothers of Sparta, amid the moral darkness of paganism, train up their sons to despise drunkenness? Did not females plead the cause of American liberty and nerve the proud arm of our Revolutionary heroes? Did not female eloquence animate the counsellors of Greece, in her recent struggle with tyranny? But never did any people on earth struggle with so cruel or a more despotic, relentless tyrant than the friends of temperance do. And does not the cry for help come up from thousands of miserable huts, bleeding hearts, beggared children and countless aceldamas of human blood? And shall woman, who cast the last lingering look at the cross, and who was first at the sepulcher, withhold the mighty arm of her influence?

Daughters of Nicholasville, I appeal to you: "Let us see your cheering smiles, let us hear your animating voices, urging us on in this glorious contest." Under this banner you may enlist, for our is a war without blood. Yes, our banners are pure as crystal fountains, and wave in universal triumph wherever they are unfurled. "Groans and tears do not follow in the line of our march," and our contests "are for the stanching of bleeding wounds and the binding up of broken hearts." Many females have enlisted in the cause of temperance, by whom many fetters have been broken, many prison doors have been opened and thousands of captives freed. And could the cause of temperance meet a response in the bosom of every American female, then should our country be freed from chains and slavery, and the cursed despot no longer triumph over his thousands slain. And why should any withhold their influence, since we ask no sacrifice of delicacy or stepping beyond your proper sphere. And permit me to write, in eternal lines upon your hearts, this sentiment: Whatever of wretchedness intemperance instills into the cup of human affliction, woman drinks it to its dregs. When once that affectionate husband, that kind brother or that fond son, is changed into a brute and a tyrant, "it is upon woman's head and into woman's heart he pours his terrors and his curse."

Finally: "Every man should remember that he is not an isolated being. He stands not alone in the world. His example, his influence, his doing or not doing, all produce an effect; he is in the center of a circle, within which each word and each action extends to another center, and that to another, till effects are produced which may revolutionize an empire and involve millions in the consequences."

A SCRAP FROM MY OLD PORT FOLIO.

BY THE DOCTOR.

The nooks and corners of my very worthy and respectable friend, this old escritoir, by whose unfolded lid I now seat myself, are stowed full of the choicest collection of odds and ends, I venture to guess, any where to be found this side of the British Museum. What a sparkle it would give to the eyes of a genuine old antiquary to pore over the precious heap. Sometimes, when I try to "put things to rights," I have fancied I could make a pretty fair beginning to some new collection of American curiosities! Stale anecdotes and witticisms, scraps of threadbare poetry, running-hand criticisms on new books: these and such like make up a rare and rich portfolio of material that would constitute quite a capital stock in trade for the monthly Table-talk of some needy editor. I have half a notion to advertise the lot, subject to the order of the highest bidder.

Let me see; there is a washwoman's account current—and on the back of it, what is far more readable, a bit of philosophy from Goethe: here is a stray leaf from my case-book, and the blanks filled up with *anecdotes of dogs!* and so on to the end of the chapter.

Ah! here is something you shall have in full, and then I'll close the desk as peremptorily as a showman drops the curtain. It is a letter from an old friend of mine, treating of Love, Matrimony and his Satanic Majesty, in one confused, heterogeneous compound. You may judge sufficiently well of its style and substance, when I tell you the whole was indited clearly and evidently under the full influence of alcoholic fumes. [Long since, however, the writer has become a very faithful and efficient advocate in the cause of all mankind.] On the back of this letter, I find the following incident, which I rewrite for the readers of the Magazine. It is dated, "Cincinnati, winter of 1845;" and by it I am reminded that, one evening, while I was in attendance on a course of lectures in your city, I strayed into Morris Chapel, and found there some sort of temperance anniversary in celebration. The speaker stood forth in the eloquence and zeal of a true cause; and in illustration of some point (I know not what at this time) he recited a story, for the truth of which he called all good angels to witness. And herein following, you have the essential part of that little story, save that the touching poetry of the speaker's diction is here rendered into the plain prose of your friend, the Doctor. If I remember, I think I selected the back of this old letter, then just received, by way of contrast *as to topics*.

Some few years ago, there resided, in the city of Pittsburg, a husband and wife: and this husband, when in his right senses, as all husbands ought to be, was a most kind and loving husband, devoted to home and its comforts and enjoyments. Yet, well as he loved his wife and their only little girl, he also loved his cups; and, when under their influence, his fierce madness was as extreme as his former love and gentleness. So he struggled on with life, alternately in the midst of blessing and cursing.

One night he had sat late with his drunken friends, and staggered home with scarce a single human feeling in his breast. When he came into his house, unfortunately he chanced to give a glance toward his sweet little child—and, snatching it up in his arms, he made one pass for the fire! His poor abused and long-suffering wife interposed her weak hand in vain. "You shall not burn the child!" she screamed; "it is *my* child, and you shall not harm a hair of its head!" The wretched man turned upon her with such a wild glare as only a drunken maniac can give, and swore by the most terrible oath that he would do as he willed, and threw his daughter in the flames!

It was over the deathbed of this same little girl martyr that some Washingtonians, those devoted missionaries of temperance, were striving to recall the father to a sense of the high estate from which he had fallen. They pointed to the poor, expiring, burned child, and thought to kindle in his soul those better feelings of his nature, to which they hoped he was not utterly lost. He listened in dull, stolid silence; every argument, all persuasion, failed. *He would not sign the pledge.* When, at length, they had exhausted every apparent human means—had given up in despair, and were about leaving him—the dying little sufferer and murdered victim turned upon her side, and, in the midst of her anguish, cried out: "*O! papa, do sign that paper!*"

Here was an appeal that the father, blunted however much in his tender sensibilities, could not resist! He hesitated but one moment, and, dashing away the big tear that was starting in his eye, he snatched the pen and wrote, in straggling line, his name to the Washingtonian pledge—of entire and perpetual abstinence from all that can intoxicate.

The litte girl had seen it all; and, raising her little crisped hands, she clapped them together and shouted: "*O! mother, aint you so glad!*"

Yes, she had bought her father's redemption from the bottle by her own life—and, just as she was about to depart for the "spirit world" and join in the chorus of happy angels, *she was glad.* Her happy soul stretched its bright wings toward the gates of the opening heaven, and thus, while about to mingle with seraphs and the innumerable throng about the burning throne of the Lamb, she beheld the happiest scene of her earthly history.

There was joy in heaven over that repentant sinner, and the little girl was but expressing the same joy, of which she was so soon to be a participant.

THE WEALTH OF THE HEART.

BY MARTHA.

O, BRIGHT the glow on beauty's cheek,
And bright the smile of gladness,
And bright the eye whose love-light shines
Undimned by aught of sadness:
But brighter far the gems that lie
Within the heart unheeded,
If all would ope the casket's lid
And bring them forth when needed.

Sweet is the music of the spring,
And sweet are hopes unblighted,
And sweet the words of trusting love
That come from fond ones plighted:
But sweeter still the heart that yields
Draughts from the fount of feeling—
The kindly words, bestowed on all,
A gentle heart revealing.

Why do we lock our jewels up,
And in our hearts keep hidden
The good that might our spirits cheer,
While evil comes unbidden?
Why let the demon, Envy, rule,
All generous thoughts repressing,
When feelings of good will to all
Would yield a ten-fold blessing?

TEMPERANCE REFORM.

NO. II.—TO THE WOMEN.

BRO. WADSWORTH—Permit me, through your Magazine, to say a few things to your female readers. And what I say, I wish each one interested to take to herself; and if I talk so plainly that none need misunderstand, so much the better.

The "temperance reform" has now assumed a position in which it needs the active, energetic and constant assistance of every lover of virtue and morality. Public opinion has become so elevated, and the public mind so fully awakened, that, in almost every community, the great question is: "What shall be done to stop the power and influence of the liquor traffic? What shall be done to entirely destroy this nefarious business?"

The plain answer, in my opinion, is, the force of an enlightened public opinion and stringent prohibitory laws.

To create and support these laws, public opinion must be so elevated that it will view the traffic in liquors as a crime, for it is folly to pass any law that the people will not enforce. Much has already been done; and no effort that has been made within the last fifty years has entirely failed. Every year has added fresh laurels to the fair brow of temperance, and every campaign in which we have been engaged has given us vantage ground not before occupied.

Woman has more to do with forming a correct public opinion than man. The press and pulpit and stump may advocate a reformation that affects the community at large, but if woman refuses to aid, but little is accomplished. The late attempt to produce an entire reform in the present inconvenient, unhealthy style of female apparel, is a case in point. Nearly every editor spoke in its favor—scientific physicians discoursed of its benefits—husbands and sons and brothers praised it—but the "Bloomer Costume" *would n't take with the women, and it failed!*

Now, I would ask, what position do the female sex of our land occupy in reference to the temperance reform? The answer, I presume, that each female who reads this is ready to make, is, that they are heartily in favor of it. Of this I am not so certain. Let us look at a few of the facts in the case.

Woman tolerates the use of liquors in weddings, parties, banquets and social gatherings of all kinds (this is the rule; there are many exceptions, I am willing to acknowledge). Woman permits that man to associate with her, who she knows indulges in the intoxicating bowl. Woman does not frown upon those who are engaged in the traffic. She may, upon the low, filthy rumseller, but the fashionable coffee-house keeper, the rich distiller, the wealthy wholesale liquor merchant, are the recipients of her smiles.

But the female asks, have we the power, by thus frowning upon the traffic, to stop it? Let us look at it for a few moments.

The virtuous females of our land have a law as unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians: that the woman who transgresses the law of virtue shall lose caste in society; no matter what her rank or her wealth, let it be known that *she has fallen*, and there is no hope for her. And the woman who thus transgresses is driven forth from society, to find her associates with the debased and fallen, like herself; or compelled, if she would repent, to live a secluded life, with the stamp of shame forever upon her.

"But," says one, "this law of ours, as you call it, does not banish from the land houses of prostitution and crime." True; but what is the reason? Your law only covers half the ground. While you send out the woman, a poor, unfortunate, guilty thing, and refuse her the power to return, or even a place for repentance, though sought with tears, you admit to your parlors, your parties, as an intimate acquaintance, that male wretch who wrought her ruin. Now, visit the same penalty upon the guilty wretch who, by honied words and false vows, won her unsuspecting heart and robbed her of that which is dearer than life, and the effect would soon be apparent. The man who transgresses, should suffer side by side with his victim.

Here, then, kind woman, you stand charged with the refusal to exert a power that would banish from respectable society one of its direst evils.

Now apply this principle to the use of liquor. Let the female sex draw the line of demarkation, and say, "That no man, no matter what his rank or wealth, who makes, sells or buys, as a beverage, alcoholic liquors, shall associate with us while he continues in the unholy traffic." This may seem to some like assuming too high ground; but when you look at the mischief liquor has wrought, at the crimes it has instigated, at the wo and wretchedness produced by it, how can you assume a lower position. How dare you, in view of the terrible responsibility that rests upon you, sit calmly idle and not only not put down the vice, but assist in fostering it, by having your wines and cordials at your weddings and social parties? When you reflect that the "*first cup*" is the initial step to drunkenness, how can you so far forget the duty you owe to yourselves, to society and to God, as to ask the young to join you in a social glass? And how many have fallen, through the influence of the social cup proffered by the hand of beauty? Here, in your social parties, young men form the habit of drinking. Beguiled by the smile of woman, enchanted by the music of her voice, chained by the witchery of her power, they are deaf to the call of duty, of honor, of safety! Here, in your social parties, is begotten in the heart of the young man, the infant giant of a depraved habit which, nursed to maturity by your fostering care, rises in mighty power and conquers the strong, the brave, the talented.

If public opinion ever assumes its proper tone upon the subject of temperance, woman must assist; and I believe the time has now come when her assistance is most needed. Already has the temperance army accomplished much. It has reached a point from which can be seen the bright summit of the mount where total abstinence with its kindred virtues prevails. Hight after hight has been taken in its onward progress—fort after fort has fallen—breastwork after breastwork has been demolished—and the myrmidons of alcohol have been driven to their stronghold, the "license law." Garrisoned within this Gilbraltar of strength and supplied with munitions of war by a sickly public opinion that says, "It is too soon to pass prohibitory laws," they bid defiance to our further assaults. Shall the battle thus remain? No! Let the women of our land rise and, with one voice and heart and action, make the business dishonorable and criminal, and public opinion will instantly demand the repeal of all license laws, and the enactment of laws that will forever prohibit the improper use of liquors. *Then* the stronghold is taken, the victory is ours, and woman shall stand first among the foremost to plant the standard of "total abstinence" upon the ruins of this demolished Gibraltar. B.

PAULINE; OR, LOVE AND PESTILENCE.

BY MAJOR EATON, U. S. A.

Our friend Robert, of whose history we are about to furnish a brief sketch, was by no means a wicked fellow, but simply what the French are pleased to call a *mauvais sujet;* a prominent specimen of a style of young man, almost as numerous in this country as in Paris or London. His family was excellent; indeed, one of the best in New York at the period of which we write. His father had died suddenly. One of his uncles was a magistrate of distinction, and another a merchant. Each in turn assumed the guidance and direction of the hopeful Robert, but found it utterly impossible to do any thing with him. After several attempts to settle him down at something, they at length desisted in despair.

After trying his hand at several things, Bob took a liking for medicine, and studied it for several years. Everybody knew him, especially in the neighborhood he lived in; for he was its "bright, particular star." His style of dress was like himself, remarkable. No one ever glanced at him and forgot his appearance. His waistcoats were extraordinary—his cravats divine. We say nothing of his dancing, of his musical abilities, of his mad pranks in general. Broadway knew him, from the Battery to the utmost boundaries of fashion.

After some years of follies and capers, which fairly threatened to render him immortal in a double sense, our gay fellow wound up his gypsy, vagrant life, by a grave piece of folly, by an instance of rare, and at the same time courageous prudence, which will be the chief theme of our little history.

By the time Bob had reached his twenty-sixth year, his patrimonial estate, amassed by the strict economy of two generations of prudent men, "had gone to the Jews." His uncle, wearied with crying out "Reform," refused to pay any more of his debts, and forbade his presence. Bob laughed; he gaily told those who chided him for his indifference, "Do n't be alarmed; I sha n't starve; there is the law, the pulpit, the quack medicine depot, all excellent resources, and all of them money-making. Moreover, should these fail, I can turn editor, you know, or take to the stage."

By and by, poverty, real poverty, came in reality. Bob, however, was not the man to be scared by such trifles. Had death himself just then paid him a visit, he would, like Don Juan, have boused it gallantly with the grim apparition. His lodgings were in the garret of a miserable house in a poor section of the city. To elude his creditors, he felt it necessary to assume another name. His furniture was strictly limited to what the law then allowed a poor devil who lacked the wherewithal to satisfy his creditors. Bob's library consisted of one aged volume, three odd novels, and a few similar trifles.

"Well," said he, contentedly, "at any rate, I can move when I please, now, and without any formality."

Between uncles, creditors and usurers, our friend Robert's finances soon got to a very low ebb. Uncles were coldly civil, creditors were warmly savage, and Chatham street had nothing for him, every mother's son in it refusing to listen even to his most touching protestations. What was to be done? Things at length came to such a pass, that poor Bob used at periods to get no breakfast for several consecutive days. His dinner was frequently postponed till the morrow, while his evening nourishment was of the simplest kind, obtained at a little shop, where his credit had yet a little life. His last resource was his friends, who, as Bob had held a purse, were numerous. All were deaf, save one, whose acquaintance was the most recent of all, and who gave him a cigar, and some good advice not worth recording here.

His interview with his friends concluded, Bob went out to take a walk, and thus summed up his prospects:

"Beaten at every point," thought he, "what shall I do? If we do n't have an epidemic, a riot, or some way of making spoils and dividing them, I'm lost!"

Strange to say, when our friend returned home to his lodgings, he found that the cholera had broken out in town, and was even then in his own street, ay, in his own house. The house was filled with people, poorer, if possible, than himself. A working man, with a family, residing there, was one of the first seized with the dire malady. The poor ever experience social evils in a ratio inverse to their powers of endurance. Robert remained with the sick man the whole of the first night of the attack. He earnestly hoped to save the poor fellow, whose existence was so necessary to his family. At daybreak, the attack appearing to diminish in intensity, Robert snatched a moment's repose. On awakening, he found on the table several bottles of old wine, food, etc. At first, our hero supposed one of those ministering angels, the "Sisters of Charity," had visited the sick chamber on their customary rounds, and accordingly asked the man's wife whether it were so. "No," replied the poor woman, letting fall a tear, "it was not a Sister of Charity, but still it was an angel! None but she and you have aided us. Ah, sir! may God reward you both for it yet!"

"How is the patient?" questioned Robert.

"Alas! good sir, about the same, poor dear man!"

"Courage, my friend, if the cramps do n't interfere, we shall save him yet."

Unfortunately, the cramps speedily seized the patient, who expired in a few hours, leaving a wife and six children, with no other resource save the philanthropic crusts of the poor house, or the surly benevolence of well-fed citizens. But in the hour of bitterness and death, the angel whom the poor woman had spoken of came again. She was a young blonde of seventeen or eighteen. Her features, impressed with a melancholy sweetness, were dimly visible behind a black vail. She was attired with taste, elegance and modesty. She entered, just as a pale sunbeam flitted across the room, and rested on the bed of death. When all was over, Robert attended to the interment of his poor friend, the widow and her children kneeling, weeping and praying, during the last sad rites. The young lady also knelt and wept. This mournful duty finished, Bob left, addressing a few consoling words to the poor widow, and hardly noticing the young girl's presence.

Just as he went out, a man of some fifty years, dressed in black, and wearing that severe and respectable air appertaining to professors and magistrates, entered the house, went softly up stairs, and through the widow's half-opened door, witnessed, unseen, a beautiful scene. The young unknown had arisen from her knees. She had laid aside her hat and mantilla, and while the orphan's pressed round her, the youngest clinging to her dress, with a half smile upon her lips, she was busied in distributing to them clothes and food. The mother, kneeling, blessed the hand that succored them in their day of misfortune. Actions, like faces, must be seen by daylight. A sunbeam illumined this touching scene. The old gentlemen dwelt a moment on the threshhold, immovable, and, ravished with admiration at this picture, so sweet, so charming, so consoling. His face expanded. He slipped a purse on the table and hurriedly left.

The cholera pursued its direful course, making heirs joyful and sincere friends sad. Spite of his numerous faults, our friend Bob proved he had a heart. In the midst of the common danger he forgot himself entirely. Every one remembers the terror that prevailed in the city during the cholera season of 1832. Robert knew no fear when confronting peril for the unfortunate. He found a way of multiplying himself, as it were, by his wonderful activity. In his rounds he frequently met the young girl. The attentions they often bestowed on the same sick couch, gave rise to a frequent exchange of conversation; but when the epidemic ceased, they also ceased to meet. When this took place, Bob resumed his old life, a little poorer and a little worse clad than before; but he was hereafter a hero, to maintain the character thoroughly, and to the life he was in love, as all heroes should be, either in romance or reality. Whenever his mind reverted to the dark scenes of the epidemic, the image of the young girl shone out from the universal misery pictured in his memory, like some bright embodiment of beauty.

"Where does she live? who is she? will she ever return?" Such were the questions Robert often asked himself. At length he once more had the pleasure of meeting the beautiful unknown at the house of the poor widow where their charities had first associated. The young girl's good offices had not ceased with the epidemic.

Bob's mind was immediately busy with all manner of probable and improbable conjectures. "Can this young creature," thought he, "like certain devout souls, have motive for perpetual expiation? But no, at seventeen what is there to expiate?" Yet he could not help thinking there was something strange in her conduct. Her dress, manners, and conversation, denoted opulence. She had evidently received what is called a "finished education;" but, happily, the excellent sentiments of true piety, instilled into her soul in early years, must have been powerful enough to paralyze the pernicious effects of such intellectual training as too frequently appertains to your "finished educations." Robert chatted a good while with her. Familiarity is soon established between watchers at the sick couch.

The young lady was entirely at home in art, history, literature, music, mythology, and even knew something of mathematics—and the kitchen.

"What an education!" exclaimed Robert to himself. "I am hardly bold enough to speak to her yet of love."

The unknown left, Bob not summoning up sufficient courage to ask her a single question. However, he did not forgot to ply the widow well. She, good soul, had very little to tell, save that the young girl was an angel, which of course Bob agreed to without hesitation.

The angel came again to see the widow—Bob, as usual in such cases, dropping in by chance. Chance, by the way, is often the most successful of tactitians. This time the conversation lasted two hours. The young lady seemed absolute mistress of her time. She enjoyed the chat, and appeared perfectly happy in being able to talk about something besides millinery affairs, scandal and the ordinary run of conversation. Robert longed to grow more personal, but whenever he ventured on such a ground, the young lady left him to wander alone, while she traversed the fairy realms of imagination. All Robert was able to learn was her name—Pauline. When he inquired her family name, she grew sad, lowered her vail, and retired without replying.

"Brute that I am!" exclaimed Robert,

"to make her weep by recalling her birth! I might have known it; she is doubtless an unnatural child!"

"There's where you are mistaken," said the widow. "Pauline is as legitimate as you are yourself."

"You know who she is, then?"

"I do."

"You know her name?"

"Perfectly."

"And her secret?"

"Her secret, also."

"And yet not tell me?"

"Let me keep this secret, Mr. Robert; you forget it is not mine; I merely learned it by chance. It is really a respectable secret, too, and worth keeping. If you knew as much as I do, you would indeed think Miss Pauline an angel."

The good widow's words rather excited than allayed the young man's curiosity. Thoroughly in love, Robert at once realized, or imagined he did, why he had been so unsuccessful in eliciting more from Pauline. For the first time, he bethought him of his dress; and no longer dreaming of appearing before the lady of his thoughts in such a ragged guise, he grew melancholy, shut himself up in his room, and nourished himself on tears and water. His only relief consisted in watching Pauline's passage to and from the widow's chamber. On her part, the young girl was astonished at not seeing Robert. At first, she was too modest to manifest her surprise; but becoming more and more uneasy, she at length timidly asked the widow about Robert's health. The widow was no stranger to her benefactor's sad condition, and spoke with tears in her eyes. Nothing could have more effectually served Robert's interests. All women have a natural taste and a natural talent for intrigue. The good widow had instinctively taken the best method in the world to interest Pauline. Indeed, the fair young creature actually wept, as the widow feelingly depicted the sadness and poverty of the student.

"But," was her exclamation, "is there no way of aiding him who has so generously devoted himself to others?"

"What can be done?" said the widow.

"Will he not accept a gift from a friend?"

"He!" ejaculated the widow, with superb assurance, "it is easy to see you do n't know him yet. Why, he is a young man of family. A gift, indeed! He would rather drown himself!"

"What shall we do, then? How lonely he must be. But perhaps if he was to come here again he could explain matters better himself. Why do n't he come any more?"

"O, Miss, I—I do n't know if I ought to tell you——"

"You know then?"

"I believe I have divined the reason."

"Tell me quickly, then."

"Well, I believe it is——"

"Well——"

"I believe it is—because he loves you," was the widow's hesitating response.

The young girl blushed violently, saying quickly,

"You think so?"

"I may say, I am sure."

"But that cannot be the reason he don't come?"

"Why, Miss, his clothes are not exactly the style to please the ladies. Do n't you see now, Miss Pauline?"

"Poor young man!" murmured Pauline; but his family?"

"His relatives treat him coldly, otherwise he would be rich; but he will be yet."

Instead of rejoicing at this assurance, Pauline sadly bent her head, and her lively, animated cheek paled. The widow could not understand it.

Meanwhile, Robert was not the man to subsist for any great length of time on bread and tears, deprived, too, of the sight of Pauline.

"I want money and dress," said he to himself; I must wake up!" So once more he returned to his old haunts of pleasure, and as he had grown to be something of a hero, his friends received him with caresses and enthusiasm. Their purses were open, but unfortunately they were empty. One of them, however, suggested that a promissory note should be made, which the whole goodly company should consecutively indorse, and thus raise funds for Robert's benefit from old H———, a well known tight-fisted money-lender. This was done, and the required amount obtained at fifty per cent. for three months use, or two hundred per cent. per annum. Such things *are* done, even now, reader, so be quiet.

Robert now flourished. The Common Council voted him thanks for his heroism during the pestilence, and congratulations poured upon him from every quarter. Yet, in the midst of all, the remembrance of Pauline crossed his thoughts. He sighed and confessed, "I would rather have a simple field flower culled by her hands than all of fortune's favors." Robert's friends were unanimous in their felicitations. To-day they offered him a banquet, to-morrow a breakfast, and the day after a supper. Then came a note from his uncle, the merchant, stating that as the foreign missions had received enough that year, he begged him to accept the inclosed check for one thousand dollars. Then came a note from his uncle, the magistrate, inclosing a similar gift, and commending his course.

Robert thought he must be dreaming. Every thing seemed combining to efface Pauline from his memory, but all in vain. One beautiful day, wearied with pleasures, he found himself very miserable. He ran to his old neighbor, the widow, but she could give him no information of Pauline. The young girl continued her kindness to the poor woman, but came no more to the house.

"Tell me at least her name," cried Robert.

"Impossible," replied the neighbor.

"Her residence, then."

"Equally impossible."

He offered her one of his checks. She emphatically refused.

"You are doing wrong, but then you are in love," said she. "Miss Pauline is my benefactress; I cannot betray her. I would wish to see you united: for she loves you ——"

"Loves me? You mean I love her."

"Ah, if you had heard her speak of you as I did when you lived here. O, she loves you even more than you love her."

"How? she loves me!" exclaimed Robert. "Is it possible?—and I have never perceived it."

"If you take my advice, you will marry her the first time you see her, if, indeed, you have the courage."

"How? is courage necessary, then, to espouse Pauline?"

"Very necessary for a man like you."

"Why?"

"That's the secret."

"Devil take the secret! How can courage be necessary to espouse such a charming girl—witty, polished and rich, according to all appearances?"

"She is all that."

"But would she have me?"

"Her father allows her to have her own way in everything."

After this interview with the widow, Robert was more unhappy than ever. Some days after, he met the young Pauline alone in the street, as fresh and blooming as when he first saw her. She wished to turn and flee, but the poor, sweet child felt her limbs tremble, and to save herself from falling, was obliged to take our friend's arm. They promenaded for three hours, now conversing on a variety of topics, and again employing the more eloquent language of the eyes. In short, Pauline finished with a timid avowal of her love.

"And will you indeed become my wife?" said Robert. "They say you have your own way in everything."

The poor child trembled, and became pale as a marble statue.

"Never! I cannot!" she cried, with plaintive, faltering accents. "O, Robert, I ought to fly!"

"But why?"

"I cannot—dare not tell you why!"

"I declare I will not let you go till you consent."

"Though it kills me, I will never see you more!" cried Pauline, as with a sudden effort she disengaged herself from his arm and fled.

When Robert recovered from his astonishment and emotion, Pauline had disappeared. He returned home in despair, and sobbed like a child.

Early next morning, just as he was dressed, and preparing to go out, a hand softly rapped at his door.

"Come in," he cried.

The door opened, and Pauline appeared in tears. Her eyes were red with long weeping, her face pale, and her toilet disordered.

"Pauline!" exclaimed our hero, "what happiness!"

But Pauline stood in a suppliant attitude, tears and sobs stifling her voice.

"What is the matter? what *can* be the matter, Pauline?" exclaimed Robert.

"O, sir, save me! save us!"

"From what danger, dearest?"

"From justice! Preserve us from infamy!"

"What mean you, Pauline? Speak!"

"My father—O, how shall I tell it?—my father has been arrested! O, sir, pity us! save us from dishonor—from prison!"

"How can I save you?"

"Is not Judge ——— your uncle? Well, the note your friends signed for your benefit has been protested. To save themselves, your friends have complained of usury. This complaint is doubtless but the forerunner of others. O, sir, if you come not to his aid, my father is lost, and I am ruined!"

"Heavens! then your father must be old H——, the miser!" cried Robert in his surprise, letting fall Pauline's hand. The poor child, her face buried in her hands, dared not even weep. Her whole frame shook with emotion. She expected every moment to be arrested. Remarking that Robert made no reply, she resumed in a choking voice,

"He is my father, sir, and I love him, spite of all! If pitiless to others, he has always been so good to me, so kind, so excellent! He sent me from home, placed me in an admirable school, and gave me a position worthy the daughter of a person of distinguished rank. But when I returned home, I soon discovered the odious source of all this opulence. O, if you knew how carefully I have sought out the victims of my father's avarice, to heal the wounds his hands have made! I have done all I could. I have even threatened to abandon him, unless he discontinued this unholy business! He had given me his promise, when this unfortunate note——"

Pauline ceased, and her sobs redoubled. Suddenly the student lifted his head, and drew up his form; he seemed to have grown ten years older within the preceding few moments. He was no more the gay, reckless youth; but the man, sedate, dignified and serious. Raising Pauline, he said, with a sweet and grave voice, "My child, I consent to save you on one condition, namely, that your father becomes mine, also; that you grant me this little hand you refused so pertinaciously yesterday." Pauline uttered a cry; one of those cries of joy which seem almost to rend the soul. "O, noble heart!" cried she, bounding up and embracing Robert's hands with enthusiasm.

Pressing her beautiful form to his bosom, Robert imprinted a kiss upon her pure brow, which seemed to expand beneath the chaste and holy salute. "And now," said he, "to the task!"

Steps were immediately taken to stay all proceedings against the father of Pauline. This done, Robert drove with her to his uncle's, the judge's door. Leaving her below, he went up stairs, and informed his uncle of what had been done, and furthermore of his intention to marry the daughter of old H——. The judge was of course astonished. Leaving him, Bob ran down stairs, and brought up Pauline. The indignant relative was on the point of retiring, but at sight of Pauline he involuntarily turned back. He seemed to recognize her. Approaching yet nearer, he regarded her with rapture, and cried out, "What! is it this angel?"

"You have spoken truly, uncle."

"God bless her! I am happier for this, my dear nephew, than if you had married an Eastern princess!"

Robert's uncle, be it known, and the benevolent old gentleman who had quietly climbed the widow's stairs and witnessed Pauline distributing her charities during the pestilence, were one and the same person.

"Well, uncle, I am happy you approve my choice."

"You deserve your happiness, Bob; but marry her speedily, my boy; for I verily believe, were I not a magistrate and already a father, I should be strongly tempted to wed her myself."

Amid the congratulations of his friends, and the blessings of hundreds who had been cheered and comforted by his own and Pauline's heroic charity, Robert became the happiest of men, and Pauline the most blessed of women. Becoming rich by his reconciliation to his family, he could well afford to give his wife's dowry for the benefit of those detained in custody for debt; to the end, that money so badly acquired, might, in some measure, repair the evil it had caused. The old money-lender, H——, was compelled to discontinue his nefarious business—the complaint under which he had been arrested, remaining, like the sword of Damocles, suspended over his head.

One moral of this little history is this: that to be happy, despite of the unjust prejudices of the world, it is simply sufficient to have the courage to be so.—*N. Y. Dutchman.*

A GREAT FEAT OF BLITZ.

The renowned ventriloquist and magician, Blitz, performed a feat the other evening which has never been surpassed, if equaled, among professors of legerdemain.

We were attracted by a crowd gathered around a pretty little girl, who was bewailing a five dollar gold piece which she had lost on the corner of third and Chestnut streets. Conspicuous among the assemblage was the ubiquitous and gentle-hearted Blitz.

"Where did you lose your money, my pretty dear?" inquired the amiable professor.

"On this corner," sobbed the child, "and I fear it has rolled into the culvert. O, dear, what shall I do? It is quite dark, and I fear I shall never see it again. O, do, good gentlemen, help me look for it."

"Into the culvert," said Blitz; "come, let's fish for it. Who's got a piece of twine?"

"Lord a mercy, Bill," chuckled an overgrown boy, "does ye hear that! Fish for a piece! Now, is n't he some?"

"Take care, Jim, take care—that ere's Blitz. You'd better not be sassy to him!" and Bill tried to put on a mysterious air.

A piece of twine was brought, and Blitz tied a port-monia to it, carelessly remarking,

"You see, my friends, I use a very singular kind of bait——"

"Yes—very—very!" remarked a gentleman in specs.

"Now," continued Blitz, "when I fish for catties, or perch, or porgies, I always use a different sort of bait—a little powder, or—but hark; dont you hear some one talking down there?"

"O, git eout!" incredulously exclaimed a drayman.

"But I tell you," persisted Blitz, "I heard voices down there. Keep silence for a minute, and I'll speak to them."

"Blitz bent down and said—

"I say, down there, hallo?"

"Hallo, yourself!" responded a voice apparently from the culvert.

"There, gentlemen, did n't I say so," triumphantly exclaimed Blitz to the astonished crowd. "Now, wait a bit, and we will inquire into this." And again addressing the persons in the culvert, he said,

"Who are you any how?"

"I sha'n't tell you!"

"What!"

"I sha'n't tell you!"

"Why not?"

"'Cause you'll inform on us."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite. Is any body near?"

Blitz motioned to the astonished crowd to stand back, and then replied,

"No."

"Well, we're burglars."

"What!"

"Burglars."

"Och! the bloody thaives—get me a pick ax—let me at 'em!" shouted an Irishman.

"Hush—silence," whispered Blitz, and once more addressing the burglars he said:

"Burglars, you say?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing down there?"

"Digging our way into the bank of North America."

"O, the villains!" echoed several voices.

"Silence—silence!" commanded Blitz.

"The Bank of North America, you say?"

"Yes."

"Is n't it cold down there?"

"No; we 've got used to it."

"How many are there of you?"

"Six."

"What do you live on?"

"Moxey's bread and good ale."

"Well, look here my friend, have you seen any thing of a five dollar gold piece, lost down there by a little girl about a half hour since?"

"Ah, yes, here it is."

"Where?"

"In my hand."

"Wo n't you put it into this, that I may draw it up to the little girl that lost it," and he threw down the port-monai, to which, as before remarked, a piece of twine was attached.

"Certainly—there—now, pull."

"Thank you," said Blitz, and drawing in the string, the port-monai appeared, and on opening it, lo! the gold piece was discovered. The crowd, lost in wonder, gathered around Blitz. Again looking into the sewer, the magician remarked,

"I am very much obliged to you, sir."

"You 're welcome," gruffly replied the burglar.

"Holy Moses," ejaculated the Irishman, "but this bates St. Patrick himself intirely."

"Here, my good little girl," said Blitz, "here's your money—now, run home, dear!" Then, addressing the crowd, he begged them not to mention the matter to his honor, Mayor Gilpin, till after the bank had been robbed, as he thought it would n't be showing fair play to the burglars, who, after all, seemed to be a very clever set of fellows. Thereupon he vanished, but the crowd did not disperse for some hours afterward.

BABOON LIFE.

Baboons are seldom seen in South Africa in smaller numbers than about a hundred in a troup. They move in a manner similar to an army in the field—that is, they are apparently conducted by some fixed rules of discipline; as, for instance, when a detachment descends from the hills to the plain in search of food, some of the largest are separated from the main body and sent to occupy the outposts to watch, it may be supposed, the approach of an enemy. Should they observe a human being advancing toward them, they give notice, in a very sonorous voice, to their comrades, calling out distinctly, "Yaho!". This cry can be heard at so great a distance, that it is generally the first intimation which the intruder receives of his vicinity to the quadruped army. On receiving this signal, the foraging party returns to the main body, and the whole troop retire toward their fastnesses in the mountains—the most ablebodied animals acting as rear guards to cover the retreat of their weaker brethren. Once in the mountains, they defy all pursuit, for they skip from rock to rock like mountain deer; and should a dog overtake their rear-guard, he is certain to be torn in pieces in an instant.

Baboons are uncommonly sagacious in their manner of robbing gardens; and this they do as often as they find an opportunity, especially in the fruit season, when they occasion great destruction. They usually make their incursions while the family are at dinner, or taking their siesta; and if a slave be placed to watch the garden at those times, he usually goes to sleep on his post, overcome partly by heat and partly by habit.

Therefore, these most mischievous animals could not, by any possibility, select a period better adapted to their purpose; and I am told that it is truly laughable to see them at those times hopping off with their respective prizes—carrying, perhaps, a melon or a pumpkin under one arm, as they go gibbering away to luxuriate at leisure.

There cannot be a doubt that these creatures have laws by which they regulate the conduct of the community and inflict punishment upon transgressors. This opinion is substantiated by an incident to which a friend of mine and his wife were eye-witnesses. Some months previous to the event I am about to mention, the gentleman had requested his gardener to procure for him a baboon of the largest size; but, on account of the difficulty of capturing one of that description, his wishes were still unfulfilled, when, one day, he and his wife were riding toward the gardener's house, their attention was attracted by loud shrieks from the side of a hill, and they perceived, drawn out in order, two parties of baboons, at about six yards distance from each other. Midway between these parties stood a particularly large animal, apparently a culprit in the act of receiving punishment; for, while my amazed friends looked, they saw a baboon advance alternately from each troop, and after each had bitten the prisoner, pass on to be followed by the others in like order. At each infliction the offender screamed hideously—but, with the most imperturbable gravity, the punishment went on; and my friends pursued their ride while the ceremony was yet in operation—not, however, without hazarding many conjectures as to the probable nature of the culprit's offense. It was not long before sufficient grounds arose for a belief that he had been guilty of negligence on his watch; for the gardener came forth to state that he had at length captured a baboon, but that he could not accomplish his design till he had shot the animal. My friend here believed that there was sufficient authority for his convictions respecting their organized principles of action, as well as that the scene he had witnessed arose out of the destruction of the creature he had in his possession.—*Ex.*

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Very much has been written with regard to this important trait of character—yet adults, as well as children, are continually, in every dangerous emergency, found lamentably deficient. Accidents causing death and destruction of property will ever occur; therefore, in calm and tranquil moments, we should fortify ourselves for the hour of danger. The story of "John Raynor" impressed on the mind, possibly, might have restored to life many children apparently drowned. It was in the infancy of this periodical that the account was given, and a host of our present readers were not then its patrons, therefore I hope to be pardoned for giving a transcript for publication; especially as it cannot fail to interest our juvenile friends.

"It was during the summer holidays of 1800," said Mr. Bowers, "I had a young friend staying with me and my younger brother Edward. His name was John Raynor, and how he came by so much information as he seemed to have, I do not remember that we troubled ourselves to inquire; but my father, who liked John exceedingly, said it was from his constant habit of observation. He was then fourteen, only two years older than myself. One evening, during the absence of my parents, we occupied ourselves with assisting our old gardener. The garden sloped down to a broad river which joined the sea at a few miles distance. I was not so busy but I looked up every now and then to watch the beautiful sunset that sparkled on the water, or the passage boats and country barges that glided by at intervals. Suddenly I observed, at a small distance, something floating on the water.

"'It is the body of a boy!' said John, and in a moment flung off his jacket and threw himself into the water. Fortunately he was a good swimmer, and his courage never left him. He swam with all his strength toward the floating body, and seizing with one hand the hair, with the other directed his course back to the shore. We watched eagerly, and the moment he came within reach assisted him in laying the body on a grass plot. My brother Edward recognized him as the son of a washerwoman, exclaiming, as he burst into tears,

"'Poor woman, she will never see her boy again!' John replied, in a hurried tone,

"'She may if we lose no time, and use the right means to recover him. Edward, run quickly for a doctor, and, as you pass the kitchen, tell Susan to have a bed warmed.'

"'We had better hold him up by the

heels,' said the gardener, 'to let the water run out of his mouth."

"'No, no, no!" exclaimed John; 'by so doing we shall kill him, if he is not already dead; we must handle him as gently as possible.'

"When the body had been carried into the house, the gardener urged John to place the body near the kitchen fire; but, after a little persuasion they yielded to John's entreaty, and the body was rubbed dry and placed on its right side, between hot blankets, on a mattress. The head was bound with flannel and placed high on pillows; four bottles were filled with hot water, wrapped in flannels, and placed at the armpits and feet, while the body was constantly rubbed with hot flannels. John then took the bellows, and, having blown out all the dust, directed me to close the mouth and one nostril, while he, by blowing in at the other, filled the chest with air; he then laid aside the bellows and pressed the chest upward to force the air out; this was done from twenty to thirty times in a minute, to imitate natural breathing. All this time the windows and doors were left wide open. Edward at length returned without the doctor—he was absent from home. The use of friction with warm flannel, and the artificial breathing, continued for one hour and a half, and no signs of life appeared. John continued his efforts. Another half hour passed, and, to the inexpressible delight of us all, the boy opened his eyes and uttered a faint sigh."

What a good thing it was for the mother of this poor boy that John Raynor once read, on a framed printed paper, "Rules of the Humane Society for Recovering Persons Apparently Drowned." Better still that he had taken pains to remember them. Every item that we can glean, calculated to benefit the distressed, should be treasured in memory's garner for the hour of need.—*Mothers' Journal and Family Visitant.*

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MEN and actions, like objects of sight, have their points of perspective—some must be seen at a great distance.

THE NEW YORK PRESS.

No reason has the Maine Law had to complain of the want of notice from the press. It has had its full share of attention, both here and elsewhere. And we are thankful for it, whatever view may be taken of it; for it sets the people thinking. In some cases, the very ribaldry and abuse cast upon it has made it friends, while the most specious arguments brought against it have but shown the strength of its claims. The religious press has nobly sustained it as one of the great and blessed discoveries of the age, and bade it God speed in every state of the Union. In some cases the secular press, too, has given it full support, while in others it is manifest the interests of the liquor dealers stand pre-eminent. They must be protected, though thousands perish. The Journal of Commerce has great fears for the cause of temperance. This righteous and blessed enterprise must be advanced only by moral suasion. Men cannot be driven in these matters of eating and drinking. Legal restraints only make the matter worse. And the old Sabbath mail ghost is brought up to show that all attempts to compel men to cease from evil, rebound to the destruction of the cause we would support. Alas, how long shall we hear this ditty about moral suasion. While our laws and municipal authorities annually license some four or five thousand foreigners, just come into the country, to make paupers and felons of the miserable beings that crowd our streets, of what use is moral suasion? As well preach moral suasion to the hyena that is let loose among our children. The Journal of Commerce speaks of a great increase of intemperance since we left off moral suasion, and have been striving for legal action. But we have not left moral suasion, and we have had no legal action. Our laws remain unchanged, and perfectly worthless to effect their object. They have proved a failure in all cases, and rendered almost abortive our moral suasion. In one case, in 1846, there was a year of no license, and then there was a wonderful diminution of intemperance, and less than half the commitments to jails and poor-houses. We commend the report of Mayor Dow to the respectable editors of the Journal, and ask, Where they can find evidence of a reaction or of increased drunkenness in Maine?

The Courier and Enquirer goes largely into political economy, and sounds the alarm to the agriculturists and the commercial interests. Half the wealth of New York and Albany, and Buffalo, must go by the board if the Maine law passes. The land must lie idle if no hops, and barley, and rye, are needed for distilleries and breweries. The canal will scarce be needed if whisky and beer barrels die out; our North River will be wanted only for the conveyance of bread stuffs, hardware and salt. Business will everywhere be crippled, banks fail, and distress unutterable come into all our gilded palaces. Is Maine poorer for the abolition of the rum traffic? If the state of New York exchanges twenty millions annually for liquor, is she as rich, and prosperous, and happy, as if she expended it upon her farms, and dwellings, and schools, and all the ordinary comforts of life, and as exempt from paupers and criminals, and all that corrupts and destroys? The whole argument of the Courier and Enquirer is one of base cupidity in a few individuals, to the impoverishment of the state. To say nothing of its most desolating moral evils, the city of New York is burdened with an annual expense of not less than a million of dollars, and so Philadelphia, and Boston, and Baltimore, and yet the Courier and Enquirer cries out, "By this craft we have our wealth—great is Diana." On all the great principles of political economy the Maine law is demanded. Every branch of business but the one most destructive to all others, would be benefited by it, while peace and quietness would be in all our borders. The Courier and Enquirer complains loudly of legal difficulties in the Maine law. And yet, if we understand it, these difficulties all lie in the way of men who would violate and evade it, and not of the government which would enforce it. We confess we are not much conversant with these technicalities; but gentlemen who are, have, from the first, extolled this law as a master-piece of legal workmanship. But if a few technicalities are wrong or injurious to other larger interests, or interfere with the security of human rights, or human freedom, how easy to change them while the spirit of the law remains. Free discussion on so great a subject is demanded; and we cannot for a moment doubt that it will result all over this country in the conclusion that legislation is demanded for the suppression of intemperance, and that that legislation must have regard not to the regulation, but the suppression of the traffic.—*Jour. Am. Temp. Union.*

BIG STORIES.

A COMPANY of great story tellers had assembled one evening in the bar room of a tavern out West, and some astonishing narratives—real "whoppers"—had been given for sure facts. At length, when the imaginations of the narrators of these tales began to fail them, somebody called on a quiet young man, who sat gravely in a corner, for his story.

"O!" said he, candidly, "I have n't anything to say. I might tell a story, but nothing to compare with that just told."

However, the company insisted, and the young man began:

"The adventure I am about to relate is somewhat singular, but it will not surprise you after what you have heard. I was once skating on a very smooth and extensive piece of ice, and, having skates on my feet, I almost flew; indeed, so great was my velocity, I did not see an air hole which lay in my way, but dropped into it like a bar of lead, and my head was shaved clean off my shoulders by the sharp ice."

This assertion made a great laugh, and some one asked the young man how many times his head would bear shaving off.

"Hear me out," he said, gravely. "You remember, I said I was going very swiftly, and that the day was very cold. My body then, with its acquired velocity, went under the ice as fast as my head moved over it, till coming to another air hole, when up popped my body and down went my head and froze in the exact position I would have desired. So, you see, I have had my head cut off and put on again without the least exertion on my part."

"Lucky."

"But this is not the end of my adventure. On my return, I sat by the fire relating my wonderful escape, when my neck, beginning to thaw, I undertook to blow my nose, and threw my head chuck!—behind the backlog!"

"And what then?"

"Nothing," repeated the narrator gravely, feeling his neck, "only my head, I believe, has n't stuck quite as well since."

It is needless to say that this was the last big story told that night in the country tavern.—*Ex.*

TRUTH.

The small word, Truth, although simple in its orthography, is magnanimous in definition and elevated in sentiment. This word, undoubtedly, when well defined, has a meaning highly adapted to the human intellect. It is the basis of all human excellence; the only *sure* guide to social happiness and permanent peace of mind. The principle of truth, when strictly adhered to, is our *sole* dependence, the very *life* and *beauty* of society; the constant companion of all the truly great and good; and a most excellent defense against the assaults of an adversary. It is of the *first* importance that this principle should have a *permanent* habitation in the breast of *every* accountable being, and be a *constant* attendant upon the organs of speech. The person of undoubted veracity, though he be destitute of money and its substitute, is rich indeed; he has the confidence of his friends and the favor of Heaven. Truth is the foundation of all we should know, or do, as well as the moral obligation of man to man, and man to his Sovereign. This is the principle of every science; and however great a person may consider his knowledge to be, unless he has a correct system, he is almost *entirely* ignorant. A man may have a puff of vanity, a tact of intellect, which may raise him high in his own estimation; he may imagine himself a philosopher, a chemist, a poet, an orator, a statesman, a great benefactor to mankind, or an adept in any thing whatever; yet, without the principle of *truth* to govern him, he may be wholly ignorant of the laws which connect the links of the great chain of human being, and which *should* govern the social, moral, accountable and intellectual universe.—*Ex.*

ACCIDENTS TO FEMALES FROM FIRE.

A writer in the Philadelphia Ledger makes the following suggestion to females:

"The notice in your paper recently of several deaths occurring from the above causes, has induced the writer to call the public attention to the simple and effectual remedy which has been frequently published heretofore, but which seems to have been forgotten. It is, that immediately on discovering their garments are on fire, they shall throw themselves on the floor, and roll once or twice. This is an act so easy, that it can be performed as well by the smallest child as by the most decrepid old woman that is able to sit or stand by the fire. If any one doubts the efficiency of the remedy, let them take a strip of cotton cloth, and hold it with one end downward, set fire to the lower end, and see how quickly it will be consumed; then let them light another strip and throw it upon the floor as soon as it is ignited, and they will see that it burns very slowly, and soon goes out. This remedy ought to be impressed upon the mind of every woman, and ought to be taught by every mother to her daughters as soon as they are able to learn any thing."

HOW THEY TREAT RUM IN MAINE.

If any of our little readers ever saw men chasing a mad dog, they will know how and why men treat rum as they do in Maine. Now you may say of a dog what you can not say of rum, it is a good thing. A dog will guard your house against thieves and robbers. Rum will not. A dog will keep your buildings from being burnt. Rum will often burn them. A dog is a pleasant playmate for your children. Rum can never be. A dog is under protection of law, that is, so long as he does not do any harm, while he is kept at home, or is abroad, muzzled. But if he runs mad, or, even in July or August is abroad, not muzzled, so that he can bite, any body may kill him. So rum, while it is kept at home and used only by its owner, is under protection of law, nobody may touch it; but the moment it is sent out to bite and madden others, is it then property and protected by law? Not in Maine; any body may destroy it, and not only may, but the people chase it like a mad dog around the streets, and drive it out of the village and out of the state. How much worse is it than a mad dog? Who would not rather his son should die of hydrophobia than of drunkenness? You would beware, boys, of a mad dog, but be a thousand times more afraid of a rum-seller; he does a thousand times the mischief for time and eternity.—*Youth's Advocate.*

THE LITTLE NURSE.

During the summer of 1849, when the cholera was hurrying multitudes to their last rest, a highly respectable and interesting family was seized by the epidemic. Five of its members were prostrated at one time, and such was the alarm of neighbors, that no one came to their assistance at the critical moment. When all seemed hopeless, there was one, the youngest child, of scarce three summers, who had been providentially spared for the occasion, who ministered as an angel. Her eldest sister, requiring the greatest attention, was the especial subject of the little one's care. And while the patient was writhing under the weight of disease, the little creature was seen watching, with intense interest, the pallid countenance of her sister. An unbidden tear traced her cheek; she seemed striving to divine some remedy that would alleviate the pain of the prostrate form before her, and suddenly quitting the room, as on the wings of love, procured a glass of cool water, returned, and climbing up on a chair near the sick bed, presented the sparkling draught, and in lisping accents, said, "Drink this, my dear sister, it will cure you." She spoke as one who knew; for the patient drank and recovered, though not till after the angel nurse had passed into the "world of spirits" herself from the same disease; but her memory lingers as fresh as the violets that bloom around her resting-place.—*Ex.*

GOOD ADVICE.

Among the masses of stuff that are floating around as newspaper literature, are occasional "words of wisdom," that are as precious as gold. The following by a quaint writer, who signs himself, "Charles Quill," is a sermon in itself, containing all the philosophy and beautiful morality of many a volume:

"Why do you begin to do good so far off? This is a ruling error. Begin at the center, and work outward. If you do not love your wife, do not pretend to such love for the people of the antipodes. If you let some family grudge, some peccadillo, some undesirable gesture, sour your visage toward a sister or daughter, pray cease to preach beneficence on a large scale. Begin not at the next door, but within your own door—with your neighbor, whether relative, servant or superior. Account the man you meet, the man you are to bless. How can I make him or her happy? This is the question. If a dollar will do it, give it. If advice will do it, give advice. If chastisement will do it, give chastisement. If a look, a smile, or warm pressure of the hand, or a tear. But never forget that the happiness of our world is a mountain of golden sands, and that it is your part to cast some contributary atom every moment."—*Ex.*

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We should give as we receive, cheerfully and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

FREE MASONRY.

Free Masonry is in a very florid and prosperous state now, in every part of the Union, and the fraternity is growing more numerous than it has ever before been. There is now a certainty that the unhappy division, which has existed hitherto in the State of New York, will be healed and the two Grand Lodges be united again in one common jurisdiction. St. John's Lodge, No. 1, of New York city, the oldest in the United States, gave in its adhesion two weeks ago to the party which is now so immensely in the majority. Their example has been followed by many of the other lodges, and the union will soon be complete. St. John's lodge is the possessor of that copy of the Bible on which Washington took his oath of fidelity to the Constitution of the United States, when he was inaugurated its first president.—*Balt. Sun.*

MASONIC INCIDENT.

In the year 1784, Mons. Preverot, a gentleman in the navy, and brother of the celebrated M. Preverot, M. D., in the faculty of Paris, was unfortunately shipwrecked on an island, whose viceroy was a Free Mason. Along with his ship M. Preverot had lost all his money and effects. In this destitute condition he presented himself to the viceroy, and related his misfortune in a manner which completely proved that he was no impostor. The viceroy made the Masonic signs, which, being instantly returned by the Frenchman, they recognized and embraced each other as brethren of the same Order. M. Preverot was conducted to the viceroy's house, who furnished him with all the comforts of life, till a ship bound for France touched at the island. Before his departure in this vessel, the viceroy loaded him with presents, and gave him as much money as was necessary for carrying him into his native country.—*Lawrie.*

☞Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for a foundation.

CLIPPINGS.

BY SCISSORS.

Tied Down at Home.—A friend of ours, living not far from Pontiac, was importuned one pleasant day lately, by his wife, to take her a sleigh riding. The gentleman, being a man of business, plead his engagement, when his wife replied that was the old story and that she must be tied down at home. The husband rejoined, that if any person would furnish him with good clothes to wear, and enough to eat and drink, that he would be willing to be tied down at home. A few days after the gentleman came home earlier than was his custom, and, being fatigued, lay down upon the sofa and fell into a sound sleep. His wife took some cords and slyly tied his hands together—served his feet in the same way, and made him fast to the sofa. She then set a table, with all that the house afforded, and placed an extra suit of clothes within his reach. This done she started to pay a friend a visit. Upon her return, late in the evening, she found her subject of domestic discipline as she left him, except that he was wide awake and very mad.

"What on earth does all this mean?" says he.

"Nothing," quietly remarked his wife, "except the consummation of your earthly wishes—enough to eat, drink and wear, and to be TIED DOWN AT HOME!"

That couple were seen sleigh riding the next day!—*Det. Adv.*

Mr. Slow Discourseth on Grave Topics.—"Bimelech, my son," said Mr. Slow, shaking his head with oracular and owl-like profundity, "it is n't well to know too much, my boy; your father never did—he know'd too much for that. Thoughts is perplexin', and the human mind, Bimelech, is too precious a thing to be wore out with too much friction. Do n't abuse the gifts of nater, my son, 'cause nater's one of 'em, my son—she is. Do n't inwestigate anything new, my boy, 'cause there 's a thousand old things of more consequence to look arter—the first of which is number one. New notions perplexes the mind, dear—there's full enough fools in the world who like to look arter such things, without troubling your precious head about 'em—'t would n't be a cent of benefit to you. Call 'em all humbug and moonshine, and them as believes 'em lunatics and scoundrels, and that'll save you a good many discussions, and give you a character for ignity and prudence, and prudent folks make money. Philosophy and scions, and them things, is humbugs, and everything is humbug but money. Mind I tell ye." Mr. Slow ceased, overcome by his own eloquence.

Temperance Anecdote.—The following anecdote was told of a very clever fellow, who had been somewhat frolicsome, but who had recently joined the Sons of Temperance:

"After becoming a 'Son' he went to Mobile on business, and was taken ill there. The physician was called, and, after examining him, pronounced him in a very dangerous condition, and prescribed brandy. The sick man told him he could not take it. The doctor insisted that it was the proper remedy, but the patient told him he would not take it. The doctor said he must, or he would have spasms. Well, said the Son of Temperance, I will try a *couple of spasms* first. He did not take the brandy, nor did he have the spasms, but went on his way rejoicing." We wish there were more such men.

Dean Swift—The Dean was once traveling through one of the rural parishes some leagues from London, and, introducing himself to the parson as a member of the same profession, was invited to partake of his fraternal hospitalities. The Dean consented and accompanied the parson to his church the next morning. And there the Dean had the satisfaction of hearing one of his own sermons preached by an ignorant "bible banger," without a word of acknowledgment. When the services were over, the Dean asked the preacher how long it took him to write such a sermon. "O," said the minister, "I wrote that sermon in about two hours." "Did you, indeed," said the Dean, in reply, "why it took ME over two months to write that very sermon."

Enemies of Temperance.—Who are they? How shall we know them? All profess to be the very best friends of the cause in the world; and what test will distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit? The following will hardly ever mislead our calculation: If a man, while professing friendship for it, manifests no sympathy in common with its active friends—if he is always found doubting the wisdom of their plans, without proposing any other, but lives only to suggest doubts and throw suspicion on the expediency of all plans adopted by others—you may put him down either as an open enemy or a false friend, whose assistance is considerably worse than useless.

Matrimony and Single Blessedness.—We invite the attention of batchelors to the following contrast:

Single Blessedness.—Sheet-iron quilts, blue noses, frosty rooms, ice in the pitcher, unregenerated linen, heelless socks, coffee sweetened with icicles, gutta-percha biscuits, flabby steak, dull razors, corns, coughs, and colics, rhubarb, aloes, misery, &c. Pah!

Matrimony.—Hot buckwheat cakes, warm beds, comfortable slippers, smoking coffee, round arms, red lips, etc.—shirts exulting in buttons, redeemed stockings, boot-jacks, happiness, &c.

A Capital Pun.—The Milwaukie Advertiser thus sums up the hanging question:

"After a careful consideration of all the arguments for and against capital punishment, we have come to the conclusion, that the 'debt of nature' should never be paid, if it can't be collected without an 'execution.'"

☞ "WHAT are you looking after, my dear," said a very affectionate mother to her only daughter? The daughter turned round and thus replied: "Looking after a son-in-law for father."

☞The Maine rumsellers talked about spilling their *blood* when the Maine Law went into effect, but it turns out to be their *liquor*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TEMPLARS' DUTIES.

In our last we had something to say about *punctual attendance at our meetings.* Another important duty is, *prompt payment of dues.* On entering our Order each member promises on his part to assist all worthy brothers in sickness and distress, and in return he has the assurance of the fraternity, that the same relief shall be afforded him in time of need.

To meet cases of this kind, and pay the current expenses of meetings, &c., a system of dues has been adopted by the Order, and every member is under equal obligation to pay his proportion of this fund. But occasionally we find a brother who neglects this duty from month to month, and from year to year, till the amount becomes so large that he cannot pay it without serious inconvenience, and in some cases the result is, he is suspended or expelled from the Order. This sum, if paid weekly, or monthly, is so small as scarcely to be felt, but if neglected long, it is a more serious matter. This beneficial fund, if promptly paid, is not drawn from a brother's pockets without an equivalent; it is an investment to be returned in time of sickness. He who suffers his dues to remain unpaid, till he is not entitled to benefits in case of sickness, not only wrongs the Order, but himself and family. By his own act he forfeits his *right* to benefits.

In some Temples we have visited, it is the custom soon after opening, at every meeting, for the Usher to go around the room and collect dues from every member, and report to the W. F. R. the amounts paid by each. We like this plan, and believe where it is adopted there are fewer cases of discipline for non-payment of dues, than in Temples where the custom is to pay but once a quarter.

Another and still more important duty we have to perform, is, *to visit the sick.* What can be more consoling, when prostrated by disease, than to know we are surrounded by sympathizing brethren, who are ready to minister to our every want? And what relieves the care and lightens the labors of our families more at such times, than to receive the calls of our brethren anxiously inquiring for us? The mind has great influence over disease. In cases of dangerous sickness, if we are assured that all necessary assistance will be rendered our families, our minds are more at rest, and the chances of recovery are greater. But how discouraging to a sick brother, who has always faithfully discharged every duty, to find that the members of his Temple do not even call to inquire after him. Nothing is more likely to make him lose his interest in the Order than to be neglected in sickness.

Neglect of the sick lowers the Order in public estimation, too, perhaps more than any other omission of duty. Every one at all acquainted with the order, knows that our rules enjoin a care for the sick, and nothing gives us more credit in the community around us than the faithful performance of this duty. Let every Templar see to it, then, that he does his *whole* duty in this respect. His obligations to the Order and to his brother, and the golden rule itself, demand it at his hand.

OHIO STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

This was the largest temperance convention ever held in this state. More than eight hundred delegates were in attendance—from nearly every county in the state. It convened on the 25th of February, and continued in session two days. In point of numbers, respectability and talent, probably no meeting of any kind in the state ever exceeded. All trades and professions were represented by men who seemed united in their determination not to cease their labors till some effectual law is passed to prohibit the traffic in intoxicating liquors. A resolution was passed, unanimously, that nothing less than the Maine Law would answer the purpose.

Whether the present legislature will pass such a law is very doubtful. But a great change is going on in the minds of the tax payers and legal voters of the state on this subject, and temperance will *agitate* till alcohol is made an outlawed article, except for mechanical and medicinal purposes.

THE SOCIAL ORDER OF TEMPERANCE.

This new organization was mentioned in our last under the head of "Fraternal Items" in Indiana. It has now grown to such an extent as to be entitled to a more lengthy notice.

It originated in Indianapolis about the first of February last, much in the same way as the "Washingtonian" movement did. It now numbers in that city near three thousand members, and is rapidly spreading to other towns in the state. The members are pledged to have nothing to do with alcohol in any of its forms as a beverage, and not to visit places where it is kept as such.

In Indianapolis meetings have been regularly held every week-day evening for more than forty consecutive nights, and as yet they have lost none of their interest. In other towns they are well attended and equally interesting. We venture the prediction that this movement will produce enough change in public sentiment in Indiana, to elect members of the next legislature who will pass a law stringent enough to stop the traffic in spirituous liquors.

END OF THE TERM.

With this month the semi-annual term of Subordinate Temples closes. It is of the greatest importance to the Order, that the officers of Subordinate Temples, and deputies, see that full and accurate returns are promptly forwarded to the proper officers of Grand and National Temples.

It is desirable that full statistics of the whole Order be published each year with the proceedings of the National Temple. This has never yet been done, for several reasons. First, two many W. R.s fail to make out their returns accurately. Secondly, many of them neglect this duty till it is *two late* for the G. W. R. to insert, in the Grand Temple returns, the returns from all Subordinate Temples in the state. We hope all interested will, at the end of this term, have this matter properly attended to. The Order is now in a healthy, prosperous condition, and the statistics ought to, and *will*, show it, if every one, through whose hands they pass, will contribute his part toward furnishing them.

ELECTION OF TEMPLE OFFICERS.

The selection of suitable officers to preside over Subordinate Temples will soon again devolve upon the brethren.

Every brother must be aware of the importance of making good selections. The prosperity of a Temple depends, in a great measure, on its officers, and it is the duty of all to see to it that suitable ones are placed in office.

We have frequently seen, in different organizations, persons not at all qualified for the duties of office, placed there on account of their age, or long service, or regular attendance at meetings. It is well to place the proper estimate on these things, but let us remember that offices are not created merely to honor individuals, but individuals should be elected that will honor the office.

THE ORDER IN INDIANA.

We lately made a "flying trip" to several towns in this state, and found the brethren laboring zealously and efficiently for the Order and the cause of temperance. We visited Aurora, Vevay, Madison, Jeffersonville, New Albany and Indianapolis, at which places there are flourishing Temples. We had a respectable number of subscribers at each place before our trip, but succeeded in increasing it considerably. Madison contributes the largest number now, but New Albany promises to equal if not exceed it. We shall watch the contest with *interest*, and report the result.

We also made a short visit to Louisville, Ky., and attended a meeting of Franklin Temple, which is doing well and increasing in numbers.

Kentucky Temple, No. —, and a Social Degree, meet in the same hall, and are both prospering. The brethren are also actively engaged in "out-door" temperance work. We had but few subscribers here, and did not succeed in obtaining many more, but received the assurance of Bros. Dawson and Johnston that the list should be increased.

At Indianapolis we had the pleasure of meeting with Bro. Charles Woodward, who holds the offices and attends to the duties of G. W. R. of the Grand Temple of Indiana, G. S. of the Grand Division of Indiana, and editor of the Chart, besides acting as agent for Adams & Co.'s Express, being a member of the City Council, &c. Bro. Woodward is emphatically a man of business, and notwithstanding his many duties, he found time to introduce us to the brethren and assist in obtaining subscribers.

In going and returning, we had occasion to try the accommodations of several boats on the Ohio, and none came nearer our ideas of comfort and convenience than the mail boat "Ben Franklin," commanded by Capt. Blair Summons. This boat runs from Cincinnati to Louisville one day, and returns the next. By an assiduous careful attention to the wants of the traveling community, the officers of this boat have rendered themselves deservedly popular.

◆

"A LATE philosopher says, that if anything will make a woman swear, it is looking for her night-cap after the lamp 's blown out."

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

WE have on hand an original article from the pen of Bro. William Rounesville. We have not yet examined it, but, like his former contributions, we expect it is worthy the place which we intend to give it in our next.

We also promise our readers a rich treat, in the perusal of a tale illustrating woman's influence, by a lady of Detroit.

We have on hand a true sketch of some of the evils of intemperance, by a Sister of the Social Degree, which is on file for the next number. All these were received too late for this number.

We would again ask the members of our Order, and the friends of temperance generally, for contributions.

◆

THE STATE OF THE CAUSE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the important changes the public mind has already experienced on the subject of temperance, it is now more thoroughly roused than ever. It does not, as during some periods, break out in excitement, but shows itself in deep, determined feeling. From East, West, North and South, the united voice is, "Down with the liquor traffic." Humanity has endured the evil too long, and is now beginning to understand and assert her rights. It may be years before the traffic will be entirely suppressed, but that it will finally be banished from the civilized world, no one who carefully observes the signs of the times, can doubt. God speed that happy period, is the prayer of every philanthropist and Christian.

We can hardly take up a paper, either religious, political or literary, without finding some allusion to the "Maine Law." The subject loses nothing by being agitated. No *true* principle ever suffered by being discussed. Even when a writer is opposed to truth, some of his readers will discover the fallaciousness of his arguments and arrive at correct conclusions.

The friends of temperance have the greatest reason to be encouraged. Never was there a time when action was more demanded or promised better results. Let us persevere in our labors of love, and if we do not win laurels more honorable than those that deck the warrior's brow, we shall at least have the heartfelt satisfaction of knowing that posterity will rise up and call us blessed. Who would not rather leave his children in a community where alcoholic drinks were outlawed, than to leave them an inheritance of silver and gold?

ODD FELLOWSHIP IN OHIO.

FROM the report of Grand Secretary Glenn, for the year ending December 31, 1851, we take the following statistics of the Order in the Buckye State:

Lodges,	189
Members,	13,538
Past Grands,	1,721
Initiated during the year,	2,538
Admitted by card,	672
Deaths,	116
Revenue,	$92,746 92
Expended for Benefits,	21,016 43
" Charity,	2,138 55
" Widows and Orph.,	2,537 37
" Burying the dead,	3,150 03

"A REMONSTRANCE against the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, signed by the coopers of Albany, N. Y., was lately read in the Assembly. They claimed that it would interfere with their business."

We would suggest that the coffin makers remonstrate against such a law on the same grounds.

"GOV. UJHAZY's daughters, who are highly educated, it is said, may be seen daily at work in the corn field with a hoe, on their farm at New Buda, Iowa."

Well, what of it! We have often seen *uneducated* females laboring in the same way, and if *education* is to unfit a male or female from earning a living in some honorable way, it is a *curse*, instead of a blessing.

FRATERNAL ITEMS.

MICHIGAN.—G. P. Chapin, G. W. R., writing from Arian, says: "We have lately organized two new Temples in this state, and expect soon to open another. Our Social Degrees are doing well."

The Magazine is much better sustained in this state now than last year. This we regard as an index to the prosperity of the Order.

INDIANA.—Bro. Isaac Bartlett, of Logansport, writes: "Our Temple is in a flourishing condition, and numbers over sixty members. In the Social Degree we have over sixty, about twenty-eight of whom are sisters. We have a strong current to contend with. We have put some of the whisky sellers in trouble several times the past season by getting them fined for selling without license, yet they will sell in spite of all law. We have six dens in the town that sell. One is what they call respectable, that is, visited at night and day-time in a small parlor, so that the law will not reach them. You cannot get the proof, as they avoid paying the money by having it scored on the wall; and they have a way of answering the Mayor by saying, 'I have slept since, and do not recollect what I drank, and cannot tell whether I paid for it or not,' and it is hard to get proof."

OHIO.—Bro. J. A. McKenny, of Eaton, sends material aid, and writes: "Our Temple is in a healthy condition. Its effects are felt in this community. Many who were strongly opposed to the Order, have been compelled to acknowledge the good effect the Order has done where its principles are wisely inculcated and properly appreciated. The Social Degree numbers about seventy, a majority of whom are ladies, who take a great interest in the Degree. I regret that the Magazine has not more 'aid' from this place, and hope that it will be different in future."

March 17, an application was received, and charter granted, for Northern Star Temple, No. —, to be located at Norwalk. A Temple was once in operation there, and went down under the old Ritual. A brother will be appointed to organize the new Temple as soon as suitable arrangements can be made.

Tennessee.—Bro. Hugh Carroll, of Nashville, writes: "The temperance men in Tennessee cannot now relieve the state from the unholy alliance with the license laws. For temperance men in both houses voted against their repeal, or any change whatever, and worse than all, the anti-temperance men are beginning to throw their fiery missiles into our ranks, and charge us with motives contrary to the spirit of the Constitution. To tell the truth, temperance men are afraid of their political heads, and so long as we fear to meet the responsibility openly and manfully, so long will the enemies of temperance triumph. But the time is near at hand when the fight will be an open field fight in Tennessee, and if we cannot get the Maine law, we can come up on the heels of the weaker party, and place temperance men in office. And I long to see the day come when we shall have the Maine law extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Irish Channel to Kamschatka, and our eternal principles taught and practiced wherever the foot of man marks the earth."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Temple of Honor. *An Exposition of its Objects, and the Mode of their Accomplishment. By a Templar of Virginia.*—This is the title of a neat pamphlet of sixteen pages, published at the office of the Southern Era, Richmond, Va., and for sale there at $4 per hundred; sent by mail, post-paid, at $5. It is an ably written work, and should be in the hands of all who wish information in regard to the leading features of our Order.

Templar's Companion, *devoted to Temperance and General News,* is the title of a new weekly published in Camden, Wilcox co., Ala. *John F. Gilbert, Editor and Publisher.* Two dollars a year in advance. The three first numbers of this paper are on our table. It bids fair to be an efficient advocate of the temperance reform. The general appearance and mechanical execution of the work, are much neater than a majority of our weekly papers.

Masonic Review. *Edited by C. Moore, and Published monthly in Cincinnati by J. Ernst,* at one dollar a year in advance. Devoted to Free Masonry and Masonic Literature. Nos. 4, 5 and 6, Vol. VII, of this work are before us. It is an able work, and should be in the hands of every member of the craft, and others who wish to become acquainted with their principles.

The Temple, *devoted to Masonry, Literature and Science. Published Monthly at Carlisle, Pa. B. Parke and C. E. Blumenthall, Editors. One dollar and fifty cents per annum in advance; four copies for five dollars.*—This is a neat pamphlet, each number containing thirty pages. The one before us contains a portrait of D. E. Skerrett, finely engraved on steel, and is filled with well-written interesting matter.

The Masonic Mirror and American Keystone, *devoted to the Diffusion of Masonic Intelligence, Literature, &c. Published weekly by Leon. Hyneman, at two dollars a year, in advance, in Philadelphia.*—Nos. 9 and 10 of this work are before us. It is ably edited, and well printed on fine paper, and deserves to be well sustained. If the Masonic fraternity does not flourish, it will not be for the want of well conducted periodicals, devoted to "Faith, Hope and Charity."

Arthur's Home Gazette.—This valuable weekly paper is now in the last half of its second volume, and fully sustains the expectations of its numerous friends. It is one of the best family papers we know of. Published in Philadelphia by T. S. Arthur, at two dollars a year.

The Carpet Bag, *devoted to the Amusement of the Reader. Published Weekly, in Boston, by Wilder, Pickard & Co., at two dollars a year.*—Though the publishers of this spicy sheet do not exchange with us, yet it aids our digestive organs so much, particularly after indulging in a hearty dinner, that we cannot refrain from noticing it. A "disciple of Faust" in the office where the Magazine is printed, furnishes us with a copy every week. We are not sure but he is paid by our "tailor," who has an eye to the "button trade." We shall inquire into the matter.

Two more numbers will complete the first volume. Number one of volume two, is to be filled with contributions from *printers* exclusively. The Publishers will please put us down on their exchange list, or we shall—not support "Stebbings" for President.

THE OHIO CADET, *a special Organ for the Cadets and Daughters of Temperance. Published Monthly at Germantown, Ohio, by H. S. Elliott & Co., at twenty-five cents a year.*—This is an interesting little sheet, that should be in the hands of every daughter and Cadet in Ohio.

THE CANADIAN CADET, *devoted to the interests of the Daughters and Cadets of Temperance. Published Monthly in Toronto, C. W., by Wiman, Dadson & Co., at one shilling three pence a year.*—Every temperance man should feel an interest in having the youth of our country trained up in total abstinence principles, and encourage publications devoted to that object.

THE CRYSTAL FOUNT, *devoted to Temperance, Morality, Literature. Published Weekly at Tuscaloosa, Ala., by John F. Warren, at one dollar a gear in advance.*—This is the organ of the Grand Division of Alabama; and is an efficient temperance paper.

THE LIFE BOAT, *a Temperance Journal. Published Weekly in Portsmouth, O., by J. Miller, at one dollar a year in advance.*—This paper has lately been enlarged and changed from a semi-monthly to a *weekly*, and has also become more interesting than at first. It is a modest, unpretending sheet, but is really a *good* one. It must be "a thorn in the flesh" to some of the hardened sinners of Portsmouth, who are engaged in the unholy traffic. We wish brother Miller abundant success; he merits it.

TEMPERANCE COURIER, *published weekly at Albany, N. Y., by Jacob T. Hasen, at one dollar and fifty cents a year.*—This is a large, well filled and interesting paper. But few advertisements appear in its columns, most of the space being devoted to interesting original and well selected matter.

GRAND TEMPLE MEETINGS.

GRAND TEMPLE OF HONOR OF KENTUCKY will hold its *annual session* in the city of Louisville, on the *third Wednesday*, 19th of May, 1852, in *Central Hall*, on Market st. A punctual attendance of all members of the same is respectfully solicited, as business of importance will be brought before them. WM. H. JOHNSON, SR., G. W. R.

INDIANA.—The fifth annual session of the Grand Temple of Indiana will be held at Mount Vernon, Posey county, on Wednesday, May 26, 1852, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

C. WOODWARD, G. W. R.

OHIO.—The annual session of the Grand Temple of Ohio will be held in Foster Hall, corner of Fifth and Walnut streets, Cincinnati, on the fourth Tuesday, 25th of May, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

J. WADSWORTH, G. W. R.

MARRIED:

In Troy, O., March 4, by the Rev. J. S. Inskip, Bro. M. W. DAVIS, of Miami Temple, No. 12, to Miss LOIS ANN BAILEY, S. P. T. of Troy Social Degree.

DIED:

In Rochester, Ia., January 24, Sister ANNA, consort of Bro. Thos. H. Howes, member of Social Degree in connection with Cass Temple of Honor, No. 8. Appropriate resolutions were passed by the Degree.

From the "Wetumpka State Guard" (Ala.), we learn that Bro. AARON READY, junior P. G. W. T., of Alabama, lately died in that place.

THE

TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE.

CINCINNATI, MAY, 1852.

CELIA BEVERLY;

OR, THE POWER OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. ELECTA M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER I.

To-day young Love is *privileged* to come
And tell his fondest wishes in thy ear;
Friends come and clasp thy hand, and kindly wish
Thy future happiness: and all the host
Of those who claim acquaintance, caring not
For thy futurity, with smile and bow,
Politely give "the season's compliments."—E. M. S.

"Good morning, girls, and a happy New Year!" said Mr. Mitford, as a group of smiling faces appeared in the breakfast room. "And how do you intend to exercise your privileges, this year?" he asked when the mutual congratulations were over and all were seated at the table; "you know, girls, this is leap-year. Now how many proposals do you intend to make, and then break fond hearts by jilting them? Come, now, I will be your 'father confessor.' Cousin Ella, I will begin with you."

"I shall not propose at all—I do n't like the men," said Ella, poutingly.

"Do n't like the men, you gypsy; yes you do, you like me, and your father and brother, and I do n't know how many more."

"O! I like my relatives, of course."

"Yes, and the first we shall know, you will like some one besides relatives."

"Well, if I do, I shall wait till after 'leap-year,'" replied Ella, laughing.

"Come, Julia," said Mr. Mitford, turning to his eldest daughter, "confess if you intend to propose to George Severne to pledge you in the rosy wine to-day as a preliminary."

Blushes eloquent mantled Julia's cheek as she murmured some unintelligible reply.

"Must we have wine on the table to-day, papa?" asked Mary, pleadingly. "I have heard so much of its evils that I can never touch another drop I 'm sure, nor present it to others," she added in a lower tone.

"To be sure you must have wine," replied Mr. Mitford; "what would half your fashionable friends think to be treated to cold water."

"But, we will give them coffee"——

"No, no, that will never do. Do n't you know the Bible says 'Wine maketh glad the heart of man;' and the command is, 'take a little wine for thy stomach's sake.'"

Mary knew by experience that there was no use in combating her father, so she remained silent.

"And to whom do you intend to propose, my daughter," asked Mr. Mitford in a winning tone, anxious to drive the cloud from Mary's brow.

"I will wait and see how much wine they drink before I propose to any one," replied she, smiling.

"And you, my dear Celia," said Mr. Mitford, turning to the daughter of an esteemed and long deceased friend, who was spending the winter in his family, "what will you do; to whom will you bow the knee—to whom will be offered *ma chere amie*'s heart?"

"There is no hope for me, dear Mr. Mitford," said Celia, smiling; "so I think I must e'en keep my heart to myself."

"No hope for you! what does the child mean? No hope for one who has received offers from half the marriageable men in town! Please explain, Miss Humility."

"I beg you will excuse me, sir," replied Celia.

"And leave me to infer that you are either in love with some one who is engaged, or consider yourself too good for any of our young men—which, eh?"

"O! neither, Mr. Mitford," said Celia, blushing.

"Neither!" exclaimed her tormentor, rolling up his eyes in mock wonder; "what then, pray—what *can* I think?"

The girls were almost convulsed with laughter at Mr. Mitford's comical looks, and Celia's embarrassment, though she joined in their mirth.

"Now, if you will promise not to be angry, I will tell you frankly," said Celia, when the merriment had somewhat subsided.

"Get angry with such a little minx as you!" said Mr. Mitford, drawing himself up most pompously.

Celia laughed.

"Candidly," said she, "I some time ago resolved that I would never marry a man who was addicted to the use of wine, or tobacco, and there is not one in the whole range of my acquaintance who is free from both these vices; so you see there is no chance for my exercising my 'leap-year' privileges."

"Is the child going crazy!" exclaimed Mr. Mitford, laughing.

"For my part, I don't care how much tobacco or wine a man uses if he can only govern himself," remarked Julia.

"I can't see what harm there is in smoking a good cigar," said Mary.

"And what do you think, my mute little puss," said Mr. Mitford, turning to Ella and laying his hand lovingly on her head.

"I think the gentlemen can take care of themselves, uncle," she remarked quietly.

"They will be obliged to *entertain* themselves if we linger here much longer," said Julia, rising from the table.

Scarcely were the spacious parlors warmed and all things in readiness, 'ere troops of callers began to make their appearance. And, truly, these four formed a most attractive constellation around which the satellites of the other sex loved to revolve.

Very unlike the others was each particular star, yet each had her own peculiar charms and fascinations.

Julia, the eldest of the group, and the mistress of the family since her mother's death, was not beautiful, yet there was a noble queenliness in her carriage, a lofty dignity in her demeanor, that involuntarily called forth respect. She was firm in carrying out any principle she thought right, but there was a certain imperiousness in her manner which often repelled those whom she would win.

Mary, the younger sister, was more gentle; her eye betokened the deep fount of affection in her heart. She possessed good mental powers, but the innate strength of her mind had never been called forth, and she was willing to glide along life's stream with the current.

Ella, the lovely, blue eyed, petted cousin, gentle and amiable when petted—a spoiled and pouting child when crossed; nor was she in years scarcely more than a child. "One knows not what she will be," was the thought of the beholder when gazing on her sweet face.

Celia Beverly, who can describe her! Beautiful, yet not vain—gentle and loving, yet possessing strength of character in right action—how sweetly does her life exemplify that purity of principle, those refining and elevating influences, which are the peculiar charm of woman.

While we are describing our young ladies, they are busy receiving and responding to "the compliments of the season," and, like true Americans as they are, bestowing food and drink on those who are neither hungry nor thirsty.

Mary, with her instinctive dread of wine, stands at the coffee urn; Celia occupies a place near her; Julia, as mistress of the house, does the honors of the side-board, with a general supervision of all; and Ella, the fairy, is just where her ladyship pleases to be.

About eleven o'clock, a troupe of young men called, whose presence seemed particularly acceptable to the young ladies. George Severne was one of the number; Frank Somers, with his intellectual beauty of countenance, his noble, manly form, and still more noble soul; the gay young Neville; the mirth-loving and laughter-provoking Bancroft; and Henry Lester and Charles Lucerne, too young to take upon them life's sober cares, yet giving promise of a glorious manhood, welcome everywhere, and the idols of their own respective family circles: could calls from such a band be other than agreeable?

> "'One sip of this
> Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
> Beyond the bliss of dreams!'"

exclaimed the gay Neville, as he received a glass of wine from the fair hand of "the Lady Julia," as he called her.

"Yes, and it will make you lean heavily on some friendly arm before night," said Bancroft, as he also accepted a proffered glass.

"Never mind," replied Neville, laughing, "here 's to the health and happiness of the Lady Julia and her fair companions."

"With all my heart," said Bancroft, "and, like true friends, may we mutually support each other!" he added, with a quizzical glance at his companions.

This added sentiment was greeted with peals of laughter, and the drained glasses of all the gentlemen manifested their appreciation of the whole.

"You seem quite alone, Miss Beverly; will you drink a glass of wine with me?" said Frank Somers, advancing to the window where Celia had seated herself a moment before, and presenting the brimming wine cup.

"I shall be most happy to drink to your health and prosperity in Heaven's own beverage," said Celia, rising and going to the table as she spoke, "but, really, you must excuse me, I never drink wine."

"Most certainly, and I will cheerfully pledge you in pure cold water," replied Somers, setting down the wine, and taking the goblet of water Celia poured for him.

"Now Celia," said Charles Lucerne, who stood near, "you are a sort of cousin, you know; so please tell me why you won't drink wine, just confidentially."

"This is not the proper time nor place for such revealings," said Celia; "but I will tell you sometime—as a warning," she added, blushing.

"Well, as a warning, then, or any thing else, so you explain this unaccountable fancy," replied Lucerne, laughing, and the young gentlemen bowed their adieus.

Other calls soon drove the thought of Celia Beverly's fancies from the minds of all except Frank Somers. True, he too sipped the "rosy wine" when presented by the hand of beauty, but the sad pleading glance of Celia's eye, as she refused the wine cup, would come up so vividly before him whenever he raised the glass to his lips, that the wine was *only* tasted.

The day passed rapidly and pleasantly with the Mitford's; a constant succession of calls left no time for the spirits to flag, and youth is not soon overcome with fatigue where the mind is interested.

The Lady Julia was Lady Julia still, calm, dignified, with that *hauteur* of manner deemed *so aristocratic*, and, consequently, admired even by those it repels; Mary, the timid, blushing Mary, often found herself relieved from embarrassment by the tact of the gentle Celia, who was calm and composed—though the quick blush was often called to her cheek by a test of her temperance principles; yet the gallantry of the gentlemen prevented any long-continued embarrassment.

CHAPTER II.

> "By this the drooping daylight 'gan to fade
> And yield his room to sad succeeding night,
> Who, with her sable mantle, 'gan to shade
> The face of earth, and ways of living wight,
> And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright."
> [SPENCER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

"O, I am so glad it is night!" exclaimed Ella, as she flung herself on the sofa after tea, "I hope we shall not have another call; I am almost tired to death."

"Gather yourself up, my dear, and put on a less lachrymose phiz," said Celia, caressingly, as the door-bell rang again.

"O, yes, I am all in order," she replied, springing up, laughing, and shaking back her curls; "I should think the poo[illegible]ell would be tired, should n't you?"

"The compliments of the season, ladies—

many returns of a happy New Year," said Henry Lester, marching into the parlor, closely followed by Charles Lucerne, and more leisurely by the rest of the troupe.

"Pray, be seated gentleman; happy to see you are able to get here," said Julia, teasingly.

"We are very much fatigued," coolly remarked Bancroft, but we have nerved ourselves up by a desperate effort to do something for our friend Somers, who has been as one moonstruck all day."

Somers blushed deeply at this sally; but Lucerne, knowing Celia's sensitive nature, and fearing they might fail to elicit the recital they desired, dexterously turned the conversation upon the events of the day for a time. At length, taking a seat on the sofa beside Celia, he told her plainly the object of their second call.

"But I cannot tell my story before all these," remonstrated Celia.

"You said your reason for not drinking wine would be a warning to me; will it not be equally so to them?" asked Lucerne.

"Can you not repeat it to them?" inquired Celia.

"Not as you can tell it," replied Charles. "O, Celia! if you only knew the power in woman's very tones, you would not hesitate to exert your influence where there is the possibility of doing good," he added with emotion.

"You have conquered," said Celia; "may my melancholy story be indeed productive of good."

"Miss Beverly will favor us with her reasons for not drinking wine, though her story is a sad one," said Lucerne, addressing the company.

All eyes were immediately fixed upon her, and a breathless silence evinced their anxiety for the narration.

Celia struggled a moment with her embarrassment, then, turning partly toward Lucerne,

"I once had a brother Charles, a darling, only brother," she murmured in tones so low that her auditors could scarcely catch the words; "he was ten years my senior. I was his pet—his 'baby sister,' as he fondly called me—and he, he was to me the personification of all that was good, and noble and manly.

"And now, as I look back through the dim vista of long, long years, I still feel that my brother must have been all I then thought him: tall and commanding in form, with fine, classical features, a mind richly endowed and a heart overflowing with kindly affections—such was my brother, my only brother: is it strange I loved him?"

How beautiful was Celia at this moment; her cheeks glowed, her fine eyes were lit up with enthusiasm, and her voice had grown stronger and stronger, till its silvery notes rung like harp tones through the apartment: she paused, sighed deeply and resumed.

"Ten years ago to-night, just six months after he had attained his majority and about as long after he had graduated with the highest honors of Yale, Charles was brought home intoxicated—perfectly helpless. Oh! the horrors of that night! I thought my brother was dead, and was almost frantic with grief. My mother, fearing fatal consequences from my excessive anguish, drew me to her bosom, and, folding her arms around me, whispered, 'Celia, Charles is not dead—he will revive by-and-by; he is—oh! can it be!—he is drunk, dead drunk!'

"Never can I forget the wail of agony with which the last words were spoken. My poor heart-stricken mother fell back in a swoon, and all night long fainting fits followed in quick succession.

"I was fully roused. How great the change wrought in a few brief hours! From a thoughtless, happy child, I became old in mental suffering—strong to endure for those I loved.

"Poor Charles, it was very hard for me to nerve myself to meet him the next morning. With a palpitating heart I entered the breakfast room. To my joy no one was there but my father: mother was unable to rise. My older sisters were spending holiday week in a neighboring city, and Charles, in answer to the servant sent to inquire for him, said he was ill and wished to be excused. A sad, lonely meal was that. My father scarcely looked up, and ate but little—while now and then a sigh, as from the very depths of his soul, would bring the tears to my eyes.

"'Poor boy,' he murmured, as he rose from the table; 'poor boy!—but, thank Heaven, I never tempted him.' Then, turning to me, he said, 'You will go and see Charles, won't you, dear? but don't reproach him by look or tone.'

"Reproach my darling brother! He little knew the fountain of tenderness that was filling my heart almost to bursting.

"An hour after, I knocked at the door of my brother's room, and a low, quivering voice bade me enter.

"I opened the door gently—there sat Charles in dressing gown and slippers, his pale face resting on his hand, the very picture of mute despair. Springing forward, I threw my arms around his neck and wept upon his shoulder.

"'Darling baby sister,' said he, clasping me in his arms and kissing the tears from my cheek, 'how much grief I have caused you, and, oh! how deeply I have disgraced you!'

"'Do n't think of the past, dear Charles, do n't—we all love you better than ever; O, do n't look so sad, dear, dear brother, and I sobbed aloud. Charles sat motionless till my emotion subsided, then pushing me from him, and holding me at arm's length, he sat looking at me a long time, with a cold, stony gaze that almost terrified me. At length he drew me to his bosom, and murmured tenderly, 'Poor baby sister!' His breast heaved convulsively, and the hot tears rained in torrents on my head. O, how I blessed those tears—a long, long time he wept thus. When he became more calm he drew a chair close to his, and seated me, still holding one hand in his, while his other arm was thrown around my waist.

"'Now, dear Celia,' said he, 'I will tell you all. You know our parents, though not what are called teetotalers; have never kept wine on the side-board—never offered it to their guests, and you and I have scarcely ever tasted the beverage at home. I have now and then taken a glass with my college friends, but had no fondness for it; and yesterday, when I left home, I never thought what course I should pursue if offered wine. It never occurred to me that I could be tempted and overcome. My calls were made in company with four or five other young men, and it was not till a little past noon that we reached the residence of Gen. Williams—you know how amiable Clara Williams is, but you cannot know how fascinating she is to me, and many other young men. Every thing was in superb style, the refreshment table was loaded with every possible luxury, and the rarest and most costly wines sparkled on the sideboard. Clara and her two younger sisters were the only ladies present. Of course, Clara was the presiding genius. Again and again had the guests pledged her and her fair sisters in the rosy wine, while I stood aloof. At length she offered me a glass, and begged I would not reject the offered libation from any *superstitious predilections.*

"'How those words from the lips of her, whose approbation of all others I most desired, stung my proud, sensitive spirit! Did she think me a superstitious teetotaler? I would convince her of her mistake, and seizing the cup I drained it to her health and future happiness. Unaccustomed to the use of wine, I soon began to experience its effects, my nerves were unsteady and my brain seemed on fire, and, under the impression that a glass or two more would somehow restore the equilibrium, I drank whenever wine was offered, till, just as the lamps were lighted, I recollect falling full length on the pavement in front of the residence of one of my most fashionable friends. I remember nothing more till I found myself at home in my own room.'

"He paused; for a few minutes both were silent, then laying his hand tenderly on my head, he said, 'Celia, you will soon be a young lady; promise me solemnly that you will never offer wine to a young gentleman, never pledge any in the treacherous wine cup: will you promise?'

"'Yes, dear brother, I do promise; but do n't talk about this any more; forget it all, and let us be happy again,' I replied.

"A sad, mournful look was his only answer. He walked to the window to give me time to compose myself; for my heart seemed bursting with its pent up emotions. After a time, he resumed his seat, saying, 'Now, sister, tell me who brought me home, and all about our poor mother—tell me all—every thing,' he added almost sternly, seeing me hesitate, 'and then we will dismiss the subject for ever.'

"I did tell him, mildly as a child could, but I told him all—my mother's agony—my father's exclamation at the breakfast table. I *dared* keep nothing back. He listened calmly, but when the recital was finished, a storm of grief swept over his soul that it was agony to witness. I dared not leave him, and I scarcely dared remain. When he again became calm, he asked to see my mother.

"I carried his request to her, and it was readily granted; but I cannot describe the scene that followed; I wish I could forget it."

Tears choked Celia's utterance, and her sympathizing auditors regretted that they had unwittingly probed so deep a wound.

"During that whole year, my brother never tasted wine," she resumed; "but he contracted the habit of cigar smoking, and so inveterate did the habit become, that he was listless and dispirited without frequent recurrence to his cigar. Mother expostulated with him sometimes, but his reply was, 'I know it is a bad habit, but smoking never hurts any one.'

"Another New Year came, and, despite of the assurances given by a whole year of abstinence, a shadow rested on dear mother's face, as she saw Charles depart to make calls; she knew he had not been tempted during the past year as he would be tempted now.

"Bravely Charles withstood the temptations so bewitchingly offered; yet, as he afterward said, a regalia was puffed every square. About two o'clock, his cigar case became empty. Too far from home to return, and ashamed to supply himself from the cases of his more temperate companions, or even to acknowledge the power of habit by purchasing, he resolved to abstain from smoking, as well as wine-drinking, the remainder of the day. Another busy hour passed, but poor Charles felt more and more the want of the tobacco stimulus. Having become separated from his companions of the morning, he fell in with a former class-mate, who, having recently returned from Europe, knew nothing of Charles's fall.

"'Come, let us go in here and get a good cigar,' said this friend, as they came opposite a fashionable saloon.

"Charles willingly acquiesced. The cigars were purchased; but 'smoking was dry work alone,' young Merrill said, and calling for a bottle of champagne, he composedly seated himself and began to puff away.

"Charles was in a dilemma: he must smoke, and if he refused to drink, what would his friend think of him? Would not that former, ever-present fall be suspected, and his self-control doubted?

"He had not decided what to do, when the champagne was brought, and Merrill, pouring it out, pushed a glass across the table, saying, 'Come, Charlie, try a glass.'

"'No, thank you, the cigar is enough for me,' replied Charles.

"'A teetotaler, eh! or, got a brick in your hat sometime, and so afraid to trust yourself again, which is it?'

"'Neither, sir!' exclaimed Charles angrily, 'and, to convince you, I will drink as much champagne as you please; hand it along.'

"'Excuse me, I did not mean to offend you,' said Merrill, evidently surprised at the effect his jesting had produced, 'but we will drink one glass to our future good-fellowship.'

"Ashamed at having betrayed his weakness by getting angry, Charles accepted and drank the champagne without hesitation.

"For an hour they sat smoking and drinking, till Merrill started up, exclaiming, 'A dozen calls to make yet, Charlie!'

"The dozen calls were among Charles's wine-drinking friends, and again my brother was brought home intoxicated.

"From that time his downward course was rapid; he felt himself irretrievably disgraced, and had no courage to make an attempt to reform.

"Two years after, my brother died—died of consumption brought on by his intemperate habits; but he lived to witness the death of both our parents, and to endure the anguish of the thought, that his conduct had brought them down with sorrow to the grave.

"For two or three months previous to his death, not a drop of alcohol, in any form, passed his lips: he appeared penitent. When the dews of death were on his brow, he begged me to renew my promise never to drink or encourage the use of wine—and 'Dear Celia,' said he, 'will you also promise never to tolerate the use of tobacco in any form. Oh! had I not acquired the habit of smoking, I should not have been tempted—should not have destroyed myself; I should not have sent my dear parents sorrowing to the tomb, and thrown a withering blight over your young life, my sister.'

"From my inmost soul I made the required promise; and, breathing words of tenderness and blessing, my brother's spirit passed away from earth."

A deep sigh from the back parlor broke the death-like stillness that prevailed for some minutes after Celia finished her recital, and then were the company first aware of the presence of Mr. Mitford, who had entered some time before.

"My dear girl," exclaimed he, advancing and taking Celia's hand between both his own, "why did you never tell me this? Young gentlemen," said he, turning to the guests, "bear we witness that no one will ever again be tempted in my house."

"Forgive us for causing you so much pain, Miss Beverly," said Frank Somers, as he bade her good night, "I hope the lesson will not be altogether lost."

CHAPTER III.

> * * * "Still on it creeps
> Each little moment at another's heels,
> Till hours, days, years, and ages are made up
> Of such small parts as these, and men look back,
> Worn and bewildered, wondering how it is."
> JOANNA BAILLIE'S RAYNER.

THE weeks passed by—the orphan Celia mingled with the Mitford's in scenes of gayety, but never for a moment did she swerve from the vow she had made, though a deep shade of sadness would often rest on her beautiful face as she saw many a one induced to quaff the poison cup, unable to resist the witchery of the fair tempter's smile.

February came, and St. Valentine's day, and again Ella thought the door bell must be tired, and was quite sure the servants were. The usual quantity of sickly sentimentalism was received by each of the young ladies, relieved now and then by a noble expression of true esteem, and the Yankee faculty of "guessing" was duly exercised concerning the writers; but there was one valentine, received by Celia, so unequivocal that it did not admit of conjecture—it was as follows:

"Will Miss Beverly please accept the inclosed as the result of her sad recital on New Year's evening, and the solemn purpose of one who would be proud to believe himself her VALENTINE."

"I hereby solemnly promise, on my honor, that I will not buy, sell, nor use as a beverage, any spirituous liquors, beer, wine or cider. I also promise to abstain, now and forever, from the use of tobacco in all its forms, and that I will use whatever influence I possess in putting away these two vices from community. FRANK SOMERS."—was beautifully written in the smallest possible compass and encased in a plain gold setting.

Tears sprung to Celia's eyes as she read, a moment she pressed the pledge to her lips—then, as if ashamed of her own emotion, she hurriedly unlocked a little casket, thrust the whole valentine to the bottom, and, securely locking the casket, hid the key in a secret drawer of her work box.

That valentine did not find a place on the parlor table in the evening when the young ladies brought together their stores to examine, criticise and conjecture the authorship.

* * * * * *

Month after month rolled away—spring, summer and autumn passed—the winter came and soon the New Year dawned.

One year has wrought some changes in our circle of young friends. George Severne and Julia Mitford have been some months married—they live fashionably—and, to-day, the wine sparkles on their sideboard.

Mary Mitford and cousin Ella are alone to-day, and, true to his promise, and much to their gratification, Mr. Mitford has furnished no wine.

Celia Beverly, now Mrs. Frank Somers, does the honors of her own elegant mansion on this her first reception day.

The most perfect taste is displayed in the selection and arrangement of her furniture. Her refreshment table is very attractive in its simple elegance—most conspicuous among its delicacies is the snowy "Bride's loaf:" there is no wine cup where,

> * * "Though rich and bright
> Its rubies flash upon the sight,
> An adder coils its depths beneath
> Whose lure is wo, whose sting is death;"

but above the mantel-piece is a richly framed, elegantly engraved Family Temperance Pledge, on which are the bold, manly chirography of Frank Somers and the delicate tracery of his gentle wife—the first document she signed after her marriage.

There is another singular article of furniture in that new home. Near the stove, in their well lighted hall, is a stand covered with cards, on each of which is a neat little temperance and anti-tobacco pledge. There is a card-basket in which are two of these cards signed by Frank and Celia Somers. Many are the remarks called forth by this new "hall ornament," as Charles Lucerne named it, and often is the sad history of Charles Beverly whispered, as the young men linger around the stove before entering the parlor. Charles Lucerne's name is placed on a card and added to the number in the basket, another is signed and transferred to his pocket. During the day another and another card is added, and, when night came, the happy originators of the novel plan were delighted to find the signatures of many for whom they had feared.

"Will they all keep this pledge?" asked Celia, with a sigh.

"If but one of all these keep his pledge," replied Frank, gazing fondly into his wife's eyes—"if but one keep his pledge," he repeated, "it will be another glorious trophy of the Power of Woman's Influence."

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

A TRUE SKETCH.

BY BERTHA.

> * * "Ah! who can tell
> Of homes made desolate, of weeping wives,
> Of starving children, and of deep despair
> Slow creeping o'er the soul!"

It was a cold night in November, 1845. The rain was pattering upon the shutters, and the sound of the wind, moaning through the branches of the large Elm tree that stood against my chamber window, was in no way calculated to calm the agitated feelings of my mind caused by a melancholy occurrence which had happened that day.

A miserable wretch, from the effects of liquor, had murdered his only daughter—an only child of twelve years. She was a lovely girl. But her face, on which the traces of suffering were only too plainly visible, contrasted but illy with the deep blue eye and the golden ringlets that hung about a forehead which showed more than ordinary intellectual development. Her mother, her only earthly friend (for her father could not be called her friend), was dead. She had gone where the inhabitants never say "I am sick." The flowers of spring had twice bloomed over her grave, and you might often have seen her orphan child sitting on her grave wreathing garlands to adorn it, and then, with tears and sighs, returning to her home of wretchedness. Thus poor Laura was left friendless in the world, to bear the insults of a brutal father, who would have been willing to sacrifice all that was once dear to him for a glass of rum.

But Laura did not murmur: she felt that, although her only earthly parent was regardless of her, that she had a Father in heaven, who was always with her, and who, she trusted, would take care of and protect her.

Laura continued to live alone with her father after her mother's death till she became the victim of his frenzy. She was in the habit of taking care of small children as a nurse, in families who pitied her and who paid her amply for her work. But little good did *she* get from the proceeds of her labor; for, no sooner did she receive it and her father knew it, than he deprived her of it and spent it for rum. 'Tis true she might have been saved a great deal of suffering, if she had let it be known that she was so ill treated: but she loved her father with a deep and true affection, and would rather suffer than have him exposed any more than he really was to the ridicule of others.

On the morning of the day of which I speak, her father had left home, giving Laura strict charge not to leave the house till he came back, and also that she should prepare dinner for him, although the poor child knew very well that there was not a mouthful of food in the house. Fearing that he would punish her if she did not have something for him to eat when he returned, she went to a neighhbor's and procured a loaf of bread and some other things, which she took home. She prepared dinner for him at the usual time, but he did not come, and the poor girl patiently waited his return for three long hours. At last she heard his step on the little back porch and ran to open the door. She knew by his looks that he had been drinking.

"Come in, pa," said she.

"Where's my dinner?" were the first words he uttered.

"Here, Father! I have been waiting for you this long time."

She gave him a chair, and they both sat down to the table.

"Where did you get this bread?" said he; "you told me this morning that you had no more in the house—is this the way you deceive me?"

"But, pa!" said the trembling girl, "I got this at Mr. M.'s—I knew you would not want to go without your dinner, so I thought you would not care if I went there."

"But did I not command you not to leave the house till I came back," said he, in a tone of anger. "Is this the way you pay me for my kindness to you? Well, I will pay *you* for your disobedience."

Saying which he raised a knife and struck the poor girl such a violent blow on the neck as to partly sever an artery, from which the blood gushed forth, and, exclaiming "Oh! father," she sank to the floor.

I had been in the habit of visiting her frequently, as she was, during her mother's life, a school mate of mine; and it happened that I called just as he struck the blow. I ran in, picked her up, and laid her upon the bed. Seeing where the wound was made, I firmly held it together, hoping in this way to stop the bleeding, but in vain.

"Speak, Laura," said I; "tell me what caused this!"

The poor girl told what had happened in a very few words, while her drunken father kept on eating as if he knew not what had happened. I saw that she was growing weak from loss of blood and ran to call for help. A physician was called immediately, but all to no purpose. She died in a very few moments after his arrival, and her happy spirit winged its way to heaven to dwell with her dear mother.

Laura's father did not long survive: he died soon after while in a fit of delirium tremens.

I could not help sighing, as I stood by Laura's grave the day she was buried, to think what she had suffered in this life; and yet with that sigh I said, "Poor Laura! you have gone, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'"

THE SELFISH AND THE UNSELFISH BOY.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Please, Brother Phil!" Thus implored a little boy, who was standing behind the chair of a larger one, on a freezing evening of November.

"I can't please now, and I won't please! So there, do you hear?" exclaimed the older surlily turning around in the great armchair in which he had seated himself to read the weekly newspaper. "Get off my rocker, there, or look out for your toes! I wish little boys would n't be always bothering one when one's busy!"

George, the "little boy" at whom this outburst of vexation was aimed, slunk away, looking sadly disappointed. He was a slender little fellow, about seven years old, with pale blue eyes, and light brown curls arching over a high white forehead. The big veins in his throat swelled as he tried to swallow his tribulation, and his eye-lids winked fiercely over two gathering hot drops, which Philip had taught him to consider a disgrace to his little manliness.

"I think Phil might be a bit clever! He knows how bad I want my sled," he said to himself; and suddenly one of the tear-drops that had swelled too round for his eye to contain, fell down on the white ruffle of his checked blue apron. He brushed it away very quickly, and, with a glance at his dreaded brother, sidled back into the shade of the newspaper.

His little cousin, Henrietta, just then came skipping into the room, and turned the tide of his thoughts.

"O, Georgie, only see what I've got!" She held over her head a fried nut-cake, cut into something intended for the image of a hand, while she went on dancing, first on one foot and then on the other.

"Shut the door, young ones!" growled master Philip, scowling from behind his paper. "I should like to know what sent you romping in here. Clear out, can't you? and let me have a moment's peace of my life!"

The little girl tripped out, and Georgie followed her, asking,

"O, Etta, who gave you that hand-cake!"

"Sally, to be sure. She is frying, down in the kitchen, and she has a whole pan full, let's go and coax her to give you one!"

Down they went into the kitchen where they found the frying-pan hissing over a red-hot stove, filling all the air with a sort of a savory fog. The cook-maid, with her great ladle, was bending over the bubbling fat, watching the diving and browning nuts. She lifted her scorched face, as she heard the children's feet on the stairs.

"Did n't I tell you to let alone troubling me, Miss Etta? What are you diving down here for to grease your pink gown agen the kettles?"

"Georgie wants you to fry a hand for him, just like mine," she exclaimed, dodging out of the way of the sputtering fat-drops, while the girl was lifting the kettle off the stove.

"Well, well, you must keep out of this hole, then. Kitchens is n't boys' place. I sha'n't give you but one; so be off!"

She tossed a hot cake into George's hands: George caught it, and ran up stairs with it, shifting it from one hand to the other as he went, as he found it uncomfortably warm. Etta accompanied him into the play-room, where he laid his cake on the window-sill to cool, and proceeded to tell her his various difficulties.

"Etta," said he, "it seems to me I trouble every body to day. Father said so this morning, when I asked him for a sled-rope; mother said so when I carried her my red mitten, with a hole in the thumb; Phil keeps saying so; and now Sally! I wonder what makes me such a trouble!"

Etta laughed. "It's funny, Georgie! You do n't trouble *me*, though!"

"I wish Phil would n't be so troubled to-night, because he *did* promise to paint an eagle on my sled, and put on the irons, so that I could have it to-morrow afternoon. It's going to be rare sliding down the big hill, I tell you! Do n't you hear the wind roar? See my poor sled! Is n't it too bad?"

"Maybe Phil will fix it by and by."

"I'm so afraid he won't," sighed George anxiously. "It's getting dark, and he said he could n't do it by candle light."

"How cold I am!" said Etta, shivering. "Let's go back into the sitting room."

George took up his cake, and went in. Philip, who had just finished the "whale story" which had caught his eye in the paper, laid it down, and sauntered lazily to the window.

"What's that?" he asked. "Give us a bite!"

And without waiting for permission, he seized his brother's cake, and broke off half of it for his own eating.

"Oh, now, Phil," complained the small boy, "you've spoiled my hand!"

"Cry, baby, for a dough-nut: there's your brave boy," sneered Philip.

"I say you are a thief and a mean boy," exclaimed the courageous Etta, roused to retaliation. "You hav'n't any right to eat

Georgie's cake, when you won't help him make his sled, for all you promised to!"

"Hold your tongue till your opinion is asked, Miss Flittergibbet," answered her ungentlemanly cousin, very haughtily.

He looked out of the window for about five minutes, and then turning, said, in rather a cross way,

"Well, youngster, bring along your old sled! 'Eagle' you expect to call it, do you? Humph!"

"It was really rather a rickety piece of mechanism which George dragged forward. It had been nailed together by the little boy himself, and was made out of various odds and ends of boards, fastened to the runners of a cast-off sled, which Philip, in a fit of good humor, had whittled into shape. It was the very best the persevering little fellow could accomplish, however; and many a pounded finger he had most heroically borne for its sake.

"A sled and a half, I should think," said Philip scornfully. "Here, bring me that chair! Now go long up stairs," and bring down my oil paints. Not *that* paint-box, you numb-chance! Do n't you know the difference between water-colors and oil-colors? Go down to the kitchen and fetch me a drink of water; and bring me up another cake while you are about it."

"Sally won't let me, I 'm afraid," answered the little boy who had been obeying all his brother's gruff commands with great alacrity. "What business is it of Sally's? She is nothing but a cook. Tell her *I* sent you."

"I 'd rather *you* would go and ask," said George, hesitating.

"I should think you might be a little obliging, when I am working for you," said Philip. "You may do your own jobs, if you ca n't do my errands!"

George timidly stole down into the forbidden kitchen, very fearful of Sally's displeasure.

Just then a "halloo" without caught Philip's ear. He looked up, and saw a party of his comrades of the "High School," with skates in hand, walking in the direction of "the meadows," as a piece of overflowed land was styled. Without a thought for any one but himself, he dropped the brush with which he had just begun to paint the yellow top of the eagle's wing, and seizing his cap, comforter and skates, was off before George came back."

"O, I had to take it, I can tell you!" exclaimed George opening the door with a cake and dipper in his hands. "Here, Phil; where is Phil?"

"He has gone out," answered Etta, who was gazing earnestly out of the window. "I do believe—there—yes? Is n't it too bad, now? He is going off with those great boys!"

George looked after him for about three minutes, till he had turned a corner and disappeared. Then he glanced back at his unfinished sled, and his heart swelled high under the checked apron.

"Too —," he faltered; but one word was too much for him. His lip quivered; and, with a sob, he ran out of the room.

"Never mind! you can eat his cake now!" called Etta after him.

He did not stop, but hurried up into his chamber, and hiding his face in the cold pillow, cried for ten minutes.

The next day was Saturday. The afternoon was cold, though the sun shone brightly on the dazzling ice and snow. Every skater and slider of the primary and high schools, besides some who could neither skate nor slide, was on "the meadows," or on the hill sloping toward them. George, having fastened a worn trunk strap to his still unpainted sled, was trying his best to steer it straight down the sliding track. But it needed *shoeing,* and would not work very well. Moreover, the other boys laughed at him, as they whizzed by him on their red and yellow craft.

"Huzza, Bob!" called one to another, let 's try a race with the 'Snail!' What 'll you bet on your racer, George?"

George never could bear to be laughed at, any more than a little girl; and he had hard work again to keep back his tears. Perhaps he would not have been so tender-hearted a child if he had always been knocked about in the school-world. But, till within a year, he had lived a very peaceful life at home, alone. His mother, a good-humored lady, had indulged him in every thing that did not incommode herself; and his father, without taking any particular pains to provide him with anything which cost money, had left him to "tinker away," as he called it, to his heart's content.

Seven months before, his brother Philip had returned from the house of an uncle in a neighboring city, where he had been spending two years in attending school, clerking a little, &c. His uncle had kept him as an "errand boy," and when he broke up housekeeping, in consequence of the death of his wife, he sent Philip to his home again, and little Etta with him.

Philip was an active, ingenious boy, and had profited well by his opportunities of seeing what is done in the world. His uncle had made him many presents in the line of painting and designing, so that he felt very vain of his acquirements, and made quite a "flourish" about them to his little brother after his return home.

George had longed to welcome Philip home. "It would be so nice to have a big brother," he had said. His little heart had gone out in love and admiration toward him. Philip had seemed kind and brotherly for a few weeks. But as soon as the novelty of things had worn away, and he had found other and older associates, he had grown very careless of his little brother's feelings. Each passing week had seemed to roll him more closely in his selfishness.

We left George standing at the top of the hill, twirling one of the balls of his blue comforter, and watching the descent of a beautiful orange-colored sled, with almost a feeling of covetousness. All at once, a piercing shriek rang over the play-ground. He jumped on his sled at once, and pushed it to the bottom of the hill, where the smaller boys had assembled. They saw the skaters, from all directions, hurrying toward one spot.

"To the meadows!" was the cry of a dozen, as again, and yet again, that cry rang out, strong and shrill, over their heads. "Somebody is drowning!"

The sleds were dropped, and all rushed to the shore. George was foremost.

The meadows were partially covered with woods, and beyond the range of these woods, the boys had been forbidden to go, as to skate there was considered dangerous. They soon discovered, nevertheless, that the sounds proceeded from that direction; and, slipping their smooth boots along the ice, they reached the wood. Here the larger boys had already clustered, and were standing, with pale, fearful faces, or anxiously trying the strength of the ice as they attempted to advance.

Dimly above the white ice, at a little distance, could be seen the head of a boy. Crash! and down broke another, who had pushed out to save him. The boys gave a cry of terror.

"Never mind me! Never fear!" shouted the last, throwing his arms across the edges of the ice. "I can hold on a good while yet; and I don't believe it is deep enough here to drown me. Go and help Philip; he will drown in a little while if you don't get to him. You large boys can't come—it won't bear you. Send one of the little fellows, and get that long pole."

"Come, Bob!" exclaimed an older boy, seizing the smallest boy near him by the shoulder.

"O, *no!*" screamed the little fellow, trembling with terror; "I shall get in! Mother would n't let me."

"But you *must*—one of you," insisted the larger boy.

"It is Philip! I'll go—let me!" exclaimed George, coming forward. He was very pale, and his large eyes were strained to the utmost.

"Well, keep steady about it, and do n't be a coward! Here, take off your boots—take this pole—slide out as far as you can, and when the ice gets thin and begins to crack, lie down flat, and work yourself along. When you get close to the hole, push along the stick, and hold on to this end of it while he lifts himself out. Hold strong! Mind you do n't go too near!"

Half a dozen boys at once were giving these directions to the bewildered boy.

"Yes; I will," he answered dreamily, and slid away, scarcely conscious whether on his feet or head.

"We'll push a board after you!" shouted the boys.

"Help! help!" came more faintly Philip's cry. It seemed to George to come from under the ice. He looked down, and his blood ran chill. The water looked cold, deep and black underneath.

Just then a cracking sound alarmed him, as he came upon a tract of whitish ice. He cautiously lowered himself to his hands and knees, and wound himself along till he could plainly see the hole by raising his head. He scarcely knew what to do next.

"Philip!" he called tremulously.

"O, help, for God's sake! I can't hold on much longer—I'm dying of cold!" groaned the boy.

"Where are you, Phil?"

"Down here—can't you see me?"

"Are you under the ice?" George asked, for the head had disappeared from his sight.

"Most down! I'm trying to hold on to a tree, but my fingers are numb. O, dear, dear—*won't* somebody help me?"

"Can't you catch this pole, Phil?" George stretched it across the chasm.

"You can't hold it strong enough; I dare not let go of the tree. O, dear, I shall drown!"

"Do take hold, Phil—*do!* I'll hold with all my might."

The sinking boy stretched up one half-frozen hand, and caught the stick. He partly raised himself by it, but sank again.

"Take the other hand, Phil," shouted his little brother. I can hold it—I know I can."

Thus encouraged, the drowning boy let go the twig which had supported him, and firmly grasped the pole. He lifted himself by it. George pressed firmly upon the other end, straining every nerve. At one moment, it seemed to him that he must give way, and himself be drawn into the abyss; then the ice all seemed cracking, and his ears rang. But the next moment Phil was out of the water, lying on the edge of the ice.

"There—there—Phil, I told you so. Now only crawl off a little—be just as careful as ever you can."

"O, I can't move," murmured the boy, nearly stupefied by the intense cold. "My hands!"

George crept as near to him as he dared, and pulling off his own red mittens, stretched them over his brother's blue icy hands. Then he took his comforter, and tying it around Philip's arms, succeeded in pulling him a little way from the hole. The boys shouted applause behind him. Some of the more adventurous were already creeping along with a flat board, which they pushed to the two. George, by renewed exertions, dragged his heavy brother upon this board, and drew it a short distance, till he could be safely joined by others. He did not once think of himself, though wet to the skin, and destitute of cap, comforter and mittens.

Philip revived after reaching the shore, and being rubbed a few minutes by his mates. Two of them supported him up the hill toward his home, escorted by the remainder. They sent George forward to announce their coming, and order a warm bed to be prepared for the rescued boy.

George met his mother at the gate. She, bare-headed and deathly pale, was rushing toward the play-ground. She had just heard that a boy had broken in the ice, and too truly foreboded that it was one of her own boys. George caught her arm, laughing aloud in nervous excitement, and screamed, "O, mother, he's *out!* He's coming! He —— I——." Here came a sudden reaction, his head reeled, he tottered, and fell fainting on the snow.

The doctor who was summoned to Philip, had another patient. The older boy was soon himself again, having been but slightly injured by the chill of his cold bath. But pale, delicate Georgie, with the terror and wetting, had nearly worked himself into convulsions. He was in danger of brain fever, and was kept by the doctor's order in a dark room for four days as quiet as possible. His mother sat by him, holding his hand or stroking his hot head whenever he started from his short sleep, screaming that "Phil was drowning and the boys would n't go to him!" She would kiss him then, and call him her noble, her darling boy. He did not "trouble" her any longer, though he needed all her attention.

And what thought Philip, after coming to himself and learning the whole story? O, were not burning regret and shame mingled with his thankfulness for rescue? When he walked, on the next day, about the house, hushed for his little brother's sake—when he heard Etta sob, as she threw her arms around his neck, "O, won't Georgie *ever* get well?"—more than all, when his eye lighted on the *sled* daubed with a square inch of paint, which the boys had brought in for George, his heart smote him as it never had done before.

He turned away, and went miserably to his own chamber. He thought of all his unkind acts to that little brother. He went to bed at night, but could not sleep. He tried to pray for George, and in making the attempt, he fell to crying. Then he prayed for himself, too, and fell asleep.

In a few days, by God's blessing, George was once more able to sit up against pillows, and to see his brother and cousin. Etta jumped upon his bedside in glee, throwing her little arms around him. Philip stood quietly for a moment, till George extended his hand to him, then his lip quivered, and, bending low, he kissed him.

"I have something to show you, Georgie," said he. Stepping aside, he lifted up—the sled! No! Was it the same? George did not recognize it. It was, however, no other than the same once clumsy sled, perfected, polished and painted in gay green and orange, by the skillful hands of Philip! A new rope dangled from its front, and, altogether, it was one of the finest specimens of a sled that ever graced a country sliding hill.

George almost screamed out his surprise and thanks. "O, what a beauty! Dear Phil, how good it was of you!"

"Do n't say any thing, Georgie," replied Philip, with an attempt to conceal his emotion; "you—saved my life!"

"O, if you *had* drowned, Phil!" The little pale boy shut his eyes and shuddered.

"There, that is long enough for you to stay with him to-day," said his father, who had just come in. "He must not be excited."

George opened his eyes, and looked up to his brother with a smile of trust and love.

George recovered, though weeks past before he was able to steer his new sled down the cold hill. But many a happy slide it has given him since!

Do you think that Philip forgot the lesson he had learned? Do you think that he disobeyed again by going to slide on forbidden ice? Do you think that he abused the love of that precious brother as he had done before?—*Friend of Youth.*

MEN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION AT *****.

EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS, EXCITING SCENES AND CURIOUS SPEECHES.

December 20, 1851.

YESTERDAY, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, an immense mass meeting of gentlemen from all parts of the country was held at Independence Hall. It was convened upon notices to that effect which were issued directly after the late extraordinary and treasonable Female Convention at Massachusetts, and which, being distributed among the principal cities in the Union, had resulted in the collection of an enthusiastic crowd of gentlemen of all grades, trades and politics, one common danger uniting them, in the effort to repel the proposed feminine aggression of their rights.

On taking a survey of the meeting, one thing struck us very forcibly—the uneasy and restless anxiety that characterized the demeanor of most of the men; the slightest noise caused a general sensation; and, in one instance, the shrill cry of a fish-woman threw a gentleman into hysterics, which he explained, on his recovery, to have resulted from his mistaking it for the voice of his wife.

When the excitement had, in some meassure subsided, the meeting was called to order by Mr. Wumenheyter, of New York, who said the first business being the choice of a president, he moved that Mr. H. P. Husband, of Maryland, be appointed.

Brass Blackstone, of Philadelphia, seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted.

After the vice-president and secretaries were duly chosen, and a business committee appointed to draw up resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, the President addressed the convention as follows:

"The object which has called this great assemblage together, is one which not only concerns mankind in general, but Americans in particular. This is emphatically a land of liberty—liberty which, achieved by the exertions of our forefathers, has commanded the respect of the tyrannical governments of the Old World, and resisted all unhallowed attempts to subvert it. This liberty, gentlemen, is threatened with destruction by the establishment, within the very bounds of this republic, of a despotism that has no parallel in ancient or modern history. Yes, there is a conspiracy afoot in the very midst of us, which, should it succeed in its aspiring aims, will annihilate us as men, and convert us into mere household appendages to that rebellious sex who, after having for years shown a disposition to encroach on *some* of our rights and privileges, now boldly assert a claim to *all*. Patience, gentlemen, is no longer a virtue; stern determination and resolute action alone can put down this ambitious usurpation, and re-establish our authority on its legitimate basis.

"These firebrands on our domestic hearth must be extinguished, or the sparks, lighting into a flame, will consume us."

Here the sensation produced by Mr. Husband's fiery eloquence, was so intense, that groans and sobs resounded from all parts of the building, and the gentleman was so overcome by his own flights of fancy, that it was some time before he could proceed.

"I have, in the relations of husband, son and brother, stood aloof. I have borne, with dignity and Spartan fortitude, the assumption, by my female relatives, of those garments, which, from time immemorial, have been our rightful badge, trusting that the 'breach' into which they were throwing themselves would prove of such an 'imminent and deadly' nature as to deprive them of any desire to go further. But late events have opened my eyes to the treasonable nature of their designs, and to the danger of the mine on which we have been heedlessly treading; and, regardless alike of family ties and possible consequences, I have boldly sounded the alarm which has brought us together this day. This terrible danger I discovered by chance, having picked up—in my *own* room, gentlemen—a letter addressed to my wife by a female friend. I will, gentlemen, read a passage from this incendiary production, premising that the preceding paragraphs, after giving an account of the late meeting at Worcester, refer to the female millenium about to commence:

> "'Now then, my dear,
> We 'll smoke and cheer, and drink our lager beer;
> We 'll have our latch-keys, stay out late at nights;
> And boldly we 'll assert our female rights:
> While conquered men, our erewhile tyrant foes,
> Shall stay at home and wear our cast-off clothes,
> Nurse babies, scold the servants, get our dinners—
> 'T is all that they are fit for, wretched sinners!'

"Imagine my feelings on finding treason at work in my domestic sanctuary, at detecting the wife of my bosom in a plot against my peace?"

Here Mr. Husband was so overpowered by his emotions, that he was compelled to pause for a few moments ere he recovered his voice.

Deep sympathy was manifested by the audience.

"I would now repeat the necessity of prompt action, for which, I doubt not, the wisdom and intelligence of this assembly will be found sufficient. Our business now is to find a remedy for this evil. Let us, therefore, in a bold and uncompromising manner, address ourselves to the duties before us."

While awaiting the action of the business committee, the following letters were read from distinguished gentlemen who had been invited to attend the meeting:

Mr. Webster stated that the onerous nature of his diplomatic duties prevented his accepting the invitation extended to him. Had it, however, been in his power to do so, he should still have declined it, as the handsome manner in which the ladies had defended him in his native state obliged him to remain neuter in the conflict between the great contending parties. He would remark, in conclusion, that, devoted as he was to the Union, faithful as he had ever been in maintaining the Constitution, he had no sympathy with any thing tending to infringe the conditions of the matrimonial compact, and therefore solemnly recommended that both parties should meet and conclude a treaty of peace.

Mr. Clay regretted his necessary attendance on Congress precluded his presence at this important meeting; for, faithful to his great principle, he should have endeavored to suggest such a compromise as should reconcile all parties. But he trusted that an amicable spirit would pervade their proceedings, and unity and concord be the result.

Mr. Horace Mann repeated his determination of not siding with either party. He referred again to the book he was writing, which he thought would satisfy both sides.

Mr. Buckeye, of Ohio, wrote to excuse his attendance, as the duties of the pork-killing season required his attention; and Mrs. Buckeye's absence at a Socialist meeting, in the interior of the state, prevented his leaving home.

Mr. Wumenheyter, chairman of the committee, now rose to say that their report was ready. He then read the following resolutions:

Resolved, That a crisis has arrived in our domestic relations that admits of no temporizing measures, but requires us openly to insist on those rights so boldly and outrageously assailed by that weaker portion of humanity, whose duty it is to be satisfied with the inferior position assigned them by nature, and to yield in all things to man.

Resolved, That an unblushing claim has not only been made on our clothes, but on all our masculine privileges; and as this evil has resulted, in the first place, from the impunity with which the women have put their hands in our pockets, and as it will end only in the usurpation of our business, and our sole right to the ballot-box, it becomes necessary for us to impress upon this rebellious sex our united determination to resist their aggressions.

Resolved, That this effort becomes imperatively necessary when we consider the treacherous nature of women, and remember that, should they succeed in their attempt, we shall meet no mercy at their hands. Universal decapitation of the men, and an Amazonian form of government will undoubtedly be the result.

Resolved, That, while we shall use our lawful and united authority, to put down this revolt, we will show clemency to the culprits, and, tempering justice with mercy, render their punishment as light as may be consistent with our own safety.

These resolutions were ordered to be laid on the table for discussion.

Mr. Wumenheyter said he wished particularly for the attention of the audience while he offered a few remarks on these resolutions. "He was," he said, "proud to call himself a New Yorker. His city was the greatest in the world. It had a great canal, a great line of steamships, a great many railroads, a great many banks, and" ———

Here a voice from the crowd exclaimed, "And a great many other humbugs!"

Mr. W. was, for a moment, disconcerted; but, resuming his remarks, he said,

"I do not regard this rude interruption. I shall still assert the superiority of my state to all others; and, at the same time, acknowledge that, with all our talents and business enterprise, we cannot manage the women. I confess that, in *our* great state, the attempt on our privileges was *first* made; but I can also assure this convention, that we shall be the *first* to defend those privileges. I have been so unhappy as to have had three wives, but, fortunately, have buried them all; and I can assert, from personal experience, that

"'Woman, woman, whether lean or fat,
Is in face an angel, and in soul a cat!'

"A spirit of philanthropy urges me to warn you against the female snares which my fatal destiny has inflicted on me, and from which I am, therefore, desirous to save others, as my several wives were so many different forms of evil, and I suffered intensely in consequence. I hope my misery will deter others from such experiments. If I rescue one wretch from the horrors of matrimony, my purpose will be answered, and my past sufferings forgotten."

Mr. W. urged the adoption of immediate and relentless measures, and trusted that some available remedy might be suggested for the evil that was in their midst.

Cotte Bettie, Esq., from Delaware, said, "I fully agree with the gentleman from New York in his views on this terrible crisis. I am as proud of my state as he can be of his. I am not ashamed to call myself one of the 'Blue Hen's Chickens.' Delawarians are true blue—they always were, and always will be blue. They were the first to rally at freedom's call, and would not now be found wanting. While he thus obeyed his instructions in proffering their aid, he must, at the same time, assure this assembly that it was very advisable for them to keep their proceedings as secret as possible, lest a premature disclosure should put the women on their guard."

C. Colesworth Pinckney, from South Carolina, remarked: "Had any one told him a few months since that he should be meeting in amity with his northern brethren, he should have indignantly denied the possibility of such an act. He did not intend now, however, to allude to the difference of opinion that prevailed between the South and North; the several states of Georgia, Alabama, Florida and South Carolina, that had appointed him a delegate to this convention, having empowered him to bury all sectional causes of discord in oblivion, and to unite energetically with the representatives of other states in putting down this terrible conspiracy. He had come prepared, then, to assure them of the cordial co-operation of the southern states in any action that might be taken in the crusade against women. He would only remark that there should be no delay either in their resolves or execution—'if 't were done, 't were well 't were done quickly.' With this end in view, he recommended bringing before the present session of congress a fugitive women bill, by which every man might be empowered to reclaim and punish a runaway or rebellious wife."

Mr. Jonathan Whittle, from Massachusetts, "Guessed that there need n't be much talk about the matter. Wimmen's place was tu hum, and it was man's business to keep 'em there. Pritty much all they was fit for was to dry innions, make squash pies, and get a fellow a good dinner on Thanksgivin'. He calkerlated that if each indiwiddiwel present had the spunk he orter have, he could manage his wimmen himself, without anybody to help him. Yankees knew a leetle somethin' besides makin' wooden nutmegs, mushmellion and cowcumber seeds, and they did n't want anybody to come there and tell 'em how to do: they 'd better stay tu hum, and take care of their own affairs."

Here Mr. Whittle was called to order, from all parts of the house, and sat down in a state of high indignation, wiping his face with a blue cotton handkerchief.

George Washington Patrick Henry John Randoph Powhatan, Esq., from Virginia, said, "I regret the irritable state of feeling which seems to sway the gentleman from New England. I wonder at this assertion of our Yankee brethren's ability to manage their women, when the fact is notorious, that Mr. Whittle's native state was the scene chosen for the outbreak of the rebellion. Belonging, as I do, to one of the first families in Virginia, descended in a direct line from Pocahontas on one side, and Richard Cœur de Lion on the other, collaterally related to the Virgin Queen, and a far-off connection of the present British sovereign. I know nothing of those menial duties which Mr. Whittle thinks properly distinguish the female sphere. I cannot, nor can any one associated with me, be supposed to know anything of such menial avocations. In Virginia, nothing is required of the fair sex but to give orders to their servants, and that sufficiently occupies their time. I feel proud to assert my belief that no lady from that state is mixed up in this sad affair; but knowing the danger of bad example, I cannot answer for the future, and am therefore ready to give my counsel both as to prevention and cure. I know the female character well enough to assure this meeting that opposition will but add fuel to the flame. In short, my advice is,

"'Let them alone and they 'll come home,
And leave their whims behind them.'"

Dr. Singleman, a middle-aged gentleman from Vermont, thought the gentleman from Virginia mistaken in his opinion, that the let-alone system was the best treatment for the epidemic raging among them. "Acute diseases required active remedies. When the pulse of the domestic frame was disordered, every member of the body suffered, and depletion should be freely resorted to, and the constitution restored to a healthy state, or he would not answer for the consequences. His idea—which he advanced with some hesitation, for, being a bachelor, he knew little of the sex—was, that every man should try the effect of the three popular systems of medicine on his female relatives, and he would venture to promise the revolt would soon be quelled. A course of bleeding, leeching and cupping, with blisters to their heads and sinapisms on their feet, aided by hydropathic douche and plunge baths, and accompanied with homeopathic quantities of nourishment, would tame the greatest shrew that ever lived."

Mr. Easyled, of Tennessee, said: "There is an old proverb about bachelors' wives being well managed—

"'As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
Were the third of the world yours, with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.'

"The measures that the learned physician proposes are easily suggested; but, I would ask, where is the man in this assembly who would have the nerve to try them? There is another old proverb that says, when you sup with a certain personage, you should use a long apron; and, in this case, that precaution is very necessary. It was best to let the ladies have their own way. To quote the immortal bard again—

"'Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves.'

He would inform all present, from his own sad experience, that

"'He's a fool who thinks, by force or skill,
To turn the current of a woman's will;
For when she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And when she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.'"

Mr. Hoosier, from Indiana, "Did n't want to 'front nobody, but he reckoned Mr. Whittle had said about the only sensible thing he'd heerd that day, and them was his sentiments exactly. There was plenty for wimmen to do *in* the cabin, with mindin' the children and keepin' the pot a bilin'; *and out*, of takin' care of the cattle and the farm, while the men was hard at work shootin' and fishin'. Corn-dodgers and cracklins was wimmen's business, and just about as much, he reckoned, as they'd sense for. He, for one, did n't feel afeerd of any of 'em."

General Boanerges Bluster, from Kentucky, said "He disagreed very much with Mr. Hoosier. He once heerd a Methodist minister tell what Heaven was like, and after talkin' a great deal about it, he said, 'In short, brethren, it's a Kentucky of a place!' He reckoned, when he said that, he forgot the wimmen. In their state, where females was three-quarters bacon and t'other quarter hominy, they was dangerous critters. General, as he was, of the milishy, and holdin' a great many offices under government, he had to mind his wife, who was big enough to lick three of him. Last 'lection he was candidate for congress; and, just as he was makin' a stump speech to his constitchents and was tellin' 'em what a great soldier he was, and how he'd fou't the Ingins under Harrison, and would be sure to stand up for their rights, 'cause he wa n't afeerd of nothin', his woman walked up to him right cool, and, takin' him off the platform, said to the people, 'This man's a fool; *I* know it, 'cause I'm his wife. He ain't fit for nothin' but to mind the house and take care of the children, while I go visitin'. I can't spare him; and you must 'lect the other candidate.' He expected he felt about as mean as a dog-pie, and sneaked off as soon as he could; and everybody hurrahed for Mrs. Bluster, and said *she* should go to congress. And, ever since, she'd done nothin' but snub him, and had gone off to the wimmen's meetin' in spite of him; and 't was her that said 'woman was better than man, 'cause *he* was made out of the raw materi'l, and *she* was made out of the manerfected;' and he only hoped she would n't find out where he was, or there'd be an orful time of it."

Mr. Sucker, from Illinois, remarked, "That it wa n't with his own will he was at this here meetin'; but, bein' 'lected, he had to come; and, as it was the season for shootin' prairie hens, he wanted to be off agin. He did n't want to make words himself, and hoped that other people would be short and sweet in what they had to say. As to Mrs. Sucker, she had n't the spirit of a mouse now; and, if she ever had, which he did n't know, the fever and ager had shuck it all out of her. He reckoned about the best way he could tell 'em of, was to send all the wimmin where they 'd catch it, and, if it did n't end 'em, it would mend 'em."

Captain Salt, of Nantucket, a veteran tar in a blue roundabout and glazed hat, rose, coolly took his quid out of his mouth, and, depositing it in his pocket, made the following short and pithy remarks: "I a n't a reg'lar delergate to this here meetin', seein' as I'm pretty nearly all the time afloat; but, bein' as I'm ashore just now, I thought I 'd come and see how things was a purceedin'. I know all about whales, and have a pretty good notion of a vessel, but I do n't know nothin' about a woman. Hows'ever, I 've heerd them as did, say she was like a ship, 'cause her riggin' cost more 'n her hull. If so be that 's the case, why she 's easy manoovered. Keep a tight look out for squalls, and, when you see 'em comin', reef your sails, scud before the storm, and, if she 's bent on goin' down, take to the boats and leave her."

Captain Salt sat down amid shouts of applause, with a very red face after his unwonted exertions, and an earnest request for a glass of grog; but, none being at hand, he contented himself with his quid.

Patrick O'Dougherty, of St. Louis, got up and said: "Jontlemen, this is my first appearance before the public since I left off being an Irishman and became a native of this country, and I hope yees will excuse all blunders. I need n't tell this enlightened meetin' that, both as an Irishman and 'Merikin, I love the purty craturs of wimmen, and, faith, I 'm sorry they 've got themselves in such a mess. St. Pathrick knows that, with 'my friend and pitcher,' my little Cruiskeen Lawn and my Molly Astore, I could live all alone in a desert by myself, without any trouble; and sure never a one of me knows why ye can 't manage yeer wives. Trate 'em like an Irish pig; drive 'em the way you do n't want 'em to go, and they 'll take the right track in spite of you."

Here Mr. O'Dougherty was interrupted by a considerable bustle in the hall. There was a great disturbance, and many gentlemen looked pale and anxious; but the excitement was allayed by the appearance of an Indian chief in his war paint, who stalked solemnly up to the platform and spoke as follows: "My nation was once a great nation in the lands near the setting sun. It is now a poor, small tribe, that has sold its hunting grounds to the Great Father at Washington, for blankets and corn, and have sent me to have a talk with him. Waw-tu-no-bow-te-ma-tu is a brave; his white brothers call him Big Bulldog, and know that he has many wives. While he smoked the calumet of peace with his Father, in the Grand Lodge at Washington, a little bird sung in his ear that his white brothers had trouble in the wigwam with their squaws, and he has come to help them, for his heart feels heavy for them. Let my white brothers keep their women at work, hoeing corn, pounding hominy, drying venison and minding papooses, and let them have but little to eat, and they will give them no more trouble. If they do, let my brothers take their scalps. I have said." And, whirling his tomahawk over his head, Waw-tu-no-bow-te-ma-tu gave a shrill war-whoop, and, bounding off the platform, disappeared in the crowd.

Brass Blackstone, from the city of Brotherly Love, remarked: "That he had listened with attention to the proceedings, and had heard with delight the eloquent speeches delivered on this interesting occasion. It was with the modest timidity so characteristic of a Philadelphia lawyer, that he should offer a few remarks on the subject that occupied them; and he hoped it would not be considered presumptuous in him if his views should differ from those hitherto advanced in the assemblage of talent and influence, with whom it was his high privilege this day to be associated. He had deeply sympathized with all the orators it had been his good fortune to hear on this exciting subject; he had, in turn, been thrilled with the surpassing eloquence of Mr. Husband, the resolute determination of Mr. Wumenheyter, the patriotism of Pinckney, the easy indifference of Mr. Whittle, the dignified hauteur of Mr. Powhatan, the professional talent of Dr. Singleman, the commendable meekness of Mr. Easyled, the heroic submission of General Bluster, the laconic sense of Mr. Sucker, the maritime beauty of Captain Salt's similes, the enthusiasm of Mr. O'Dougherty, and the sententious wisdom of Big Bulldog. For himself, he had always been, and should ever continue to be, an ardent admirer of the fair sex. He was proud to say that his mother was a woman, that his native city was distinguished for its devotion to the fairer part of creation. New York might boast of its canals, its railroads, its banks and its steamships, but Philadelphia gloried in its women. He could lay his hand on his heart and proudly assert, that even this rebellion had not estranged his feelings—

"'Woman, with all thy faults, I love thee still!'

He could even say, with the Irish bard,

"'Sweet book, unlike the books of art,
Whose errors are thy fairest part:
In thee, the dear errata column
Is the best page in all the volume.'

With these feelings, he was present on this occasion to interpose his humble abilities between them and danger. He acknowledged that his clients had not evinced their usual sagacity in risking their quiet, but powerful influence over man, by endeavoring to grasp 'what would not enrich themselves, but make us poor indeed.' *Why* they had done so, was a question more easily asked than answered, and he should, therefore, not attempt to solve the enigma. It was his business to implore that nothing should be rashly attempted, on this delicate occasion, which might result in wounding the feelings of his fair clients. He would assure them a little skillful management would be more effectual than open demonstrations of hostility; and, should the suggestion he was about to offer prove successful, he asked no better reward, as a man and a lawyer, than the friendship of the sex. In his opinion,

"'Fee simple and a simple fee,
And all the fees in tail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—fe-male.'

Not to detain them longer in suspense, he advised that the gentlemen should fill their houses with looking glasses, and give the ladies time for *reflection*."

Mr. Blackstone received much applause for his suggestion; and Mr. Bowieknife, of Texas, who succeeded him, said, "I so fully agree with the gentleman from Philadelphia, in his love for the sex, and in all the sentiments he has advanced, that I will only add, should the measure he has recommended fail to make peace, I hope all the ladies will come to Texas. We have hearts and arms for all of them.

"'If all other states reject 'em,
Ours will freely, *gladly* take 'em.'"

Mr. Placer, from California, remarked, "That he was for no half way measures. It was his opinion that all the women ought to be seized and sent to California. It was a new country, and the miners wanted wives. When they were once there, he thought they could be managed. Judge Lynch was an active man. Show them that there was only the difference of a letter between altar and halter, and, if they would not marry, why, let them hang!"

Mr. H. P. Husband said, "He had listened with astonishment to the proceedings of the day. He really thought that, for all the good that had been done or suggested, gentlemen might as well have staid at home. He had a few words still to offer on the subject, which he hoped they would hear with patience. Among other things, he had prepared a list of all the bad women who had ever existed."

Here Mr. Wumenheyter remarked, "That he must remind the gentleman time was precious; and, as all women who had ever existed were bad, Mr. Husband had better mention only the worst of them, among whom he must not forget his (Mr. W.'s) three wives."

Mr. Husband was so disconcerted at this interruption, that he forgot what he had to say, and could only remember that his list began with Eve, and ended with the present generation.

"I see clearly, gentlemen," continued he, "that no one enters so warmly into this subject as myself. Well, be it so. I am ready to fall a martyr in such a cause; and I here solemnly declare that no obstacle shall induce me to swerve from the path that duty marks out for me to follow. I will make every endeavor to extirpate this vile heresy among the women. I will immolate myself on the altar of my country. I will sacrifice my domestic affections on its shrine—Mrs. Husband herself"——

"Here I am, my dear!" said a sharp voice, and a small, thin, vinegar-faced lady entered the room, and walked up to the platform, at the head of a numerous procession of females. "My love," continued she, "it is late; I am afraid you will take cold. Had n't you better come home?"

"If you think so, my dear, certainly," replied Mr. Husband, turning pale, and trembling so he could scarcely stand—perceiving which, his wife affectionately offered him her arm.

Mr. Easyled meekly obeyed an imperative gesture from Mrs. Easyled, and Mrs. Bluster picked up the General, who had fainted, and carried him out in her arms.

Exeunt omnes, in wild confusion.—*Lady's Book.*

DEATH IN THE GUTTER.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

We would they could have seen him—those who are opposers of that great law that has caused Maine to stand up a glory and an honor to the world; we wish they could have seen him lying there on the filthy pavement, to which the ruling passion, pampered into a foul, soul-destroying sin, had hurled him headlong, and left him to die in all the horrors of loneliness. Many crowded around him, but not one of the throng was he who gave him the maddening potion; wreathed in smiles he stood behind the bar, mingling wines and wedding, in horrible, most unnatural union, pure water (the child of the skies) with the wreathing, hissing serpent of the cup. Rings gleamed on his fingers, as he handed the glass, with its daintiest touch, to the debauched son of his near neighbor, and his white teeth glittered between his parted lips, as he responded to the praise of the "good old burgundy;" he did not know, neither would he have cared had he known, that the poor wretch, hurried with scoffing and taunts from his den door the previous night, *after the last three cents* rung upon the metal in his till, had died a lingering, beastly, drunken, hopeless death, in the gutter.

It was in New Orleans, on a wet, miserable morning, when the mist was gray, and thick, and heavy, and little pools oozed out from the half-hidden paving stones; the drippings from the curb-stone drizzled all over the dead man's face and matted his tangled hair, and plastered it in long uncouth masses over his brow, so high and ghastly. The rain had poured upon his face, and into his open mouth, and washed the whiteness from his eyes that stared up into the leaden sky, bluish and expressionless; his teeth, cankered by his festering breath, were snaggy and broken; his body emaciated, his clothes dripping and clinging to his tall form; his hands clenched as if the last consciousness was an agony that tore asunder the shrinking soul from the body.

He was dragged out, with no gentle hand, and laid higher upon the sidewalk. Every lineament of his face, like sculptured monuments, told that where ruin and deformity now dwelt manly grace and elegance had shaped the features to the highest excellence of perfection; that under that brow had lived thoughts that should have glowed into immortal forms of divine beauty, but, alas! had been betrayed and corrupted by the greatest foe to the human race.

That wretched, loathed outcast was once a child; a light-hearted child, whose path was almost literally strewed with flowers.

The mansion of a rich old merchant was his earliest home, and a mother he had, who softened every childish sorrow and mingled with his pearls of pleasure the gems of her purest affections; so, careless and happy, he grew from infancy to young manhood, but every day the wines of his old grandfather sparkled before him at table; and his mother, unthinking, would pledge her boy, to provoke witty and brilliant repartees. At college he was distinguished for his genius, his ready scholarship. How quickly he bore off prize after prize—but still he drank temperately, and *socially*, the fine old wines he had learned to love. He did not go like a criminal, by himself, and in solitary places, to indulge his taste for stimulants, secretly and unobserved; no one does that till he has served his apprenticeship to the festive pleasures of the social circle, till he has learned to quaff the liquid, while bright eyes bend their glances toward him, and jeweled fingers press the glass upon his acceptance; while merry voices warble or grow musical over choice fragments of classic poetry, and student faces light up with the transient gleam of mad pleasure that feasts before it starves the soul.

No one warned him; sorrowful angels turned from his flushed cheeks, and hot, reeking breath, while listening crowds made the air tremulous with their shouts of praise, as his wit broke every weapon that was measured against it. At home, in the hall of mirth, at the genteel drunken revel, upon the rostrum, through the columns of grace and concentrated thought, burning into the very heart with its intensity of genius, of passion, he was equally known and idolized. In saloons where the magic of art had outdone Eastern splendor, he was welcomed with unfeigned delight; none so high but did him reverence; the judge looked up from his gray law-book with a smile of pleasure, and listened admiringly to his eloquent conversation; the minister leaned over the velvet cushion from his high pulpit, and felt that there was one in his audience who could appreciate his efforts, and understand his loftiest aspirations. Men of state felt honored by his notice; and beautiful ladies were proud to be seen with one who bid fair to challenge the admiration of the world.

And where was the end? The aim of this noble being was worthy a mind so great, an intellect so richly endowed—but what was the end? A death in the gutter; a few months of ragged destitution—and he who had been cradled in satins and fine laces, who had walked hand in hand with fame, and taught seers wisdom, laid down a driveling, muttering, helpless drunkard—his fortune dissolved; his fame broken and scattered to the winds; his manliness dead within him; his beauty gone; his health a wreck; his intellect shattered; his soul—we dare pursue the subject no further.

Could every mother in the land have passed before him as his disfigured form clung to the wet ground, never again would a little child be tempted to taste of the fatal drug; but the lesson of temperance would be inculcated with the first artless prayer; and the fate of the druukard be pictured so vividly upon the young, and easily molded mind, that all time would not efface the impression; and, joined with his daily devotions, would be the earnest petition, "Grant, O, Father, that I may never, never be a drunkard."

If each rumseller could behold that lamentable sight, partly the work of his own hands, but—God have mercy upon them—they have heard of, have seen these miseries, countless times, and their hard hearts beat not with one throb of generous sympathy. They will not be convinced, though angels in whole battalions rend the heavens, and come down to implore their desistance in this horrible traffic. The virtuous soul shudders in contemplation of their crime—for crime that cannot but be, which has destroyed more lives, ruined more families, desolated more hearth-stones than famine and pestilence put together.

Death in the gutter! What a world of woe in these four words! But why recapitulate? Why dwell on this melancholy subject? We have told our story; it was a true one; and those are now living, who, in happy school-boy days, shared in the same pleasures, studied from the same books, on the same seat with this poor unfortunate, so early a victim to the wine-cup and the wine-vender. Let, then, every mother remember what an awful responsibility rests upon her in the formation of the habits of her child. To the rumseller we have nothing to say, save only what the candid physician might remark, over the bed of a patient whose doom is sealed—there is no hope for him.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

MEN AND WOMEN NOW-A-DAYS.

Somebody is reporting for the Boston Journal certain speeches of "Father Langly," who is a very sensible old cove. The following is his opinion of the present:

"Failed! has he. I wonder they do n't fail; for, what with the extravagance and good-for-nothingness of the men and women now-a-days, where is it all to end? Call themselves 'Sons of Pilgrims,' do they? I wish to mercy their old grandfathers could see them. They were true grit—real hearts of oak—but these popinjays are nothing in the world but veneering.

"If we go on at this rate, the race will be run out by another generation; we sha'n't have any thing left but a mixture of coxcomb and monkey. The women, too, are no better—it is just! They are reared up, good for nothing under the sun but to put in a buffet. When I was a boy, it was n't so; the spinning-wheel stood in the kitchen, and the dye-tub in the corner! They were put to work as soon as they could walk; they did n't have no nursery maid to run after them—their mothers wer n't ashamed to attend to their own babies! They could sew on a patch and rock the cradle besides. The gals were good for something in those times; they could spin and weave wool and linen, linsey-woolsey, and wear it when it was done. They eat bean-porridge with a pewter spoon; and they were enough sight happier and better suited than the gals are now, with their silk gowns, their French messes and silver forks; yawning and moping about, silly, pale-faced things, with nothing to do. Set them to work! Put them at it early. Idleness is the devil's foreman; and no chain is so strong as the iron habit. Watts was nobody's fool, I can tell! He knew what was! Folks do n't stand still here in this world; they are going one way or t'other. If they aint drawing the sled up hill, they'll be sliding down. Adam was a farmer, and Eve had no 'Irish gal' or 'nigger wench' to wait upon her. What do these popinjays say to that? Ashamed of the old folks, I 'll warrant. Adam was n't nobody—Eve was n't nobody—they know all that.

"But they can 't work—they are so delicate—they are so weakly. What has made them so weakly? Send off your chambermaids, your washerwomen, and set your own gals about it. It made smart women of their grand-mothers, and if the old blood aint run out, they will be good for something yet.

"It used to be the fashion to be honest; if a man got in debt, he tried to pay. If he did n't, public opinion set a mark upon him; but it is not so now. He tries not to pay; he 'll lie, cheat and steal (for what better is it then stealing?); and the one that can cheat the fastest is the best fellow. It is astonishing how slippery these fellows are. Slip through the smallest holes. Just as soon think of catching a flea napping as one of them. They drive fast teams, without curb or bit; buy all they can, pay for as little as possible; pocket all they can carry; then fail; make a smash, shake themselves clear of the splinters, snap their fingers at their creditors, go to California, or to grass, nobody knows where, and begin again! Good gracious, if some of these fellows had lived forty years ago, they 'd clapped them in prison and shaved their heads!"

SELLING OUT AT HALF PRICE.

It is a notorious fact that an Irishman is ever "quick at repartee and shrewd at a bargain." An incident that came to our knowledge a short time since, illustrates this fact. An Irishman whom we will call Pat, for the sake of brevity, seeing a card suspended in front of a small dry goods

The mansion of a rich old merchant was his earliest home, and a mother he had, who softened every childish sorrow and mingled with his pearls of pleasure the gems of her purest affections; so, careless and happy, he grew from infancy to young manhood, but every day the wines of his old grandfather sparkled before him at table; and his mother, unthinking, would pledge her boy, to provoke witty and brilliant repartees. At college he was distinguished for his genius his ready scholarship. How quickly bore off prize after prize—but still he d temperately, and *socially*, the fine ol he had learned to love. He did n a criminal, by himself, and in soli to indulge his taste for stimu and unobserved; no one d who has served his apprentice cer, there pleasures of the socia learned to quaff th eans of coaxing eyes bend their g from the pocket jeweled fingers p Law's representa- ceptance; wh but adjudged Pat's grow musica that could not be brok- sic poetry selling off at half price the trar black and white on the card. feasts of course, the "advertezze- N ment" was speedily stopped, and Pat, with tur leg, and "wipe in hand," re way rejoicing.—*Richmond Dis-* n

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BETTING BY PROXY.

Just after the state election of '48, in Pennsylvania, Mr. Smith, a warm Cass man, met his friend, Mr. Jones, an enthusiastic Taylor man.

"Jones," said Smith, "the election of Johnson does not increase Taylor's chances in Pennsylvania."

"Yes it does," answered Jones.

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars that Cass carries the state," cried Smith.

"Done!" exclaimed Jones. "But," he added, after a moment's hesitation; "but if we bet we lose our vote."

"So we shall," said Smith.

"I'll tell you what," said Jones, his face bid fair to challen world.

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result became know lifted her money. Jones came night, and said to his wife,

"Well, my dear, you have won, and I suppose lifted the stakes?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"I'll trouble you for them, darling, if you please."

"Trouble me for what?"

"For the money I won from Smith."

"You won! Did you bet with Smith?"

"No, no—that is—yes. I did bet in fact, but to save my vote, I made you my agent."

"I cannot consent, my dear husband," said Mrs. Jones, with dignity, "to be a party in any violation or evasion of the law. I cannot on your account—you whose honor is so dear to me. And I shall therefore keep the money, in order that I may still retain my respect for a law-loving, law-honoring and law-abiding husband—kiss me, my dear."

The next day Mrs. Jones was observed flaunting down street, robed in a splendid Cashmere shawl.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

CLIPPINGS.

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vated, the of their hands, are alread eye. We travel the same road, walk the same path, sit at the same fireside, sleep in the same rooms, ride in the same carriage, and dine at the same table, and seldom remember that those who once occupied these places are now gone, alas! for ever. Strange that the living so soon forget the dead, when the world is so full of the mementoes of their lives. Strange that the fleeting cares of life should so soon rush in and fill the breast, to the exclusion of those so near. To day man stands and weeps over the grave of his departed friend; to-morrow he passes that grave with cold indifference. To day his heart is wrung with all the bitterness of anguish for the loss of one he so much loved; to-morrow the image of that friend is effaced from his heart, and almost forgotten. What a commentary upon man!

DROLL THINGS IN MAINE.—The Bangor Jeffersonian thus philosophises on the state of affairs in that city:

"The liquor traffic has been entirely suppressed in this city, dealers having willingly yielded up the ghost. All men are now equal in this respect, if one man's nose blushes more than another's it is all natural. If men get up a fight, it is purely for the love of it—begun, kept up and finished, all with a flow of nothing but the spirit of reason and understanding. If a man now beats his wife, he is actuated by the spirit of love and affection. If she beats him, it

to sending stamps to put on them, we are perfectly willing to let them do so. When we write letters on business, in which the person addressed is not interested, we send a stamp to put on his answer. We only ask the same courtesy to us.

We have known instances of persons prepaying their letters and postmasters neglecting to mark them "paid." To avoid mistakes of this kind, it is best for all to keep postoffice stamps, and use one on every tter mailed.

TENT MEDICINES.

ing article, which we find in lle (Pa.) Courier, comes so which a correct position, that we inserting it. We com- is independent editor ductors of temper- known to those o carefully ex- our country ciple of a Many rious, the ec- a-

☞WE notice, in that the Philadelphia, Wilmington timore Railway Company have upon all those connected with the trains, abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks while in the discharge of their respective duties. They have also abolished the sale of alcoholic liquors on the several stations along the road. This is a movement in the right direction, and is worthy of commendation.

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"Three or four months, my son."

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"It is getting late, my son, I think you had better retire."

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store near the valley, marked with the words, "Selling off at half price," concluded to enter the store and purchase a bargain. He accordingly inquired for a handkerchief, that being the article he was most particularly in want of, which was handed him, and the price, seventy-five cents, stated. Pat pulled out thirty-seven and a half cents, laid the money on the counter, and was making a speedy exit from the shop with the handkerchief, when the store-keeper called him back, and said he must pay thirty-seven and a half cents more.

"An sure," says Pat, "yur' advertezzement outside is, that yur'e selling off for half price, and be the powers did n't I pay ye's the half of the price ye axed me?"

This was a convincing argument in Pat's mind, but not with the store-keeper, who collared Pat, and sent for an officer, there being no other apparent means of coaxing the wanting "half price" from the pocket of the cute Hibernian. Law's representative arrived in due time, but adjudged Pat's bargain a sound one that could not be broken, inasmuch as selling off at half price was written in black and white on the card. As a matter of course, the "advertezzement" was speedily stopped, and Pat, with a scrape of the leg, and "wipe in hand," went on his way rejoicing.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

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"So we shall," said Smith.

"I 'll tell you what," said Jones, his face brightening up—"I 'll tell you what may be done. My wife shall call upon yours and bet with her."

"Good," says Smith.

Home went Jones.

"My dear, Mrs. Smith wants to bet a hundred dollars with you that Cass will carry Pennsylvania."

"Mrs. Smith bet a hundred dollars with me!" exclaimed the astonished spouse.

"Yes, and if you want to bet, there is the money. Go round this afternoon and see her. Put the stakes into the hands of a lady friend."

The two ladies met, and the money was deposited.

The result became known, and Mrs. Jones lifted her money. Jones came home at night, and said to his wife,

"Well, my dear, you have won, and I suppose lifted the stakes?"

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THE DEAD.—How little do we think of the dead. Their bones lie entombed in our towns, villages and neighborhoods. The lands they cultivated, the houses they built, the works of their hands, are already before our eye. We travel the same road, walk the same path, sit at the same fireside, sleep in the same rooms, ride in the same carriage, and dine at the same table, and seldom remember that those who once occupied these places are now gone, alas! for ever. Strange that the living so soon forget the dead, when the world is so full of the mementoes of their lives. Strange that the fleeting cares of life should so soon rush in and fill the breast, to the exclusion of those so near. To day man stands and weeps over the grave of his departed friend; to-morrow he passes that grave with cold indifference. To day his heart is wrung with all the bitterness of anguish for the loss of one he so much loved; to-morrow the image of that friend is effaced from his heart, and almost forgotten. What a commentary upon man!

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☞ To give an idea of the great amount of drunkenness existing in the city of New York, it is stated that justice Lathrop had no less than fifty-seven prisoners brought before him at the Tombs, on Sunday morning, charged with drunkenness and consequent disorderly conduct. A movement was made a day or two ago, in the Board of Assistants, to increase the city police force, which already numbers nine hundred and thirty men, and cost, last year, $530,000. The arrests, last year, were 180,646, of which 140,972 were the result of drinking.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE PRESS AND THE MAINE LAW.

Mrs. Swisshelm, the talented editress of the Saturday Visitor, of Pittsburg, says:

"We cannot believe that any considerable amount of property would be lost by a total prohibition of the trade in ardent spirits. The real estate now in use for rum establishments, is clearly not so far degraded as to be past use for any other purpose. We trust that brick walls and ground are not past purification; and as to the bottles that will be left empty, they can be melted and remolded into ornaments to decorate the now desolate home of the drunkard, or glaze his windows. The stills can be converted into tea-kettles; and the human-creature part of the invested capital might be converted into donkeys, and thus have their present value increased two hundred per cent! Indeed, the advancement on this item of present investments might be made to cover all the depreciation on barrels, bottles, stills and fixtures. If every one of the men now engaged in manufacturing paupers and criminals to tax the state, were doing a donkey's service, the amount gained on their present value would more than pay for all the 'destruction of property,' about which we have so much lamentation."

Mrs. Hale, one of the most popular American writers, has a strong article in a late number of Godey's Lady's Book, in favor of a prohibitory law, from which we extract the following:

"The conflict between the friends of temperance and those powers of evil—the rum-selling landlords and their tippling crew—will be fearfully severe; and woman, in the majesty and power of her moral influence, should aid the right. Every man who comes forward as a leader in the cause of temperance is the champion of our sex. He should be honored as a hero. The smiles and blessings of those he is trying to save from the demon of drunkenness—a more ruthless destroyer than the monsters slain by Perseus or Bellerophon—should cheer and reward the true friend of temperance.

"Some good men lack moral courage. They would face death in the battle-field with less trepidation than they would probably feel when depositing their vote against the sale of intoxicating liquors! Though the sale of other poisons is strictly guarded, the traffic in the rum poison is free; though gunpowder cannot be kept or sold but under stringent precautions, every house may be made the receptacle of an agent of destruction more awful than ever issued from the cannon's mouth. Let men who fear that the 'Maine Liquor Law' goes too far, remember they are intrusted with a higher duty than any which the mere military commander performs. They are the defenders of society from the powers of evil, which destroy the sources of happiness, darken hope, and deliver over to destitution, disgrace and death, those who cannot defend themselves. Womanhood and childhood rely on the bravery of the good and noble men of our country. Every step onward in moral improvement is an added pledge for the security and happiness of the female sex. Every man who hinders, or strives to hinder, these reforms, is an enemy to woman, and deserves her scorn, contempt and avoidance. All her influence should be given to the cause of temperance. The men who vote for the 'Maine Liquor Law' are her proxies. Let her approval retain them on their righteous course, and this 'Law' will be enacted and sustained."

Graham, in a late number of his popular magazine, under the head of "Small Talk" (not so small, by the way, either), devotes a page or two to the favorable consideration of this law. When we take into consideration the fact, that one of these popular magazines finds its way to a majority of the wealthier and most fashionable families of our country, to the firesides of those whom it is most difficult to reach by the ordinary efforts of the active friends of temperance, who can estimate the good such articles, in such places, may do for our cause?

If Graham and Godey would often publish tales showing the influence woman *might* exert in favor of temperance, as well written as the one in this number of the Templar's Magazine, they might advance the cause still more. But we will not complain; they have taken a noble stand, and we hope and trust their patrons will sustain them.

Our readers will recollect an editorial in our February number, "Temperance and the Press." We ask them to call to mind the almost universal change in the tone of the press since then. If that article had been attentively read by every editor in the country, and every word had been thought true as gospel, a more sudden change would not have been witnessed. By whatever agency this change has been produced, we rejoice to see it. We hope the press will maintain the position it has assumed, and that it will be sustained by every friend of morality and virtue. With this aid and the unconquerable energy of the active friends of the cause, we must and will succeed.

PRE-PAYMENT OF POSTAGE.

WILL the two individuals who recently requested us to change their Magazines to Evansville, Indiana, and St. Louis, Missouri, bear in mind that common justice, to say nothing of courtesy, requires the postage on such letters to be *pre-paid?* What right have they to tax us with even the small sum of five cents each, solely for *their* benefit, to save themselves from paying the *smaller* one of three cents each. Hereafter, such letters will not be attended to.

If the "B. R." who lately sent an obituary notice, had been a subscriber to the Magazine, he would have learned that we can not find room for lengthy notices of this kind, and probably he, too, would have paid the postage.

We *pre-pay* every letter sent from this office, *except* answers to letters in which the writers only are interested. If they prefer paying five cents on answers to their letters to sending stamps to put on them, we are perfectly willing to let them do so. When we write letters on business, in which the person addressed is not interested, we send a stamp to put on his answer. We only ask the same courtesy to us.

We have known instances of persons prepaying their letters and postmasters neglecting to mark them "paid." To avoid mistakes of this kind, it is best for all to keep postoffice stamps, and use one on every letter mailed.

PATENT MEDICINES.

THE following article, which we find in the Conneautville (Pa.) Courier, comes so near our ideas of a correct position, that we cannot refrain from inserting it. We commend the course of this independent editor particularly to the conductors of temperance journals. It is well known to those who have taken the trouble to carefully examine the nostrums with which our country is flooded, that the active principle of a large portion of them is alcohol. Many others contain poisons equally as deleterious, and the evil consequences arising from the whole family of patent medicines are second only to those from the use of intoxicating drinks. We confess, when we see temperance papers advertising such vile stuff, we are half inclined to believe they would advertise rum, brandy, &c., if they were not afraid of losing subscribers. But, to the article:

"It is amusing to witness the astonishment exhibited by agents and vendors of medical nostrums, on application at this office for the purpose of getting their panaceas, balms, elixirs, bitters, &c., advertised, when informed that the columns of the *Courier* are forever barred against them.

"'What, not advertise patent medicines, when we pay you more liberally for the same amount of services than any other class of advertising customers? besides, if required, payment will be made in advance.'

"'We believe the ten thousand popular medicines offered to the public, and represented to be infallible cures for disease,' said we in reply to the above interrogatory, the other day, 'to consist of the most heartless impositions ever offered to an unthinking public. An analysis of several of these compounds proves them such. The celebrated German bitters, which we see generally advertised by our exchanges, and of which it is said very liberal sales are made, were tested in Philadelphia a year or two ago, and shown to contain nothing but molasses, whisky and wormwood. The sarsaparilla extracts, which abound in our shops and are advertised in almost every paper in the country, contain in most cases more of *corrosive sublimate*, a most deadly poison, than of sarsaparilla. We believe the whole class of these secret medicines to be injurious to health, else their discoverers, who make such claims to be "benefactors to their race," would make the secret public, that all might enjoy its advantages. Benefactors usually show *some* benevolence, but we are not conscious of any discoverer of a remedy which will prolong human life, and who has turned his attention to the manufacture of his panacea, who has exhibited any traits of this kind, unless it were in the sale of his medicines at an exhorbitant price.'

"'I have traveled through the northern states the last three years,' said he in reply, 'and devoted my whole time to the establishing of local agencies for the sale of patent medicines, and to the making of contracts with printers for advertising, and you are the first person I have met with who has objected to publishing our advertisements. Religious and temperance papers have alike opened their columns to our use, and I cannot see why you should set yourself up as a model in this particular.'

"'We do not set ourself up as a model, though we believe that the public press would be doing their readers good service should they take us for an example in this, as also in advertising the sale of spirituous liquors.'

"'You do not pretend to say that you will not advertise the sale of spirituous liquors in your paper?'

"'We do pretend to say so, and more than that, we do not advertise them on any consideration whatever.'

"'Well, you are a strange fellow, and shall be reported to Barnum as a curiosity. Refuse money when offered for advertising, because by so doing you will be instrumental in carrying out an imposition which *others* are practicing upon the public! A model editor, truly! You will command a good price, and the great curiosity humbug shall have the pleasure of exhibiting you through the principal Atlantic cities, if money is any consideration to you. Jenny Lind or the woolly horse sinks into the shade.'

"Our astonished customer, during the delivery of his last remarks, had opened the door, ready for a precipitate retreat down stairs. He closed it with the last expression, and we have not seen him since; whether he is trying to make the necessary arrangements with the exhibitor of Jenny Lind to bring us before the public will be determined in due time.

"The above is but one of the many dialogues which occur almost weekly in this office on the subject of advertising patent medicines. We have another in which we came near being whipped by the proprietor of the compound, which we may be induced to relate after a while."

OHIO ON THE MAINE LAW.

"THE Ohio State Temperance Convention has voted out the Maine Law, as not calculated to promote temperance, and resolved in effect that a true reformation must depend upon moral suasion."

We clip the above from the Oswego (N. Y.) Palladium, of March 19. It appears as an editorial, and a similar article has been going the rounds of the papers. We have been exchanging with that paper, and our last number contained a statement that that convention passed a resolution, *unanimously approving the Maine Law.* The editor of the Palladium either does not *read* the Magazine, or, he cannot credit our statement. In either case, we advise him to erase the Magazine from his exchange list.

Perhaps if the editor had studied *politics* less, and *temperance* more, he would have discovered his error before this.

Other papers that have published the above, on *incorrect* information, have since given a correct statement of the action of the Ohio State Temperance Convention. Will the editor of the Palladium do the same?

CHAT WITH OUR READERS.

Our "Hint to Bachelor Brethren," in a late number, has not been without effect. We have since received quite a number of letters, with "material aid," requesting us (slyly, of course) to send the Magazine to some "Miss Mary," "Jane" or "Julia," as the case might be. Bro. B. sends one dollar and a half, and says: "Send the Magazine, to the worth of the money, to Miss S. G. I am a druggist, and none of my patent medicines have yet cured me of single blessedness. I will try your remedy, and, if effectual, will cheerfully give you a certificate."

We have room on our books for "a few more of the same sort." Whenever a young lady receives the Magazine without any knowledge of who sent it, we advise her to read it carefully, say nothing, and look for the "question to be popped" in due time.

We invite particular attention to the first article in this number, by Mrs. Sheldon. She will be a regular contributor to our pages hereafter, provided our receipts are sufficient to justify us in paying for such articles. We repeat here what we have often said, the Magazine shall be improved as its subscription list increases. Every subscriber has a joint interest in extending its circulation.

A well written article, by Bro. Rounesville, referred to in our last, is unavoidably crowded out this month; it will appear next month.

AMENDMENTS TO OUR CONSTITUTIONS.

We invite the attention of the members of our Order to the following action at the last session of the National Temple, that they may consider the subject well, and be ready to act judiciously on it when it again comes up for final action in the National Temple:

Page 29, printed proceedings, sixth annual session of National Temple. Committee on Constitutions reported the following resolution, which was adopted (p. 30):

"*Resolved*, That a committee of three be appointed, whose duty it shall be to draw up and report at our next meeting a plan, to be adopted or not, at the option of each Grand Temple and Subordinate Temple, under our immediate jurisdiction, by which Subordinate Temples may admit members who shall not be compelled to contribute to, or have any claim on, our beneficial fund—they paying their regular initiation and Degree fees and their proportion of the incidental expenses of their respective Temples."

Page 35, Proceedings. The M. W. T. appointed on that committee Bros. Van Hamm and Wadsworth, of Ohio, and Jocelyn, of Indiana.

Without consulting the other members of the above committee, we have thought of the following amendments: Constitution of GRAND TEMPLES ("Rule 15, Revenue"), strike out "shall pay not more than five per cent. of its entire receipts," and insert "shall pay, semi-annually, not more than twenty cents for each member in good standing;" and strike out "including," and insert "and at the same rate for."

Constitution of SUBORDINATE TEMPLES, Art. xi, Sec. 2, strike out "*four,*" and insert "———" (the amount to be fixed by each Grand Temple).

Add the following Sections to Art. xi:

Sec. 3. Each member, on being initiated, shall sign the Constitution and enter, opposite his name, the word "beneficial," or not, at his own option.

Sec. 4. Each "*beneficial*" member shall pay, annually, to the beneficial fund ———

dollars, payable quarterly. (The *blank* to be filled by each Grand Temple.)

Make Sec. 3 (Art. xi) Sec. 5, and insert the word "beneficial" before "member," and erase "Temple" and insert "beneficial fund."

Art. xiii, Constitution Subordinate Temples, insert the word "beneficial" before "brother," in first line.

Add to same article the following:

Sec. 2. The beneficial members shall have the sole control of the "beneficial fund," which shall be kept separate from the other funds of the Temple by the Treasurer. In voting appropriations for benefits, none but those who contribute to the beneficial fund shall vote.

The above alterations to be adopted, or not, by each Grand Temple at the next annual session. In states where adopted, each Subordinate Temple, on receiving notice thereof, shall cause their members each to decide for himself whether he will hereafter be a beneficial member or not, and his name so marked by the A. W. R. All who remain beneficial shall contribute to the beneficial fund, and, in case of sickness, be entitled to the same amount now paid. Those who do not wish to continue so, shall hereafter be released from contributing to said fund, and shall have no claim on it in case of sickness.

On a somewhat hasty consideration of this subject, we think the above is about what is wanted by those who wish the beneficial features of our Order abolished. How far it may meet the views of the other members of the committee, and the Order generally, we cannot tell. Of one thing we are assured, there are many good temperance men who would identify themselves with our Order, could they do so by paying only their share of the expense necessary to keep it up. They wish no pecuniary benefits themselves, and are unwilling to contribute to such a fund for others. With these alterations in our constitutions, we would have their co-operation and influence. Without them we lose both.

We do not see but that every member of the Order, who wishes to remain as at present in regard to benefits, would, in case these alterations are made, be just as well provided for as now. Our experience has convinced us that each state can regulate the financial matters of the Order for itself better than the National Temple can do so for it. The legislation of the National Temple for two years past is an admission of this. First, each state was allowed to fix the price of Degrees; next, that of the Charter Fee. Now, let each state regulate *all* its financial matters, the National Temple only reserving to itself the right to say that each shall contribute in proportion to its number of members to the expenses of the National Temple. This it will do by each member of the Order paying to the Grand Temple the same sum semi-annually with its returns, and Grand Temples paying, as at present, ten per cent. on all their receipts.

FRATERNAL ITEMS.

Iowa.—An application and fee were received at this office, April 12, for "Mahaska Temple of Honor, No. 4," to be located at Oskaloosa. Bro. Geo. Temple, D. M. W. T., at Burlington, will organize it.

Illinois.—There are nine Temples now at work in this state, two of which have been chartered since January 1; two others are still in existence, but did not forward returns for last term. An effort is being made for a Grand Temple, which will, no doubt, succeed, and the Grand Temple be organized before the coming meeting of the National Temple.

Vermont.—Bro. I. B. Proctor, writing from Center Rutland, April 1, sends "material aid," and says: "I have distributed the 'National Temple Tracts' you sent me, among temperance men all over the state, and I receive many letters of inquiry in regard to our Order. I expect soon to send you an application for another Temple charter; and I trust, ere long, the Green Mountain state will have a Grand Temple within her borders."

Bro. Proctor sends a copy of a petition to the legislature (which meets next October) for the Maine Law, which was got up by

Green Mountain Temple, No. 1, and has been sent over the whole state for signatures. This is a good move. Such movements are not generally made early enough, and too little time is afforded to circulate such petitions. We rejoice to see this young Temple thus lead off in this glorious work in that state. It will prove to temperance men there, that Templars are the "regulars" in the cold water army.

Massachusetts.—Bro. Russell, G. W. R., writes, from Boston, March 24: "We are increasing here. Trimount Temple has already initiated *thirty-two* this term."

Bro. J. D. Forbes, G. W. V. T., writing from Mattapoissett, March 27, says: "Our Temple, Nazarite, No. 6, of New Bedford, is gaining beyond precedent. We number over *seventy* members, and are increasing every week. The friends of temperance generally are active, and determined to have a law prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating drinks."

New York.—R. C. Bull, G. W. R., writes, March 18: "Bro. O. Camp, G. W. V. T., instituted a new Temple at Sag Harbor, Long Island, on the 5th inst. The applicants are a first rate set of men and the Temple will prosper."

Indiana.—Bro. George Rogers, writing from Lafayette, March 27, sends "material aid," and says: "Our Order is prospering here better than ever before. We have had *forty-three* initiations this term, and expect to have fifty before its close. We number over one hundred members.

"The *Social Degree* is doing still better, and numbers one hundred and twenty members. It is much liked. Some two weeks ago, we organized the Social Degree in Crawfordsville, and conferred the Degree on twenty-nine members that evening."

We have *twenty-four* subscribers in Lafayette, which we *guess* is one reason the Order is so prosperous there.

Bro. W. W. Austin, writing from Richmond, April 11, sends "material aid," and says: "I am much pleased with the Magazine, and will do all I can for it. We number forty members and are doing well. We intend to obtain the Social Degree works as soon as we can."

Many thanks, brother, for the interest you take in the Magazine. Glad to hear from you often in the same way, and promise your Temple an additional initiation for every copy of the Magazine taken in your place.

Michigan.—Bro. G. P. Chapin, G. W. R., writing from Adrian, April 13, sends "material aid," and says: "We have lately organized Almont Temple, No. 18, at Almont. We had quite a warm time at our charter election this spring. The strife was mainly between temperance and the rum party; and, on election day, rum was free to all its devotees. The *result* was, every man elected was a pure temperance man. We are working for the Maine Law, and *expect to get it.*"

OUR EXCHANGE LIST.

We make alterations in our list of exchanges almost every month. We exchange with many weekly papers that are filled with politics and other matter of no use to us. Papers of this description wishing an exchange, are expected to notice the Magazine, at least semi-occasionally. Those that do *not* are, after a few months, dropped. We hope no editor or publisher will take offense at this. If our work is not worth an occasional notice, its loss will not be seriously felt.

Our work is published lower than most others, though worth as much as most of the two dollar publications. When we exchange with works, the prices of which are much greater than ours and the matter really worth more, we intend to make up the difference by such notices of terms, contents, &c., as we can find room for.

THE BOSTON CARPET-BAG.

The editors of this popular paper lately gave us a *leetle* the best notice we have yet seen, for which they have our thanks; and, the next time we visit the "city of notions," they can take our "antiquated beaver."

We are too modest to copy the notice, but if our readers will buy No. 2 of the second volume they can see it. The Carpet-Bag is *published* weekly by Wilder, Pickard & Co., at $2 00 a year, and is worth twice the money. R. E. Edwards, 115 Main Street, is the Cincinnati agent.

NATIONAL AND GRAND TEMPLE MEETINGS.

NATIONAL TEMPLE.—The National Temple of Honor of the United States will hold its SEVENTH ANNUAL SESSION, in *Indianapolis, Indiana*, commencing on Wednesday, June 16, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

J. WADSWORTH, M. W. R.

NEW YORK.—The regular annual session of the Grand Temple will commence on Wednesday, May 26, at the Hall of Utica Temple, No. 39, in the city of Utica. Representatives are requested to be punctual in their attendance.

REUBEN C. BULL, G. W. R.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The annual session of the Grand Temple will be held in the city of Philadelphia, at Franklin Hall, Sixth street near Arch, on the third Thursday (20th) of May, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

JOHN P. SIMONS, G. W. R.

TENNESSEE.—The annual session of the Grand Temple will be held in Nashville, on the third Wednesday (21st) of May, at 9½ o'clock, in Temple Hall.

HUGH CARROLL, G. W. R.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The annual Session of the Grand Temple will be held in the city of Boston, on the second Wednesday (12th) of May. GEO. E. RUSSELL, G. W. R.

MARYLAND.—The Grand Temple of Maryland, will hold its annual session in Baltimore, on the second Wednesday (12th) of May, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

WM. H. TARR, G. W. R.

MICHIGAN.—The Grand Temple of Michigan will hold its annual session in Temple Hall, Adrian, on Wednesday the 19th of May. G. P. CHAPIN, G. W. R.

GRAND TEMPLE OF HONOR OF KENTUCKY will hold its *annual session* in the city of Louisville, on the *third Wednesday*, 19th of May, 1852, in *Central Hall*, on Market st. A punctual attendance of all members of the same is respectfully solicited, as business of importance will be brought before them. WM. H. JOHNSON, SR., G. W. R.

INDIANA.—The fifth annual session of the Grand Temple of Indiana will be held at Mount Vernon, Posey county, on Wednesday, May 26, 1852, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

C. WOODWARD, G. W. R.

OHIO.—The annual session of the Grand Temple of Ohio will be held in Foster Hall, corner of Fifth and Walnut streets, Cincinnati, on the fourth Tuesday (25th) of May, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

J. WADSWORTH, G. W. R.

MARRIED:

ON Tuesday evening, March 16, in the city of Fort Smith, Arkansas, by the Rev. C. Washburn, Bro. R. O. HALLIWELL, B. V. T., to Mrs. CAROLINE DARBY, all of the Social Degree of the Temple of Honor.

In New Castle, Pennsylvania, March 17, at the House of Dr. N. White, CHARLES S. GARRETT, P. W. C. T. of Lawrence Temple, No. 61, to Sister MARY J. PRITCHARD, both of New Castle.

DIED:

IN Reynoldsburg, Ohio, February 22, Sister ELLEN MILLS, consort of Bro. Nelson T. Mills.

The Social Degree of which she was a member, her friends and family, have suffered an irreparable loss—but it is her everlasting gain. Appropriate resolutions were passed by the Social Degree.

THE
TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE.

CINCINNATI, JUNE, 1852.

GEORGE LANSING.

BY WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE.

"Do you attend the Division to-night?" asked Robert Stillwell of George Lansing, as they arose from the supper table at their boarding-house, in a small village in Central Illinois.

"I think not," was the response. "I have been but seldom of late, and, to tell the truth, time drags heavily with me in the Division room."

"But it should not," said Robert. "You who are such a devoted friend of temperance, should be able to make the hours pass at least cheerfully whenever a meeting is held to promote that object. You were not always so indifferent to the claims of the Division."

"No, not always; but the fact is, that humdrum ceremony, every word of which I know, and every part of which I could perform with my eyes shut, has become a great bore, and I cannot endure it. There is neither beauty, strength, nor expression, about it, after seeing it performed a few times."

"I am aware, George, that the ceremony might be improved; but it certainly has done much good, and we should overlook some imperfections on that account, if no other."

"Ah, that is all well enough, I admit; but still it does not prevent one from yawning when it is being performed. Can't help it; but my interest in that musty old ceremony is lost. If we only could have a revision, perhaps it might be endured; but as it is, I can see no hopes for myself. I have no notion of returning to my old habits, but you must excuse me from professing to love what I absolutely abhor."

"But do you not owe others something for that kindness and care shown you while under the influence of a degrading habit? Do not honor and gratitude require you to throw your influence and give your time in favor of the cause which has done so much for you?"

"O, certainly; I trust I am not ungrateful for the favors of my friends, or forgetful of those who need my aid. Show me a way to work effectually in the cause, and here is a zealous heart and a strong hand for the business. When good can be done, I would be willing to labor; but I seriously doubt whether much permanent good is to be expected from the influence of the Division. It is matter of common remark, that ours is not a permanent institution, and a glance at the Divisions around us, will convince any one that it has not proved to be so here."

"For a year or two, at least, it was prosperous, and since then its declension may be traced to other causes. A furious opposition has sprung up, and various strong influences have been brought to bear against us."

"That is true as regards our own Division, but how do you account for the fact that all others, almost without exception, are in the same predicament? Surely there are some places where these antagonistic influences are not felt, and yet in such places the Order is no more prosperous than in others."

"All societies have their days of prosperity, as well as adversity, and we cannot expect to be exempt from the general rule."

"No, I suppose not; but really I can see but little good the Order is doing at present, and I must be excused from being anything more than a 'silent partner' in the concern, till I can see a chance for a profitable exercise of my influence. Sorry it is so, but can't help it."

"I, also, am sorry it is so; not only for the sake of the cause, but for yourself. Indifference begets carelessness, and carelessness too often degenerates into folly and crime."

The two you men, whose conversation we have related, were clerks in dry goods stores in the village where they resided, and were considered as belonging to the most respectable circles. About three years before this conversation took place, George Lansing had become accustomed to his daily glass, and, on several occasions, he had been assisted home, after an evening's debauch, in a glorious state of inebriated forgetfulness. Friends had entreated and expostulated, but he seemed to travel the downward road still faster, till it was a matter of common occurrence that he was in a state of beastly intoxication. With such habits, it is not to be supposed that he could long retain his place of business, or his station in society. His employer gave him notice that his services were no longer desired, and his youthful associates grew cold and distant.

While affairs remained in this position, a Division of the Sons of Temperance was instituted in the village, and a number of young men about the age of Lansing became members. An attempt was made to induce him to make application for membership, but for sometime without success. At last, in a moment of contrition, he consented, and, in due time, was admitted and initiated through the impressive ceremonies of the Order.

He faithfully kept the pledge, and for several months the Division had no more punctual attendant than he, or the cause a more zealous and efficient advocate. Numbers were added to the temperance army through his instrumentality—he once more gained a respectable standing in society, and was received by his former employer at an advance of salary, as gratefully received as it was unexpectedly given. The demon of intemperance was almost wholly extirminated from the village, and none who had a regard for their own reputation would engage in the traffic, so unpopular had it become. The Division was emphatically *the* society of the time, and others were only of secondary importance in the reformation of the erring.

A few months passed away amid this unusual prosperity, when a decrease, at first scarcely perceptible, but soon plainly marked, was seen in the interest manifested in the good cause. Among those who seemed to have been smitten by the chill of indifference was George Lansing. At first this indifference was manifested by his late appearance at the hall; but he soon absented himself altogether. Others followed his example, and the Division room, but a few months before full of zealous members, was left almost empty. Those who yet retained their interest in the prosperity of the Order, strove to renew the flagging zeal of the members, but without success, and the Division, at the time of the opening of our tale, was sadly inefficient.

Under such a state of affairs, it could not be otherwise than that numbers, who had once been intemperate in their habits, should return to their old practices, and that others, who were wholly innocent, should be charged with having done so. The liquor influence began to be more sensibly felt as that of the temperance portion of the community waned, and grog-shops arose at the corners of the streets under the auspices of men who, but a few short months before, would have repelled the charge of their having an intention to do so as the basest slander.

It could not be otherwise than that the enemy would make sad havoc in the temperance army. Victims fell on the right hand and on the left. George Lansing was one of the fallen. A few remained true to their principles, and strove to save them; but the snares of the deceiver were too strongly woven to be broken by ordinary means. There was a general feeling among the friends of temperance that something more must be done to sustain the sinking cause, or it would be lost forever.

Though all did not speak so freely in relation to the cause, yet most attributed the failure to the same lack of interest in the affairs and ceremonies of the Division, as has already been given in the language of Lansing. It was the hasty, incongruous, and, in some cases, unmeaning ceremony, to which they were compelled to listen, that disgusted and wearied them. So it was said by those concerned, and as we are writing an "ower true tale," we record the facts as they come to our hands. They perhaps may have been mistaken; we do not vouch for these as being the actual impediments in the way of their prosperity.

* * * * * *

"Ah, Bob, how are you? I was just going to call on you on especial business; but let me have your arm, and we will talk over the matter as we walk along. I have got an application for a charter for a Temple of Honor here, and I want your name. No objections, of course!"

"I do not know! The fact is, I have become somewhat suspicious that there is something lacking in these temperance associations, or they would inspire more zeal in their advocates. Our Division prospered for a time, and now it may be doubted whether members can be got together in sufficient numbers to fill the chairs. The thing is perfectly down!"

"I am sorry to acknowledge you are correct, but perhaps we may do something better with the Temple. At least it has the advantage of all the experience, both before and since the organization of the Sons, and it would scarcely be fair to conclude that advantage has not been taken of that experience in maturing the plan of organization and work of the Temple."

"Still I doubt whether you can rely upon it as a permanent institution, and I am heartily disgusted with the gourd-like societies which grow up in a night, and wither as soon as grown. There is the old Temperance Society, the Washingtonian Society, the Rechabites, the Sons, and I know not how many others have grown up like mushrooms, and are now as if they had never been, only they have left a greater desolation than existed before."

"Then let us repair that desolation. Though you yourself will acknowledge you are wrong when you say the desolation is greater than before; for a great good has been wrought by the associations you have mentioned, yet I will not deny that the interest in them begins to flag, and perhaps they have already done their greatest work, and have accomplished their mission."

"There is George Lansing, once a zealous member of the Division, now a drunkard in the streets——"

"O, no! I beg pardon for the interruption, but for four weeks past, nothing intoxicating has passed his lips, and it is chiefly through his influence, that this project for a Temple has been started. You know his opinion in relation to the ceremonies of the Division—an opinion in which we all partially concurred. But he has been assured, that this objection does not hold against the Temple Ritual, and hence he is again zealous to do what he can to insure the organization of a Temple here."

"Well, if it will do George any good, you may have my name, but I have many doubts of the result."

"Perhaps so, but we should always hope for the best, even when the prospects are not as clear as we could wish."

"Let me know when you institute; for I suppose I must come in now I have given my name."

"I must say you are the most discouraged advocate of temperance that I have seen for many a day; but you will alter your tone when we get our Temple in operation."

"God grant it; for I feel enough the need of it?"

"Amen, say I!"

In due time, the Temple was instituted, and a goodly number became members—more, in fact, than the most sanguine friends of the measure had dared to hope. A new impetus seemed to be given to the cause, the hopes of the sober portion of the community were strengthened, and their zeal increased. Many who, under the influence of strong habit, had returned to their cups, were reclaimed, and became members of the new Temple. Public attention was directed to the subject of temperance, and public meetings became more common than ever before. Those who had opposed the institution of the Temple from conscientious motives, were now ranked among its most zealous supporters, and many of them were enrolled among its members. But the estimation in which the Order was held, and its effects, may be learned by the following conversation which took place between George Lansing, and Robert Stillwell, about six months after the institution of the Temple.

"Brisk times these, Bob! The rummies are decidedly in a decline, the temperance folks in the ascendant. Temple just the thing, is 'nt it?"

"Just about the thing, George, I think myself. I do not see how 'the thing' could be made any better, and, as you say, it is doing a good work. After all, I think you are about right when you said the work of the Division needed revision. I can hardly attribute our present prosperity to any thing else than that stronger and closer bond of union which is furnished by the Temple."

"You may well say that—that stronger and closer bond was my salvation, Bob! A body without a soul may be beautiful, but it lacks the living influence. It is cold and unfeeling. Such to me at least was our first society. But, like the living, breathing, working body, is our last."

"And have you noticed how much more punctual our Templars are in their attendance on the Division than before?"

"O, certainly! One cannot help noticing it. They are awake to the interests of mankind, and of the Order more especially, hence they go, as a matter of duty, to the common cause."

"That is doubtless the case, and I thank God that we have at last found something that will incite our friends to do their duty."

"Amen to that! And here's a health to all good temperance men, be they Templars, Sons, Rechabites, or Washingtonians, in 'pure, sparkling water,'" exclaimed Lansing, as he seized a glass filled with the sparkling liquid, and drained it to the bottom.

"I will join you in that sentiment, heart, body and soul!" responded Stillwell, as he drained another; "Temperance now, temperance forever, all kinds of true temperance men, and Templars especially!"

"No objection to that toast!" exclaimed Lansing, and two glasses of cold water hurt nobody," and again he emptied his glass.

The temperance cause still remains prosperous in the village of N——, and Temple and Division work harmoniously together, but it would be difficult to convince temperance men there, that they did not owe a meed of gratitude to the solemn obligations, imposing ceremonies and "stronger bonds," of the Temple of Honor.

A GOSSIP OF PILFERINGS.

BY THE DOCTOR.

Upon a certain occasion, the particulars of which are not important to the preservation of the public welfare, there came into my possession the composition satchel of a little school girl about thirteen years old. You may guess that the quaint package of scraps, that had accumulated therein, contained a droll variety of girlish fancies. I laid it by to rummage and ruminate upon some dull, gloomy, sleety day—just such as the present is—and perhaps, too, with the fancied hope, that, out of it, I might hash up a chapter of "gossip" without much mental labor. I find, among the collection, some very pretty things—and some imaginative little paragraphs, that, let us hope, are the bud of a rich and fragrant future bloom. Will you listen to a stray fragment or so? Truly yours,

The Doctor.

The Little Brook.

A little silvery brook played along over the pebbles to the song of the wind in the trees, and sweetly murmured as its meandering course brought it to a place where the bright waters fell over projecting stones and formed a sparkling little caskade.

Bright sunbeams danced among the flowers and over the surface of the rippling brook, and pleasant winds tittered in the green leaves—while birds of joyous tone mingled their voices with the song of winds and waters.

The mossy margins were decked with wild wood flowers, that love to bloom in the shade, and the pure white bells of the lily of the valley kissed the face of the brook, and the tiny forget-me-not lifted up its sweet blue eyes to the sun's rays, and seemed to rejoice in the gladness of nature.

In the stillness of night one bright shining star ever stood in the blue heavens over the gladsome brook, and softly beamed upon the sparkling waves; and a group of tiny fairies lightly danced on the green mossy bank, till a peep of day warned them to leave their revels.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF CAROLINE.

She was my companion and playmate from the cradle to the grave. Hand in hand we have rambled over hills and dales, and green fields, plucking daisies and buttercups, and twining garlands of violets, and bluebells, with naught in our childish hearts but innocence and glee.

Together we chased the butterfly, built tiny houses under the old elm, shared the same table, the same bench and book at school, and, in all our little plays and frolics, we were ever the same.

But, alas! she is gone: fell disease seized her in the beauty of childhood. * * * Spring has come, and, with it, early flowers, and songs of birds, but she is not here to enjoy them with me. The green grass waves over her early grave, and the blue violet buds and blossoms at her side, but she knows it not.

Her pure spirit was called, before it was tainted and polluted by the snares and vices of this wicked world, to a more congenial clime, where angels and the pure in heart praise God forever and ever.

HOW SOON ALL BRIGHT THINGS FADE!

The lovely plant that delights us with its bright flowers and sweet fragrance, blooms but a short time; chilling frosts nip it, and autumn winds sing its requium!

The dew drops sparkling in the morning beams glitter like diamonds on the grass, leaves and flowers, and are drank up by the thirsty sunbeams. So, too, when the dark evergreens hang with thousands of bright sparkling icicles and every twig shines with resplendence, the same heartless rays of the bright sun soon destroy the fanciful scene.

The beautiful sunset clouds, heaped up in rich piles of purple and gold, and the rainbow in the heavens, charm the eye for a few moments and then slowly fade from the sight.

A SUNBEAM.

A sunbeam danced on the green grass, and each sparkling dewdrop, like a prism, reflected the beautiful green, and, instead of one ray of white light, the seven rainbow hues were there. Then it glided over the surface of a little brook, and the sparkling waves became like a sheet of silver, in which the green foliage of the overhanging trees were beautifully blended with the golden and silver clouds.

It dwelt awhile in the heart of a blushing rose, and revived to life some little insects that were reposing there.

Then it crossed the path of an aged man, and not only fell in his path but on his heart; it brought back memories that had slumbered for years, and he thought of his childhood's home, where the sunbeams had gleamed through the trees, and gamboled with sunny childhood on the greensward.

It glanced through the window of a lonely and bereaved one and cheered her sad hours; for she thought of the little child that had stood at her knee when a sister sunbeam had darted amid its silken curls, and the little child had rejoiced, for it knew summer was near.

It smiled on the bright flowers and drank the dew, and then, as it glittered across the ocean waves, the mariner was glad, for he thought of his home and friends, and the sunbeam cheered his heart, for it had smiled on his home that was far away.

Then, as the night dews began to fall, the sunbeam returned to its home, leaving the heart of the aged and the bereaved full of happy thoughts as they dwelt upon the past; and a new golden tint on the bright opening flower, and the wing of the merry insect. The voice of the gladsome stream was more joyous than before, and I said in my heart, "Sunbeam—what gift hath the world like thee!"

So closes the first chapter of ruminations on the fragments and fancies of a pretty little girl of thirteen. When moons shall wax and wane, and new seasons come in their ceaseless round, mayhap some fortunate accident may throw in our way a new package, breathing, instead of the fresh odors of childhood, the throbbing aspirations and jealous rivalries of girl womanhood.

A WINTER EVENING CONVERSATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE DOVE."

THE wind howled in wild gusts, and the sleet, snow and rain, pattered against the windows of a snug little parlor. Before the glowing grate was seated a quiet looking old lady, opposite to her was her nephew, a young man, upon whose face she gazed with such a motherly fondness, that her countenance was quite radiant from affection.

The aunt smiled, and resumed her knitting, as if well satisfied with that long look of admiring love. The next time she looked up, Henry had closed his book, and was musingly gazing upon the fire. The twilight was deepening, and the spirit of the young man seemed to have traveled off, on some beautiful thought, awakened by that closed book. With a feminine instinct the aunt had discerned the thought; for when the young man looked round to reveal it to her, he saw, by her smile, that she knew of what he was thinking. He drew his seat nearer to her whom he had known only as a mother, and smiled—

"Well, aunt Anne! I am conjugating that verb, *conjugo*, and noting how it differs from *conjungo*. Throughout the one conjugation, I feel a most delectable union, harmony, melting, flowing of souls together, while with the other, through all of its moods and tenses, I feel the weight of a yoke pressing upon my neck; the very word itself reminds me of a Pegasus and an ox yoked together, bound in a harness, the one plodding contentedly upon the dull earth, the other, with dilated eye and quivering nostril, spurning the rude earth, and seeking to gain aerial hights in its native heavens. Now, my dear aunt, a Pegasus could not be happy under such circumstances; and as, from my youth up, you have taught me to look upon marriage as the holiest state of man, and absolutely essential to happiness, you must teach me how to avoid the *yoke conjugal*, and attain to the *union-conjugial*."

"The difference between the two is indeed great," replied Miss Morton, "for the one is as uncomfortable as this wintry tempest that reigns without: it freezes human souls; while the other is warm and genial as is this fireside scene, which induces a spirit of lovingness and mutual confidence."

Henry looked up to respond to that "spirit of lovingness," and said,

"Well, my dear aunt, when I read the revelations of this book, of how God has created for every human being a reflex of himself, in whom he may love himself out of himself, I have the most ardent desire to meet this second *self*. But how am I to know when I do meet her? That is the problem that puzzles me; for I so often think that I have found such a one, and awaken to a bitter disappointment, that I fear that some day in this delusion I may bind myself irrevocably, for this life, to some woman, and shall afterward discover my mistake. And then *I*, of all men, will be most miserable. Your very teachings will render me so; for this book, from which you have instructed me from my boyhood up, reveals to me the perfect beauty and blessedness of a well-assorted union—of a pure love. And my nature is so ardent, and I so much desire to have some one to love, and I so much enjoy the society of women, that I am constantly running risks of committing myself. The fact is, dear aunt Anne, you have spoiled me. I have lived with you so much, that now I cannot live without seeing a woman. And oftentimes, when I seat myself in my desolate college room, after resisting all manner of temptations on the part of the students to draw me into some wild frolic, I grow desperate over my books, and am ready to dash them through the walls, and I fly from them to the warm, bright parlors of the *belles* of N——. The very sight of the graceful, smiling beings, and their pretty ways and feminine employments and amusements, charm me; and I am always falling in love, only to fall out of it again. And this is a bad state of things."

Miss Morton sympathized with her warm-hearted nephew, and said,

"You showed this propensity, my dear boy, when in your childhood. Do you remember the rapturous flame awakened in your heart on your eleventh birth-day by the exquisite dancing of pretty little Mary C., and how, at the end of three days, the enchantment ceased, 'because she flirted with another boy,' and she became to you only a common mortal?"

"Well, my dear aunt," said Henry, laughingly, "if you remember that affair so well, I need not narrate to you some half-dozen of precisely the same character. But I want you to tell me how I shall avoid the mistake of thinking that every beautiful woman who charms my fancy was *created* for me. For I assure you, I wish to preserve my every feeling and thought to be devoted to that one."

"I am truly glad to hear you say so, Henry," Miss Morton replied, "for that inconstant love of variety which is common to some young men, is truly detestable and demoralizing. I can easily perceive how a true-hearted, ardent young man, may often be misled by the extravagant admirations which his nature prompts him to bestow upon every pretty and pleasing woman. But that he should delight in new faces and differences of character, simply because they are new, is quite another thing. In the first case, the warmth of man's nature is kept alive; while in the second he grows perfectly cold, because he is not pleased *out* of himself, but only wishes to please himself."

"Well," said Henry, "it is some comfort to realize that my disappointments have been made to serve some use. But I am getting to be too much of a man to continue in these oft-repeated mistakes; and you are a woman, aunt Anne, and you ought to be able to give me some clue by which I may recognize this one very charming and beautiful little being after whom I am always searching, and whom I assure you I shall love, when I do find her, after a fashion that very few women have been loved."

Miss Morton smiled with a very believing expression, when she looked upon that handsome, refined, intellectual, heart-glowing face.

"That is true, Henry," she said; for I educated you to be a husband. I have done what I could to insure the happiness of *one* woman in this world, and from constant reference to the future comfort and well being of this individual, I have a pretty definite idea of her in my thought and affections."

Ah, now it was that the light of joy, hope and satisfaction, flashed over the pleased face of the youth. He looked as if he would pierce through the material form of his aunt to see into her spirit world, and there behold the image of his beloved.

Foolish young man! Why did he not look into his own spirit world; for, without doubt, at that moment the maiden stood beside him. But it was through the wise and good aunt that her image was revealed to his loving thought, there to be enshrined forever, guarding him from the delusions of sensual passions.

"In the first place, my dear Henry, this second self, this reflex of your own being, must bear a certain resemblance to you. Dissimilars cannot be *united*—only similars; and similarity of thought and feeling must lead to an external similarity of form and countenance. The material body is molded on the spirit, and must be, in a measure, an exponent of its general characteristics. We readily perceive this in our every day experience, that the flashing black eyes and raven hair of the *brunette* betoken a character of mind and heart very different from those of the soft blue eyes and flaxen ringlets of the delicate *blonde*. Hence you see that the Providence of God has not left us without certain marks and signs in the external form, by which man may recognize his *own*."

Henry looked musingly into the glowing fire, and said,

"Well, this is a new idea to me; for I have generally been attracted by my opposites."

"Yes," said Miss Morton, "we readily *admire* that which is different from ourselves. But to form a perfect union with it is impossible. A union can only result from a harmony of tastes, of thoughts and feelings. Lay aside the idea of marriage entirely, and bring together two persons of entirely opposite tastes. For instance, take a distinguished linguist, who talks of nothing but of philology and the ancients, who has buried himself amidst the 'roots' of the past, and put such one to live with an eminent musician who soars on beautiful sounds into an aerial world of delights; the one may admire the other profoundly, but can they ever effect any thing in concert? Will not the sweet sounds of the one jar on the abstruse studies of the other, and from the want of appreciation in the abstract scholar, the musician must feel his own delight in his music impaired? for we can only truly enjoy that which gives delight to others.

"Now, on the other hand, imagine the scholar associated with one who entered into all of his grammatical lore—with one who would aid him in his difficult researches, and would rejoice with him over every new discovery—can you not see that his being would be doubled, as it were? And the sensitive musician, if he played to a music-loving soul, with a delicately cultivated ear, what rich gushes of harmony would he not be inspired to pour forth to such a listener! He would gain in strength and power through such an association."

"Yes, yes," said Henry, "I see now that admiration may exist where there is no accord of sympathy; for there is no doubt but that the simple-hearted musician might entertain a very profound admiration for the learned scholar."

"And you see, also," resumed Miss Morton, "that we can only *love* in others that which assimilates them to themselves. So far as we see our images reflected in them, just so far they are *one* with us. And it is this oneness of thought, this harmony and unity of feeling, that constitutes love. And this, my dear Henry, is an effect flowing from an immutable principle of truth. For this is the nature of the love of God to man, just so far as we reflect the divine image of purity and holiness and peace and love, are we *one* with God and recipients of his love. We must make his thought our thought—his ways our ways—and then we can perceive his nature; otherwise we know him and acknowledge him only externally, even as the musician would know and acknowledge the outer man of the grammarian, without the least perception and appreciation of his internal thought and feeling."

"I thank you, my dear aunt," said Henry, "this subject of love begins to grow clearer to me. But you must particularize a little more upon the nature of woman's love; for, in the pursuits of science and art, I can clearly see that a oneness of wisdom is essential to unity of action. For instance, I see clearly, as the fable teaches, that the 'fuller and the charcoal-burner' could not enter into a copartnership without excessive detriment to the one, however favorably they might be disposed the one toward the other; and I see, also, that a merchant and doctor could not act as one, because their *ends* are different. But with woman, my dear aunt, she has no *ends* of life. She simply falls in with those of the man she marries."

"There you are mistaken, my dear boy," replied Miss Morton: "Woman has ends of being. There can be no *life* without an end or object for which it exists. And woman's individuality and distinctness of being is preserved in her union with man; otherwise, she would cease to be a responsible moral agent. And heretofore we have spoken only of earthly ends. But the enduring, eternal ends, are *moral*, *spiritual* ends. A woman may lend herself to all the outer concerns of a man's life, and prove herself a help meet for him in his business. This makes them one in their outer life—and may constitute largely to an external prosperity. But there is also an inner life, in which your illustration of Pegasus and the ox may be demonstrated. One may love God and the other the world. One may be selfish and the other generous—or one of a mild, genial temperament, and the other harsh and irritable. Now, if external dissimilarity so plainly mars the progress and success of action in life, it is a thousand fold more trying and more detrimental when the dissimilarity is internal. It is hard indeed for a spiritual fuller to keep himself clear and unspotted, when hourly and momentarily associated with a spiritual charcoal-burner.

"To make this clear to you, I will imagine cases for you. Suppose a man having a noble, generous disposition, should marry a woman of a mean, avaricious nature; would not his generosity be hampered and constrained at once? for the will of the wife would be arrayed against the thought of the husband: and this will, allying itself to the innate selfishness of the heart of man, would finally dominate, and the noble traits of the man be finally submerged into a careful pains-taking for this life. The love of seeing others happy would gradually die out, and the man would be as avaricious as the woman—the fuller would become as dirty as the charcoal dealer."

Henry laughed. "Well," said he, "so much for case number one—I will not marry an avaricious woman."

"Case number two would reach yet further," said his aunt; "suppose the woman is all that is good and amiable and agreeable; and is of a different form of faith or religion from the man whom she marries. How entirely is their inner life separated! if she loves her doctrine, it must influence her every thought and feeling, hence, if her doctrine differs from his, there must also be a difference in their minutest thought and feeling; and this difference must forever grow and increase with the daily accession of thought and feeling; so that a hundred years hence would find them further apart than the first hour of their married life."

"My dear aunt, marriage is actually beginning to appear to me like a Scylla and Charibdis. If a woman unites herself to my natural evils, she sinks me to perdition; if we differ in our spiritual goods, we are like leashed hounds, yoked together but dragging different ways. This is horrible," said Henry—"and I, also, will not marry a woman out of my church. I am cured for a time of falling headlong in love. When I see a woman I must first take an inventory of her hair and eyes, complexion, features, stature, temperament, disposition, natural qualities, acquired habits, and the form of her faith. Behold what a Procrustean bed you have made for me to measure a woman upon; there will never be one that is not too long or too short, I fear," said Henry. "I begin to be disenchanted. My visions of love are melting away. The fact is, philosophy and love do not go together."

"There again you are mistaken, dear Henry; if by philosophy you mean wisdom—for wisdom and love do go together. I have held up to your view contrarieties, that you may avoid them, and the unhappiness attending an ill assorted marriage.

"But we will turn now to the beautiful truth, that God has created for you *one* exactly adapted to your every want. My vision opens to future years, when, after trials and temptations from within and without, that have been resisted and overcome, you are a *man*, pure, noble and meek and wise, filled with the image of the humanity of the Divine Jesus. Ah then, dear Henry! I see beside you the image of a fair girl; she leans upon you with such a feminine grace and lovingness, that I too would delight to kiss that pure brow, and those rosy, balmy lips, and to touch the soft velvet of her cheek, and stroke back the silky brown hair, and watch the light of love gleaming from the hazel eyes, vailed by the transparent fringed lids; when I see this beautiful bride, even in a dream of fancy, already my heart swells in gratitude to the God of Love who has created for his children so beautiful a happiness."

Henry was seated by the table, leaning on his hand that he might shade his face; but, when his aunt paused, he said: "Pray go on, dear aunt, my whole being is filled with delight and satisfaction, and I can listen to you now, without even wearying."

"When you meet with this maiden, of my dreams, dear Henry, you will have no more doubts, no more uncertainties—you will not judge her by outward mark or sign, she will seem to you but as the completion of your own existence; her love will flow into your thought, her being will write itself with yours as spontaneously and naturally as the electric fluid of positive and negative poles seek each other and form an equilibrium. All that man has to do in this beautiful love, is to prepare himself by a pure and holy life for it, and when he has become a fit recipient, the Lord gives it to him as a divine gift. Through His providence the *two* are brought together and the *one* is formed. Henceforth life is a blessedness, it is overflowing with the most beautiful uses; while man as to his body is yet upon earth, heaven has dawned upon his soul and he lives in the purest delight of which his being is capable.

"To attain this state, dear Henry, one can willingly push away the false and transitory passions of youth."

"Ah, yes," said Henry—"Aunt Anne! how much do I owe you. You cannot judge or realize what a safe-guard you have thrown around my youth by teaching me this beautiful truth. The passions of youth are so impetuous, they are headlong streams that cannot be dammed up by force. They must be guided into deep, wide, sure channels, that they may flow on peacefully and pure and reflect the heavens. Otherwise they carry destruction and ruin with them.

"When I realize through your instructions that the good God has created man for a pure, holy and eternal union with woman, the wild waves of passion cease their billowy commotion and it is as if I stood in the presence of a Divine Sun, and its glorious light and warmth exhaled from these waters a dewy freshness. I am filled with an inner joy of being."

Henry arose and walked toward the window and drew back the heavy folds of the curtain. "See! aunt Anne," he said, "the storm has abated, and the stars are shining in the heavens."

Miss Morton joined him at the window, and he said, "just such a thick curtain of ignorance and sensualism has this night been withdrawn from my mind and calm stars are shining in the heaven of my thoughts."

"Ah! how beautiful are the stars," said Miss Morton, "and how the thought mounts up from star to star, to that great central, inner Sun, around which they all revolve, and which holds them by a common attraction in one universal whole. Ah! that dwelling of God—what human thought can pierce to the inner sanctuary of that Divine Being, who, from this center of light and life, beholds his created universe and reads the thought and feeling of each finite being whom he has created in his image.

"And when we look upon the peopled stars, dear Henry, and think that now at this very moment, on each shining orb, are hearts beating with love, and eyes beaming with the tenderest affections, and beautiful friendly words are being spoken, how fully we realize the one common life that binds us to God, from whom all this gentle, tender love is received; and how high and holy is the *use* of love when it thus forms the link between God and his creation—for loving human hearts in the stars, are as the animal spirit in the drops of blood, it is that in which the soul dwells, and the star, without the love of united hearts, would be as the drops of blood without the life giving spirit. God could no longer dwell in such a star, even as the soul of the finite body could no longer in such a drop of blood."

"That is indeed a beautiful truth," said Henry. "But tell me, aunt Anne! whence come all the beautiful thoughts, the knowledges and science which you have of such subjects?"

The young man gazed with admiring eyes on the beloved aunt, as he thus spoke, and the woman of fifty seemed to him, on this starry evening, like a blooming, loving maiden. Ah, he was seeing through the outer vail of the perishing flesh, into the inner world of the spirit, and he there beheld a being radiant with intelligence, and glowing with pure sentiments and tender feeling. Yes, she who to the passing stranger was but a plain, quiet, uninteresting "old maid," was to him a beautiful, loving woman.

But she turned away from the window, and said, "We will sit by the fire, Henry, and I will answer your question.

"In the first place, my knowledge and science comes from the book which you see me reading so often. For thirty years it has been my study, and as it is a divine revelation of God to man, concerning the mysteries of the human heart, and the great problem of life, of course I, from long study, see more in it than you do by one hasty perusal; for revelation proceeding from an Infinite mind, even though it is adapted to our finite capacity from having been made through a like finite mind, in a proper state of illumination, is still full of infinite things, and, at every new reading, something beautiful and true is revealed to our perceptions.

"But science and knowledge alone, dear Henry, do not awaken the perceptive faculties of woman—they rather grow upon her feeling, as does the body upon its indwelling spirit; the science of woman is molded upon her love. I, too, have been *young*, Henry."

"And have *loved*," said he, with respectful sympathy. "Ah, yes," she replied, with a beaming, happy smile—"and do yet love and will forever love."

Tears glittered in her eyes, but they did not sadden the expressive face; they only lent to it a new radiance.

"It will be such a pleasure to me to talk to you, to reveal to you the inner happiness and beauty of my existence, if it will not tire you," said she to her attentive nephew.

"O, Aunt!" said he, "to *know* you more perfectly that I may love you better, will be a new joy added to my life."

"Well," said she, "you must know that thirty years ago, I met with the man for whom *I* was created."

"Ah!" said he, "that is indeed interesting; tell me all about it? Was it like a miracle? And how did it happen?"

"It happened," she said, "like any ordinary occurrence of life. I was walking with your mother, who was then quite a little girl, for she was ten years younger than I; we had been to see an old blind woman, a pensioner of my mother—we had spent a long afternoon with her, I reading in the Bible to her and your mother helping to put her scanty wardrobe in order.

"We were very happy, as we walked home through a shady green lane. Ah, how plainly I see that lane now, and the ditch, over which poor little Lucy sprang to pluck a flower to take to our mother; but her foot slipped and she sank to the earth with a cry of pain. I was at her side in a moment, but the slightest movement gave her excrutiating pain. I knew not what to do—it was growing late and I feared to leave her, for it was a full half mile to our home, and I knew that moments would be ages to her—I sat on the bank and she lay in my arms in such excessive pain, that she grew white and faint. I was in the greatest grief and perplexity, when I saw a gentleman approaching on horseback. It seemed to me that never had anything occurred so opportunely—I thanked God, that he had sent me help.

"It was a stranger, but that mattered not, for he instantly approached me, and it was as if I had known him all my life.

"He looked at the suffering child, and said some bone must be broken; she pointed to her foot, he examined it and found it dislocated—he spoke so cheeringly and tenderly to Lucy, told her that it was nothing to a fracture, and he could put it right in a moment, if she would permit him. Lucy smiled through her pain and said, "Oh yes." He assured her that he would hurt her a vast deal for a moment and then it would all be over; and while he spoke it was done. His every action was to me beautiful, though I had then no thought of him but as a helpful, kind stranger—I did not know that my eternal destinies were linked with his.

"He bound up the delicate little ankle with his handkerchief, and talked all the while so kindly; and then carefully plucking the flowers which had tempted Lucy to the painful leap, he lifted her gently on his horse, and, walking by her side and holding her on, we all went home together.

"I found that my father was well acquainted with the stranger; he was a young lawyer just commencing practice in our village. And from henceforth, Mr. George Hartman was a constant visitor in our family. From the first, he devoted himself to me, even when he was ministering to Lucy; his heart seemed filled with sympathy for my distress; he felt that I leaned upon him for help; his thought was wisdom to me. And as we began, so it ever was even afterward. I never saw him approach without that same thrill of delight, that same gratitude to God. To love him seemed to me as natural as it was to breathe; I never thought of concealment, I never thought to hide what a joy it was to me to see him come, and he seeing that it gave me happiness came every day.

"Ah, those beautiful days, when I felt his loving, protecting arm around me, and leant upon his breast, and listened to his beautiful words. A vast, new world of thought and feeling was opened to me. I realized so fully that God was all in all, that our every joy and happiness emanated from him, and that this life was but a preparation for the beautiful spirit life. Ah, how much he dwelt upon that, and how often he said to me, 'My sweet Anne! death will not divide us. It will only draw us nearer to each other.' What a providence there was in his teachings. God prepared me through him for my whole future life, and what a joy and blessing he was to me, and is to me, and will ever be."

Miss Morton turned again that beaming happy look upon her nephew, and said:

"O, Henry, you do not know, and can never realize, what a joy it is to a woman to *love*—to pour forth her overflowing affections into the high and beautiful thought of a wise and good man. And how his thoughts dwelt with me, and I dressed them up in the rich and delicate garbs of my feminine fancy, and how he loved to hear me talk. It often amused me, to see with what delighted interest he would listen to his own thoughts, when they were dressed anew in my fancies: he loved his own wisdom in me—while I had nothing but what I received through him.

"And how many plans we made for our future loving life. How good and wise we were to grow, like the angel of God—and how much good we would do for others. And all this was to begin so soon. And he was so happy. And I daily thanked the Lord that he had created for me this beautiful happiness—and that he had made me capable of giving so much pleasure to this gifted being.

"Business called Mr. Hartman to the West; he must make a long, perilous journey, before the happy married life began. It was a trial, but we both cheerfully submitted ourselves to a necessity.

"I can never forget our parting; every hour was spent with me that he could spare, the few days before his departure. Never did he seem so to yearn for my society, and enjoy it to such a degree, each time that he left me. It was I, that said to him, 'Ah, now indeed, it is time that you should go'—and he would yet linger and say the moments were so short. It is a pleasure to recall this and realize how his spirit clung to mine.

"Sometimes he would say, in the midst of his rapturous love, 'But, dear Anne, what if I should never come back,' and I would say, 'Ah, we will not speak of so great a sorrow.' Then, with a serious air, he would say, 'We know not what God may see necessary for our eternal good; but promise me, my own sweet love, that, whatever sorrow may come, you will trust in God, and raise your thoughts and affections to him. Remember, Anne, that heaven and an eternal life is before us. And should an accident happen to me, and I should never see you again in this world, remember that my spirit is linked in an indissoluble union with yours—and if I am freed from the body, my spirit will at once be with you, never again to leave you; for, in the immaterial spirit-world, time and space no longer bind the loving heart of man. So you will not be unhappy, dear Anne, whatever may happen to me. You will make yourself useful so long as God sees fit to leave you in this world—and, when you die, I will have a beautiful home prepared for you in the bright heaven world—and we will together worship our Lord forever—and forever grow more young and beautiful, and wise and loving, in his pure and holy presence.'

"I listened to all of these words, then loving him for them, but not at all realizing their future inestimable value to me. God was good to me, that he caused these words to be spoken to me.

"Finally the last day, the last hour and moment, arrived. Ah, with what a love he pressed me to his heart, and turned back yet again, when all was over, to have me promise him that I would not be unhappy.

"I laid my cheek on his, and said I can never be really unhappy while you love me, and I can love you; whether you are in this world or the next.

"He was satisfied, and, as I caught his last fond glance, he looked like a radiant spirit—and his last words were, 'Be happy, Anne!' and he pointed upward.

"Three weeks afterward, a letter came from a physician announcing his death. Had I been without a sure and definite faith, dear Henry, my life would have been ever after useless and unprofitable. But, from the first hour of my knowledge of my bereavement, I seemed to hear a spirit voice saying, 'Be happy, Anne!" And I rose above the disappointment of my hopes on earth; for I could say, with a certain knowledge, 'In heaven the beautiful loving life will be realized!'

"And I thought, and knew so well, how beautiful my soul's beloved partner was now looking in the light of heaven. And I felt that an angel of God stood ever beside me, and encouraged me to be strong and do my duty. And I had, indeed, much need of my strength; for my mother was lying in a lingering illness and I was her nurse—no hand could minister to her as mine.

"Day and night I watched and waited by the sick couch of my beloved mother. I told her of my hopes, and how my sorrow was changed into joy. She, too, was going to that bright world, and every day I gave her messages for my beloved one. I said, 'Tell him, his wishes will be the rule of my life. I will be useful to every one whom God permits me to serve.' I knew that my mother would tell him that I had not neglected her for a single moment to indulge in a rebellious grief.

"Then she, too, was gone; and I had much to do—a house full of younger brothers and sisters looked to me for care and sympathy; and my dear father was dependent upon me, for years, for consolation in his bereavement. And through all this, I saw how wise and loving was the providings of God; for, had I married in this world, I could not have performed all the uses that I did for my mother's family.

"And when I saw care and suffering in others, how I blessed the Lord that he had removed my beloved to a world where he was no longer subject to sorrow and anxiety.

"And your mother, dear Henry, married and had ill health—and her children sickened and died, and I was to her an absolute necessity; then she, too, died, in giving birth to you. And you have been the joy of my outer life for the last eighteen years. You were God's beautiful gift of love to me, just as my life was growing more quiet, and I needed something to call my affections into active exercise.

"In educating you, the seeds of beautiful truths, which I received from Mr. Hartman, have been developed in my own mind and transplanted to yours, where I hope they will in future germinate and be reproduced in other minds. Thus will I become the insignificant medium of God's truth upon the earth.

"And I live with a certain knowledge, that, within my outer unconsciousness, I am united with my heart's beloved and eternal partner. When I read the divine word, I see such 'wondrous things in the law of God,' that I am sure the spirit of him to whom I am united reveals them to me. Thus the life which he began upon earth continues in heaven, but ever progresses there; for I am conscious that, through him, I have now become wiser, and have more interior perceptions of truth than he had when he left the earth.

"But, dear Henry, it is twelve o'clock, and we must stop talking for to-night."

A few days after, Henry Hervey returned to his college duties with new views of life—full of pure beautiful hopes, and a calm, loving trust in God.

Thus would it often be, with the pained, yearning hearts of youth, if loving mothers could realize their whole duty to their sons; sympathy, confidence and the beautiful teachings of wisdom and love, would calm, elevate and refine the character, and develop in it that pure humanity, revealed to us by the Infinite God when he walked the earth "a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs," and would prepare it to behold the glory of God in his celestial kingdom of Love.—*Arthur's Home Gaz.*

THE VO'S AND THE MO'S

Every reader of a newspaper, in which books are noticed, frequently meets with the terms *quarto*, *octavo*, *duodecimo*, &c. This is the mode by which the size of a book is designated in print. These *mo's* and *vo's* indicate the number of leaves in a sheet, and correspond to the leaves (not the pages) which a sheet contains. Take a sheet of a given size, say a *medium*, and give it one fold, like a common newspaper, and you have a folio, with two leaves; give it another, and you have a quarto (4to), with four leaves; give it another fold, and you have an octavo (8vo), or eight leaves, and so on. By another mode of folding, you obtain a 12mo, 24mo, &c., and, by another again, a 48mo, &c. These figures and letters, though abbreviations of Latin words, are, ordinarily, in these days, turned into rather barbarous English, by printers, publishers and booksellers, for the sake of brevity. Thus they say, a twelve *mo*, a twenty-four-mo, a forty-eight-mo, instead of a duodecimo, &c.—*Exchange.*

☞Let every man endeavor to make all the world happy, by a strict performance of his duty to God and man, and the mighty work of reformation will soon be accomplished.

VERSES FOR THE VOTER.

Mr. Blank's a public man,
And I like him all I can—
But—*he drinks!*
And he cannot long maintain
Any rank that he may gain,
While he thinks
That the people do not mind—
That the voters are all blind—
When he drinks.

Let the public man beware;
For we cannot speak him fair,
If he drink
Quite so often or so much;
We have seen a hundred such
Downward sink;
And we see his certain fate—
Tumbled down from his estate
By "the drink."

Take this warning, public man!
We 'll sustain you if we can—
But your drink
Must be quickly moderated,
Or you 'll not be elevated
As you think;
For we cannot hold you up
If you 're always at the cup
Full of drink.
[*Cincinnati Daily Citizen.*

YOUTH AND AGE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The proudest poetry of youth
Is—"Would I were a man!"
The golden years that lie between,
Youth, like a dream, would span:
'T is in its thought—'t is in its heart—
'T is ever on its tongue;
But O, the poetry of age,
It is—"When I was young!"

Thus, in the morn of life, our feet
Would distant pathways find;
The sun still face to face we meet—
The shadows fall *behind!*
But when the morn of life is o'er,
And nature grows less kind,
The lengthening shadow creeps *before*—
The sunlight falls behind!

With many a murmur slow and sad,
The stream of life flows on;
That which we prized not when we had,
Is doubly prized when gone!
And many a sad and solemn truth
Lies written on life's page,
Between the "Poetry of Youth!"
And "Poetry of Age!"

THE HUSBAND'S PRESENT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

IT was a bitter cold night on the 24th of December. The snow lay deep upon the frozen earth, and the bright moon, riding half way up the heavens, lent a crystalline luster to the scene. In the high road, a short distance from a quiet reposing village, stood the form of a human being. His garments were scant and tattered—by far insufficient to keep out the biting frost; his frame shook and trembled like the ice-bound boughs of the weeping willow that grew near him, and his face, as the moonbeams now danced upon it, exhibited all the fearful footprints of the demon—Intemperance. Poor, wretched and debased, he looked—and such, in truth, he was.

Before him, at the end of a neatly fenced and trellised inclosure, stood a small cottage. It was elegant in its simple neatness, and just such one as the humble lover of true comfort and joy would seek for a home. The tears rolled down the bloated cheeks of the poor inebriate as he gazed upon the cottage, and at length, as he clasped his hands in agony, he murmured:

"O, thou fond home of my happier days, thou lookest like a heaven of the past. Beneath thy roof I was married to the idol of my soul, and, within thy peaceful walls, God gave me two blessed children. There peace and plenty were mine, and love and joy were mine. My wife—God bless her gentle soul—was happy then, and my children—may heaven protect them—laughed and played in gleesome pleasure. Gladness played upon us then, and every hour was a season of bliss. But I lost them as a fool loseth his own salvation! Six years have passed since the demon that I took to my heart drove us from your sheltering roof. And those six years! Oh, what misery, what anguish, what sorrows, and what degradation have they not brought to me and my poor family! Home, health, wealth, peace, joy and friends, are gone—all, all gone! Oh, thou fatal cup—no, I will not blame thee. It was I—I who did it! Year after year I tampered with thy deadly sting, when I knew that destruction lurked in thy smile. But, but," and the poor man raised his eyes to heaven as he spoke, "there is room on the earth for another man—and I will be that man!"

Within the only apartment of a miserable and almost broken down hovel, sat a woman and two children—a boy and a girl. The cold wind found its entrance through a hundred crevices, and as its biting gusts swept through the room, the mother and children crouched nearer to the few embers that still smouldered upon the hearth. The only furniture was four poor stools, a rickety table, and a scantily covered bed: while in one corner, nearest to the fire place, was a heap of straw and tattered blankets, which served as a resting place for the brother and sister. Part of a tallow candle was burning upon the table, and by its dim light one might have seen that wretched mother's countenance. It was pale and wan, and wet with tears. The faces of her children were both buried in her lap, and they seemed to sleep peacefully under her prayerful guardianship.

At length the sound of footsteps upon the snow crust struck upon the mother's ears, and, hastily arousing her children, she hurried them to their lowly bed, and hardly had they crouched away beneath the thin blankets, when the door was opened, and the man whom we have already seen before the pretty cottage entered the place. With a trembling, fearful look, the wife gazed up into her husband's face, and seemed ready to crouch back from his approach, when the mark of a tear-drop upon his cheek caught her eye. Could it be, thought she, that that pearly drop was in truth a tear! No—perhaps a snow flake had fallen there and melted.

Once or twice, Thomas Wilkins seemed upon the point of speaking some word to his wife, but at length he turned slowly away and silently undressed himself, and very soon after his weary limbs had touched the bed he was asleep.

Long and earnestly did Mrs. Wilkins gaze upon the features of her husband after he had fallen asleep. There was something strange in his manner—something unaccountable—surely he had not been drinking;

for his countenance had none of that vacant, wild, demoniac look that usually rested there. His features were rather sad and thoughtful, than otherwise; and—O, heavens is it possible!—a smile played about his mouth, and a sound, as if of prayer, issued from his lips while yet he slept!

A faint hope, like the misty vapor of approaching morn, flitted before the heart-broken wife. But she could not grasp it, she had no foundation for it; and with a deep groan she let the phantom pass. She went to her children, and drew the clothes more closely about them; she then knelt by their side, and after imprinting upon their cheeks a mother's kiss, and uttering a fervent prayer in their behalf, she sought the repose of her pillow.

Long ere the morning dawned, Thomas Wilkins arose from his bed, dressed himself and left the house. His poor wife awoke just as he was going out, and she would have called to him, but she dared not. She would have told him that she had no fuel, no bread—not anything with which to warm and feed the children; but he was gone, and she sank back upon her pillow and wept.

The light of morning came at length, but Mrs. Wilkins had not risen from out her resting place. A sound of foot-steps was heard from without, accompanied by a noise, as though a light sled were being dragged through the snow. The door opened, and her husband entered. He laid upon the table a heavy wheaten loaf, a small pail, and a paper bundle, then from his pocket he took another paper parcel, and again he turned toward the door. When next he entered he bore in his arms a load of wood; and three times did he go out and return with a load of the same description. Then bent over the fire place, and soon a blazing fire snapped and sparkled on the hearth. As soon as this was accomplished, Thomas Wilkins bent over his children and kissed them; then he went to the bedside of his wife, and while some powerful emotion stirred up his soul and made his chest heave, he murmured:

"Kiss me, Lizzie."

Tightly that wife wound her arms about the neck of her husband, and, as though the love of years was centered in that one kiss, she pressed it upon his lips.

"There—no more," he uttered as he gently laid the arm of his wife from his neck; these things I have brought are for you and our children;" and as he spoke he left the house.

Mrs. Wilkins arose from her bed, and tremblingly she examined the articles upon the table. She found the loaf, and in the pail she found milk; one of the papers contained two smaller bundles—one of tea and one of sugar, while in the remaining parcel she found a nice lump of butter.

"O," murmured the poor wife and mother, as she gazed upon the food thus spread out before her, "whence come these? Can it be that Thomas has stolen them? No, he never did that! And then that look—that kiss—those kind, sweet, sweet words! O, my poor, poor heart, raise not a hope that may only fall and crush thee!"

"Mother," at this moment spoke her son, who had raised himself upon his elbow, "is our father gone?"

"Yes, Charles."

"O, tell me, mother, did he not come and kiss me and little Abby, this morning?"

"Yes, yes—he did!" cried the mother, as she flew to the side of her boy and wound her arms about him.

"And, mother," said the child, in low, trembling accents, while he turned a tearful look to his parent's face, "will not father be good to us once more?"

That mother could not speak, she could only press her children more fondly to her bosom and weep a mother's tears upon them.

Was Lizzie Wilkins happy, as she sat her children down to that morning's meal? At least, a ray of sunshine was struggling to gain entrance to her bosom.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, Mr. Abel Walker, a retired sea-captain, of some wealth, sat in his comfortable parlor, engaged in reading, when one of his servants informed him that some one at the door wished to see him.

"Tell him to come in," returned Walker.

"But it's that miserable Wilkins, sir."

"Never mind," said the captain, after a

moment's hesitation, "show him in. Poor fellow," he continued, after the servant had gone, "I wonder what he wants. In truth, I pity him."

With a trembling step and downcast look, Thomas Wilkins entered Captain Walker's parlor.

"Ah, Wilkins," said the old captain, "what has brought you here?"

The poor man twice attempted to speak, but his heart failed him.

"Do you come for charity?"

"No, sir," quickly returned Wilkins, while his eyes gleamed with a proud light.

"Then sit down, and out with it," said Walker, in a blunt, but kind tone.

"Captain Walker," commenced the poor man, as he took the proffered seat, "I have come to ask you if you still own that little cottage beyond the hill."

"I do."

"And is it occupied?"

"No."

"Is it engaged?"

"No," returned the captain, regarding his visitor with uncommon interest; "but why do you ask?"

"Captain Walker," said Wilkins, in a firm and manly tone, even though his eyes glistened and his lips quivered, "I have been poor and degraded, deeply steeped in the dregs of poverty and disgrace. Everything that made life valuable, I have almost lost. My wife and children have suffered—and God only knows how keenly! I have long wandered in the path of sin. One after another, the tender cords of friendship that used to bind me to the world have snapped asunder; my name has become a by-word, and upon the earth I have been but a foul blot. But, sir, from henceforth, I am a man! Up from the depth of its long grave I have dragged forth my heart, and love still has its home therein. I have sworn to touch the fatal cup no more; and in my heart there is no lie. My wife and my children shall suffer no more for the sins they never committed. I have seen my old employer, at the machine shop, and he has given me a situation, and is even anxious that I should come back; and, sir, he has even been kind enough to give me an order in advance for necessary articles of clothing, food and furniture. To-morrow morning, I commence work."

"And you come to see if you could obtain your cottage back again to live in," said Captain Walker, as Wilkins hesitated.

"Yes, sir; to see if I could hire it of you," returned the poor man.

"Wilkins, how much can you make at your business?" bluntly asked the old captain, without seeming to heed the request.

"My employer is going to put me on job work, sir; and, as soon as I get my hand in, I can easily make from twelve to fourteen dollars a week.

"And how much will it take to support your family?"

"As soon as I can get cleared up, I can easily get along with five or six dollars a week."

"Then you might be able to save about four hundred dollars a year."

"I mean to do that, sir."

A few moments Captain Walker gazed into the face of his visitor, and then he asked:

"Have you pledged yourself yet?"

"Before God and in my heart, I have; but one of my errands here was to get you to write me a pledge, and have it made to my wife and children."

Captain Walker sat down to his table and wrote out the required pledge, and then, in a trembling, but bold hand, Thomas Wilkins signed it.

"Wilkins," said the old man, as he took his visitor by the hand, "I have watched well your countenance, and weighed your words. I *know* you speak truth. When I bought that cottage from your creditors, six years ago, I paid them one thousand dollars for it. It has not been harmed, and is as good as it was then. Most of the time I have received good rent for it. Now, sir, you shall have it for just what I paid for it, and each month you shall pay me such a sum as you can comfortably spare, till it is all paid. I will ask you for no rent, nor for a cent of interest. You shall have a deed of the estate, and in return I will take but a single note and mortgage, upon which you can have your own time."

Thomas Wilkins tried to thank the old man for his kindness, but he only sank back into his chair and wept like a child; and while he sat with his face buried in his hands, the old man slipped from the room. And when at length he returned, he bore in his hand a neatly covered basket.

"Come, come," the captain exclaimed, "cheer up, my friend. Here are some titbits for your wife and children—take them home: and, believe me, Wilkins, if you feel half as happy in receiving my favor as I do in bestowing it, you are happy indeed."

"O, God! God will bless you for this, sir!" exclaimed the kindness-stricken man; "and, if I betray your confidence, may I die on the instant!"

"Stick to your pledge, Wilkins, and I will take care of the rest," said the old captain, as his friend took the basket. "If you have time, to-morrow, call on me and I will arrange the papers.

As Thomas Wilkins once more entered the streets, his tread was light and easy. A bright light of joyousness shone in every feature, and as he wended his way homeward, he felt, in every avenue of his soul, that he was once more a *man*.

The gloomy shades that ushered in the night of the thirty-first of December, had fallen over the snow-clad earth. Within the miserable dwelling of Mrs. Wilkins, there was more of comfort than we found when first we visited her, but yet nothing had been added to the furniture of the place. For the last six days, her husband had come home every evening, and gone away before daylight every morning, and, during that time, she knew that he had drunk no intoxicating beverage, for already had his face begun to assume the stamp of its former manhood and every word that he had spoken had been kind and affectionate. To his children he had brought new shoes and warmer clothing, and to herself he had given such things as she stood in immediate need of; but yet, with all this, he had been taciturn and thoughtful, showing a dislike to all questions, and only speaking such words as were necessary. The poor, devoted, loving wife began to *hope*. And why should she not? For six years her husband had not been thus before. One week ago she dreaded his approach; but now she found herself waiting for him with all the anxiety of former years. Should all this be broken; should this new charm be swept away? Eight o'clock came, and so did nine and ten, and yet her husband came not!

"Mother," said little Charles, just as the clock struck ten, seeming to have awakened from a dreary slumber, "Is n't this the last night of the old year?"

"Yes, my son."

"And do you know what I 've been dreaming, dear mother? I dreamed that father had brought us new-year's presents, just the same as he used to. But he wont, will he? He 's too poor, now!"

"No, my dear boy, we shall have no other present than food; and even for that we must thank dear father. There, lay your head in my lap again."

The boy laid his curly head once more in his mother's lap, and with tearful eyes she gazed upon his innocent form.

The clock struck eleven! The poor wife was yet on her tireless, sleepless watch! But hardly had the sound of the last stroke died away, ere the snow crust gave back the sound of a foot-fall, and in a moment more her husband entered. With a trembling fear she raised her eyes to his face, and a wild thrill of joy went to her heart, as she saw that all there was open and bold—only those manly features looked more joyous, more proud than ever.

"Lizzie," said he, in mild, kind accents, "I am late to-night, but business has detained me; and now I have a favor to ask of thee."

"Name it, dear Thomas, and you shall not ask a second time," cried the wife, as she laid her hand confidently upon her husband's arm.

"And you will ask me no questions?" continued Wilkins.

"No, I will not."

"Then," continued the husband, as he bent over and imprinted a kiss upon his wife's brow, "I want you to dress our children for a walk, and you shall accompany us. The night is calm and tranquil, and the snow is well trodden——

"Ah, no questions! Remember your promise."

Lizzie Wilkins knew not what this all meant, nor did she think to care; for anything that could please her husband she would have done with pleasure, even though it had wrenched her very heart-strings. In a short time the two children were ready; then Mrs. Wilkins put on such articles of dress as she could command, and soon they were in the road. The moon shone brightly, the stars peeped down upon the earth, and they seemed to smile upon the travelers from out their twinkling eyes of light. Silently Wilkins led the way, and silently his wife and children followed. Several times the wife gazed up into her husband's countenance; but, from the strange expression that rested there, she could make out nothing that tended to satisfy her.

At length, a slight turn in the road brought them suddenly upon the pretty white cottage, where, years before, they had been so happy. They approached the spot. The snow in the front yard had been shoveled away, and a path led up to the piazza. Wilkins opened the gate—his wife, trembling, followed, but wherefore she knew not. Then her husband opened the door, and in the entry they were met by the smiling countenance of old Captain Walker, who ushered them into the parlor, where a warm fire glowed in the grate, and where everything looked neat and comfortable. Mrs. Wilkins turned her gaze on the old man, and then upon her husband. Surely, in that greeting between the poor man and rich, there was none of that constraint which would have been expected. They met rather as friends and neighbors. What could it mean?

Hark! the clock strikes twelve! The old year is gone, a new, a bright-winged cycle is about to commence its flight over the earth.

Thomas Wilkins took the hand of his wife within his own, and then drawing from his bosom a paper, he placed in her hand, remarking as he did so:

"Lizzie, this is your husband's present for the new year!"

The wife took the paper and she opened it. She realized its contents at a glance, but she could not read it word for word, for the streaming tears of a wild, frantic joy would not let her. With a quick, nervous movement she placed the priceless pledge next her bosom; and then, with a low murmur, like the gentle whispering of some heaven-bound angel, she fell, half fainting into her husband's arms.

"Look up, look up, my own dear wife," uttered the redeemed man, "look up and smile upon your husband; and you, too, my children, gather about your father—for a husband and a father henceforth I will ever be. Look up, my wife. There—now, Lizzie, feel proud with me, for we stand within our own house! Yes, this cottage is once more our own; and nothing but the hand of death shall again take us hence. Our good, kind friend here will explain it all; O, Lizzie, if there is happiness on earth, it shall henceforth be ours! Let the past be forgotten, and with this, the dawning of a new year, let us commence to live in the future."

Gently the husband and wife sank upon their knees, clasped in each other's arms, and, clinging joyfully to them, knelt their conscious, happy children. A prayer from the husband's lips wended its way to the Throne of Grace; and, with the warm tears trickling down his aged face, old Captain Walker responded a heartfelt "Amen."

* * * * * * *

Five years have passed since that happy moment. Thomas Wilkins has cleared his pretty cottage from all incumbrance, and a happier or more respected family does not exist. And Lizzie, that gentle, confiding wife, as she takes that simple paper from the drawer, and gazes again and again upon the magic pledge it bears, weeps tears of joy anew. Were all the wealth of the Indies poured out in one glittering, blinding pile at her feet, and all the honors of the world added thereto, she would not, for the whole countless sum, give in exchange one single word from that pledge which constituted her husband's *present.—Temperance Chart.*

☞ FINE sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense.

HINTS TO MARRIED MEN AND BACHELORS.

BY LAURIE TODD.

HAVING seen the building of almost every house in this great metropolis, I think I must have been dull, indeed, not to have learned something of the men and their manners, for the last half-century. I think, also, it is the duty of every man, woman and bachelor, who know anything whereby they may benefit their neighbors, to tell it.

A young attorney, among my friends, in copying an instrument, began, "Know *one woman* by these presents," &c. His partner, in passing, glanced at the apparent mistake: "Stop, sir; you should say, 'know all men.'" "O, never mind," replied the junior; "if one woman knows, all men will soon know." So, as I speak to one woman, I hope all men who hear may attend.

Life and health being continued, I purpose to send forth, in the Home Journal, a weekly bulletin on the domestic economy of kitchen, parlor, store and house-keeping, being the results of fifty-four years' experience in that department.

As I sat in my tent-door, on Washington's birth-day, I thought of the four celebrations I had witnessed while he lived in our midst. With the pleasures of memory, I retraced the years of twenty-two to twenty-five, and thought to myself that, if I were to live my life over again, I would just manage my treaty of peace, amity and concord with the lasses, after the same mode and form which I pursued fifty-five years ago. Therefore, my young friends, I will just describe the process, and say unto you, Go and do likewise. When I emerged from the cottage wherein I first drew breath (in Scotland), I looked on the daughters of men, and saw that they were fair. I resolved that, as soon as I could earn one shilling sterling per day, I would enter on a life copartnership with one of these native beauties. What God makes beautiful, it is for man to admire; and perceiving, by statistical tables, that God sent annually into the world an equal proportion of men and women, I therefore thought it must be his law, that every man should have his mate at once, leaving future provision and consequences to him who hangs creation on his arm, and feeds her at his board. It is fifty-four years since I ratified that treaty of peace, amity and equal rights, and never for one moment did I regret the contract; nor did I ever lack a loaf in the pantry, or a dollar in my purse. If God sent another mouth, he always sent food to fill it. With regard to courtship, it is the easiest thing in the world. Love is the language of nature. The veriest fool, if he can 't pronounce, can speak it with his eyes, and women are nice interpreters. When first thinking of these affairs, I resolved in my own mind never to spend an hour in private conversation with any young woman, till I had determined on taking to myself a wife; and also, never to spend an hour with any woman, except she was the one whom, above all others in the world, I wished to make my wife. On this principle I practiced and prospered. There is nothing to be gained by hanging around a sensible woman for months, repeating opera gossip or play-house nonsense. You mistake the sex, if you hope to win their favor by this means. While you think they are smiling at your small wit, they are only laughing at your great folly. I have sojourned with ladies who had more sense in their little finger, than you could squeeze from a dozen of such heads as you may see daily leaning on the door-posts and lintels of the Astor *for support*.

If you wish to gain the affections of a virtuous woman, you must speak to her the words of truth and soberness. If you wish to make her your wife, tell her so; if you do n't, you have no business in her company. Ladies often suffer martyrdom, when, from politeness and pity, they are compelled to sit for hours, hearing (not listening to) the small talk of some biped, whom Madam Nature had been toiling on all day to form his handsome person, but, having tired of the job by sundown, had rolled him from her work-bench, forgetting to put brains in his head. As I said before, Mr. Bachelor, if you do n't want that lady to become your wife, you have no business in her company. You perhaps keep at a distance a worthy, modest, but bashful young man, who would gladly give a dollar per minute, for the next half hour, could he only occupy the place on the sofa which you now fill with your useless identity. If you wish that lady to become your partner for life, tell her so, like a man of sense. She do n't want a monkey, without nerve, muscle, sinew or brain in his frame, and whose most prominent point of distinction is a wild-goat's beard, projecting from the nether circle of his under lip; she wants a strong arm to lean on for support and protection—she needs a man of mind, who will lead, guide, cherish and protect her on their life-journey, till the end.

I need not say what the woman should be; for, as I think, she is the most perfect subject in all creation's work, in all creation's plan—as Burns speaks of Nature:

> "Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
> And then she made the lassies, O!"

Having just learned that Mary and you are agreed on the preliminaries of a matrimonial treaty, I will only remark, in conclusion, and by way of encouragement, that if you behave to your partner like a man of sense, while you walk together by the way, the honey-moon will never wane, but shine brighter and brighter, till you put up at the last inn by the wayside—the grave.—*Home Journal.*

ECONOMICS OF CLOTHING AND DRESS.

Purchasing.—To purchase the materials for clothing is usually one of the duties devolving on the female head of the family: and it certainly is not her least difficult duty: it is one for the right performance of which she needs much discretion, a firm determination and not a little knowledge. An indiscreet or ignorant purchaser may soon spend far more than is necessary, and, after all, leave her family very destitute of clothing. In this department of purchasing, a woman is peculiarly liable to be tempted to indiscretion; her natural admiration of the beautiful, her emulation to be seen to possess what others have, all tend to assist the persuasive shopman in inducing her to buy not only what she needs, but also what she admires and does not need. How many a woman has entered a draper's shop, intending only to get some small requisite for family comfort, who has not come out again till she has lightened her purse by the purchase of what she thought "so wonderfully cheap," or "so sweetly pretty," that she really could not help buying it. But how often has that wonderfully cheap bargain proved to be quite a mistake, for it was what she could get at the same price almost anywhere, and even had it been cheap priced, it would have been very dear to her, as she did not really want it. That, too, which looked so sweetly pretty in the shop, has lost all its beauty when it is brought home, and the conscious purchaser knows that she has spent money which ought to have been appropriated to other purposes.

It would be well for young persons, if parents would consider it a necessary part of education to teach them how to spend money properly. This may be done by taking them, as occasion serves, into shops, and habituating them to see various things, without feeling it necessary to buy them. It is also an excellent plan to let them, under kind guidance, spend for themselves whatever sums of money the parents can afford or choose to allow, for their clothing. Experience may be less dearly bought by them while they are young, than when they have the responsible duties of wife and mother.

A morning spent by a judicious mother in initiating her daughter into the morality of shopping, is aptly described by Miss Taylor, in a paper entitled, "I can do without it." The result and concluding remarks of which are so much to our present purpose, that we transcribe them:

"Ruth's mother drew out her pencil and wrote something which she handed to her daughter, saying, 'see, my dear, if I have cast this up right.' Ruth took the paper and read the following account:

'A steel purse, . . .	£0	5	6
'Beaver hat, . . .	1	1	0
'Plated inkstand, . .	0	15	0
'Sundry tarts, . .	0	0	10
'Saved by 'doing without it,'	£2	2	4

"Ruth smiled and said, 'yes, mamma, it is quite right; and, if it had not been for you, I should have been *quite wrong.*' 'Nay, Ruth,' replied her mother, 'I must give you some credit this morning, for having yielded so easily to my suggestions: prudence does not consist in not being tempted, but in not *yielding* to temptation. Yes, you have saved at least two pounds two and fourpence this morning, by the timely use of those simple words, and I think they would form an excellent motto for you, now that you are entrusted with the disposal of money.' 'Yes,' said Ruth, quite delighted, '*I can do without it*—this shall be my motto, and I will write it on the lid of my money box; it is an excellent motto, mamma.'

"When Ruth returned home, she was pleased to think, not only that she had saved her money, but that not one of the articles she had wished for was really wanted. She now congratulated herself that, to the mere pleasure of novelty, which would have lasted but a few hours, she had not sacrificed a sum which would by-and-by purchase things which she would really want, and she could not do without.

"Unnecessary expenses always rob either ourselves or others: we either deprive ourselves of something essential to our comfort afterward; or defraud the poor and destitute of their just claims. Economy and liberality go hand in hand. Ruth found, during many future years, that the motto thus early adopted was of excellent use as a check upon her expenditure; indeed, it led her to form habits of self-denial, which were of essential importance to her during life. She was dressed with a graceful simplicity, far more pleasing to persons of good sense and good taste, than a more studied style; and thus, by purchasing only such things as she could not with comfort and propriety do without, she had always a little overplus with which to relieve her poor neighbors, and for other useful purposes.

"'Ah,' said she to her mother, as she was making up a flannel gown for an old *goody* who was *sadly bad with the rheumatize*, 'poor Betty Brown would have had to do without this, if I had not sometimes recollected, *I can do without it.*'

"There is no danger of economy degenerating into covetousness, when what is saved from one needless gratification is devoted to the real wants of others. If I had not remembered my motto, thought Ruth on another occasion, when the man called yesterday with his box of lace, I should not have had three and sixpence to spare for the Bible to-day. And, O how much better I can do without a piece of lace to my frock, than my poor neighbor can do without a Bible!

"How many a superfluous article of dress, how many a trifle that wearies and disgusts almost as soon as possessed, would be dispensed with; and how many more of the destitute might be relieved, if persons would but recollect, and recollect in *time*, Ruth's excellent motto, 'I can do without it.'"

We would advise our readers to adopt this motto as their own, and they will find the right use of it to be a wise step toward discretion in the purchase of clothing. How many might be saved the necessity of saying, *I must* do without it, had they been early taught voluntarily to say, I can do without it.

But a good and economical manager, when she finds that she really must have some article in question, will think again before she goes to a shop for it, and just look over all her pieces and garments that are laid by, and see whether she cannot, by some good contrivance, obtain the article of clothing needed from something already possessed, but which, in its present form, is of little or no value. She will also make quite sure that the time she must necessarily spend in shopping might not be better employed in tidily mending, so as to enable her to defer purchasing; doing this, will be equal to receiving, for the time, the interest of as much money as she would have spent; which, especially if her husband be in trade, may be of more value than the wife may at first think: for instance, if by mending a set of shirts, she can put off for six months spending one pound in buying new ones, it is possible that her husband during that time, may by trading with the one pound make two pounds out of it.—*Exchange.*

MEN AND WOMEN.

"You, young, loving creature, who dream of your lover by night and by day—you fancy that he does the same for you. He does not—he cannot; nor is it right he should. One hour, perhaps, your presence has captivated him, subdued him even to weakness; the next, he will be in the world, working his way as a man among men, forgetting, for the time being, your very existence. Possibly, if you saw him, his outer self so hard and stern, so different from the self you know, would strike you with pain. Or else his inner and diviner self, higher than you dream of, would turn coldly from *your insignificant love.*"

Any one might have known that the above paragraph, which has recently been going the rounds of the papers, would kick up a "regular muss"—and here we have it, from a lady correspondent of the Olive Branch:

"'Insignificant love!' I like *that;* I do. More especially, when out of ten couple you meet, *nine* of the wives are as far above their husbands, in point of mind, as stars are above the earth. For the credit of the *men,* I should be sorry to say how many of 'em would be *minus* coats, hats, pantaloons, cigars, &c., were it not for their *wives' earnings;* or how many smart speeches and talented sermons have been concocted by their better halves (while *rocking the cradle*) to be delivered to the public at the proper time, *parrot fashion,* by the *lords* (?) of creation.

"Wisdom will die with the *men,* there's no gainsaying *that!* Catch a regular, smart, talented, energetic woman, and it will puzzle you to find a man that will hold a candle to her for *go-a-headativeness.* The more obstacles she encounters, the harder she struggles; and, the more you try to put her down, *the more you won't do it.* She will have what she wants, if she sets the world on fire; and she *won't have* what she *don't want,* if you point a bayonet at her breast. Children, sometimes, are obliged to write under their crude drawings, *this is a dog,* or *this is a horse.* If it were not for coats and pantaloons, we should be obliged to label, *this is a man,* in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred!

"'Insignificant love!' What does a man offer himself a dozen times to the *same* woman for? Pity to take so much pains for such a *trifle!* 'Insignificant love!' Who sets you on your feet again, when you fail in business, by advancing the nice little sum settled on herself by her anxious pa? Who cheers you up when her nerves are all in a double twisted knot, and you come home with your face long as the moral law? Who wears her old bonnet *three winters,* while you smoke, and drive, and sail, and go to the opera, and the Lord knows where, beside. Who sits up till the small hours, to *help you find the way up your own staircase?* Who darns your old coat next morning, just as if you were a *human* instead of a *brute?* And who scratches any woman's eyes out who dares insin*ivate her* husband is superior to *yours?* 'Insignificant love!' I wish I knew the man who wrote that article! I'd appoint his *funeral to-morrow;* and it *should come off, too!* FANNY FERN."

WHY DON'T YOU ENFORCE THE LAW?

To this inquiry of the opponents of the Maine Law, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher interposes the following reply:

"It is said, why don't you execute the present laws? This puts me in mind of an old rat, who, sleek and fat, comes out of his hole and sees a new trap. He walks around it, peeps into it, nibbles at it, and finds that it is not like the old one—it is all wire, and there is no getting out of it. So he goes to the keeper of the house and says: 'Why are you not satisfied with the old trap with the wooden bottom, through which I have crawled forty times?' So with these old liquor rats; they are good judges of prohibitory laws—they know how to evade them—they can crawl through almost anything, but they don't like the Maine Law. These men can tell what the law means. The outcry that they now make, leads me to think that they smell fire. I never was so much in favor of the law as when I found out how the rum-sellers opposed it."

RUM-SELLERS BECOMING PAUPERS.

It was amusing to see the enemies of the liquor bill in the house flounder and squirm as the ayes and noes were called on the passage of the bill to a third reading. Poor fellows! they thought it was all over with them. Probably they saw, in perspective, the poor families of the *millionaire* liquor dealer walking off in solemn procession to the pauper house! Well, it is sad to think, if this bill becomes a law, of the dreadful havoc which it will make among the *palaces* of the liquor dealers! If we may believe Mr. Wiggin, the whole fraternity in North and South Market street will instantly find their splendid mansions changed into hovels!

Wonder if any of them have spoken for apartments in Ann street! We hope a subscription paper will be opened at the exchange for the benefit of this persecuted and unfortunate class. Let us see—"three millions of capital invested in this business in Boston." All this, we are told, is, in a moment, to be destroyed. How sad the thought! Let the mourners go about the streets; let them put on sackcloth and ashes, and weep and howl for the destruction of rum! Call up the spirits of the pit infernal, and let them join in the general dismal wail, and cry aloud that the great instrument which has been used to people the black world is no more!

Now, suppose all this should prove true, and that every rum-seller should become poor under the operation of this law, the state could afford to support them with their families in affluence. As a simple matter of speculation and money making, the state could build for the liquor sellers the most superb and gorgeous palace and fill it with every luxury of the East; they could adorn it with the most magnificent works of art, and load its tables with all the fruits of the tropics and support them from the public crib, and then have a surplus left to pay all the expenses of common schools, and all institutions of learning within their borders. Let the traffic of rum be relinquished and the rum-sellers supported by the state, and the public treasury would be replenished beyond all precedence. Heaven speed the day, when a business which defies both God and man shall be crushed at the expense, if necessary, of the few, that ten times ten thousand of hearts may rejoice and one long and loud hallelujah shall be heard, "We are free, we are free!"—*Massachusetts Life-Boat.*

CLIPPINGS.

BY SCISSORS.

A good 'un is told of an old gentleman in this city, whose eight or ten clerks had bored him to death with conundrums. Going home one evening he was stopped in front of a closed store by a countryman, who asked:

"Can you tell me, my friend, why this store is closed?"

"Go to blazes!" cried he, "with your conundrums! I've been bored to death with 'em these three weeks."

Mrs. Swisshelm declares that "the coil of an anaconda would make a better girdle for a young woman's waist than the arm of a drunken husband."

Spunky.—The girls in Northampton have been sending a bachelor boquets of tansy and wormwood. He says he don't care; he had rather smell them than matrimony.

Folly.—It is folly for girls to expect to be happy without marriage. Every woman was made for a mother; consequently, babies are as necessary to their "peace of mind" as health. If you wish to look at melancholy and indigestion, look at an old maid. If you would take a peep at sunshine, look in the face of a "young mother."

Roll on the Ball.—It will be seen from this item that Michigan is waking up:

"A general mass convention has been called to meet in Detroit, Michigan, the 7th of July next, to adopt measures to secure the enactment in that state, of a law similar to the Maine anti-liquor law."

Mr. G. was a most inveterate punster. Lying very ill of the cholera, his nurse proposed to prepare a young, tender chicken. "Had n't you better have an old hen?" said G., in a low whisper (he was too ill to speak louder), "for she would be more apt to *lay* on my stomach!" G. fell back exhausted and the nurse fainted.

Do you, said Fanny, t' other day,
In earnest, love me as you say?
Or, are those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside?
Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear;
For, by those eyes, those lips, I swear—
She stopped me, as the oath I took,
And cried, you've sworn, now kiss the book.

How to see the Old Gentleman.—Just before going to bed eat two pig's feet and a fried pie. In less than an hour you will see a snake, larger than a hawser, devouring eight blue-haired children who have just escaped from a monster with sorrel eyes and a red hot overcoat.

Sly Youth.—Our special reporter asserts, on his honor, that he was an eye witness to the sequel of the following dialogue:

"James, my son, take this letter to the post-office, and pay the postage on it."

The boy returned, highly elated, and said, "Father, I seed a lot of men putting letters in a little hole, and, when no one was looking, I slipped yours in for nothing."

Class-ical Ideas.—The *Dutchman* presents the following "aspect" of human nature:

"We all 'look down' on somebody. The man of bullion looks down on the shopkeeper, the shopkeeper on his clerks; the clerks turn up their noses at mechanics, while mechanics are above associating with hod-carriers; seamstresses won't speak to radish peddlers, while the radish girls think it 'low and wulger' to speak to the little huzzies what keeps the crossings clean. Who the latter look down on we have not learned, although there is no doubt that they consider themselves 'far above' somebody. Queer, is n't it?"

Dow, jr., gives the following quaint advice in one of his "Patent Sermons:"

"Let your home be provided with such necessaries and comforts as piety, pickles, potatoes, pots and kettles, brushes, tongs, brooms and benevolence, bread and charity, cheese and faith, flour, affection, cider, sincerity, onions, integrity, vinegar, wine and wisdom. Have all these always on hand, and happiness will be with you. Do n't drink any thing intoxicating—eat moderately—go about your business after breakfast—chat after tea—and kiss after quarreling; and all the joy, the peace and the bliss this world can afford, shall be yours, till the grave closes over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and happier sphere. So mote it be!

There is more of the true teaching of Christianity in these four lines, than is contained in many an elaborate sermon preached in a pulpit:

"If thy neighbor should sin," old Christoval said,
"Never, never, unmerciful be!
For remember it is by the mercy of God,
Thou art not as wicked as he."

A man's genius is always, in the beginning of life, as much unknown to himself as to others; and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to those undertakings in which those who have succeeded have fixed the admiration of mankind.

A New Hampshire stage driver once said to a passenger,

"There 's a woman been lying in that house, yonder, more than a month, and they have n't buried her yet!"

"Why not?" asked the passenger.

"Because she ain't dead," said John.

The Erie Railroad Company have laid hands on the rum drinking on the line of their road, after the fashion of the Maine law. At a meeting of the directors, held on the 31st day of March, they resolved that no person shall be retained in their employment in any department, who is known to be in the habit of using, selling or disposing of intoxicating drinks.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NATIONAL TEMPLE.

THIS body holds its seventh annual session in Indianapolis, Ia., commencing on Wednesday, June 16, at 2 o'clock, P. M. We believe this number of the Magazine will reach every delegate to that body, who is a subscriber—and to their credit, we are glad to say, but *few* are not—before they will leave their homes for the purpose of attending that meeting. We would urge on all the importance of a full representation from every state. Let that meeting be what its name indicates—*national.* East, West, North and South, may there grasp the fraternal hand. Let the brethren from Maine be there to tell what the Law has done for them, and encourage others to labor on for the same glorious results.

Besides the general interests of the cause of temperance, other important business will claim attention. Officers are to be elected, on whom, in a great measure, depends the prosperity of our Order for the ensuing two years. The *Council Degrees,* three in number, are to be submitted for final action. Every portion of the Order is interested in these matters, and we do not see how a single delegate can be spared from his place without injury to the whole Order. The Order is a unit, and whatever is for the benefit or injury of one portion is equally so for the whole. Local interests or sectional prejudices should not, and we believe will not, be allowed to outweigh or obstruct the general good.

We would say a word to the brethren of the West. Last year the session was held in Tennessee, to give the brethren of the Southwest a better representation than they could be expected to have when held in a more remote part of the country. Yet, we are sorry to say, that, neither of the adjoining states, Kentucky, Mississippi or Alabama, were represented. Let not the same be said of the coming session. Let us convince our brethren of the East that we appreciate and avail ourselves of the privilege of attending a session near home. The probability is, that the representatives from Kentucky, Ohio and Illinois, will not soon have another meeting so near them, and they should be present at this.

We also, on behalf of the West, cordially invite our Eastern and Southern brethren to be with us on that interesting occasion. Come and see us, visit our Temples, look at our thriving cities and towns, and, on separating, we shall all be better prepared for our duties, as temperance men, patriots and philanthropists.

AMENDMENTS TO OUR CONSTITUTIONS.

IN the May number of the Magazine we proposed some amendments to our Constitutions for the consideration of the brethren. Bro. Alex. Van Hamm, another member of the committee appointed by the National Temple, has sent us the following, by which he proposes to effect the object intended by those proposed in our last. We publish them, wishing to give all concerned an opportunity to decide on the merits of each. When the number of the line is given below, it has reference to the lines as they occur in the Constitutions printed by the National Temple.

AMENDMENTS.

CONSTITUTION OF NATIONAL TEMPLE.—*Part* 10, *Sec.* 1.—Strike out the word "and," in the fifth line, and, after the word "located," in the same line, insert "and whether beneficial or not." After the word "benefits," in the tenth line, insert, "for relief, for the cause of temperance."

CONSTITUTION FOR GRAND TEMPLES.—Form of Application for Charter, page 8; after the word Temple, in the fifth line, insert, "under the beneficial system." Or, in case the applicants desire a Temple without the beneficial system, substitute the word "without" for that of "under."

Rule 15—*Revenue.*—After the word Temple, in the fifth line, insert "under the beneficial system," and after the word "any," in the eighth line, insert, "Each Subordinate Temple, not under the beneficial system, shall pay not less than ten, nor more than twenty, cents for each member in good standing, to be sent with the returns at the close of every semi-annual term, and at the same rate for fractions of terms, if any."

CONSTITUTION FOR SUBORDINATE TEMPLES. *Art.* 9, *Sec.* 3.—After the word "benefits," in the fifteenth line, insert "for the relief of the needy, for the cause of temperance."

Art. 10, *Sec.* 2.—After the word "fee," in the second line, insert "unless the Temple is not beneficial, in which case no fee shall be required."

Art. 11, *Sec.* 2.—After the word "year," in the second line, insert "unless the Temple is not beneficial, in which case the dues shall not be less than one dollar a year."

Art. 13, *Sec.* 1.—Before the word "brother," in the first line, insert the word "beneficial."

Art. 14.—After the word "meeting," in the last line, insert "Provided, that, if the Temple is not beneficial, nothing herein contained shall restrict appropriations for the promotion of the cause of temperance, or for the relief of needy members and Templars."

A WORD TO DELINQUENTS.

IT may seem inconsistent for a work published exclusively on the *cash* system to have anything to say to delinquents. Among all our subscribers to volume first, there is but one, who received the whole volume, who has not paid. That is a physician in Reynoldsburgh, Ohio. If he does not wish to see his name in print, alone, in a "black list," he will attend to this notice.

We still have a few names, not paid, for this volume. In some cases they were sent by brothers we well knew, who promised to forward the money in a short time. All have not yet done so. The brother in Memphis is informed, that, since our last letter to him, we have received a notice from the P. M., that two more copies of the Magazine are "not taken out of the office."

In a few other cases, we have received names from well known brothers, in remote parts of the country, with a statement that it was difficult to obtain such bank notes as were current here, and a promise to forward it as soon as such currency could be procured. A few of these are still in arrears. Subscribers at White Cottage and Shelbyville, Texas, will please take notice. Gold dollars, or even quarter and half eagles, can be safely sent by mail, and we can see no good reason for such long delay.

Hereafter we shall be under the disagreeable necessity of refusing to enter such names on our books—also those sent without money with the promise, "I will stand good for it and forward it soon."

The trouble of writing to these, and the vexatious delay in almost every such case, overbalance all the profit on such subscribers. Much as we appreciate the *good intentions* of those sending names in this way, they will excuse us for following the dictates of our *own judgment* in preference to *theirs.* This is the first *dun* we have ever published, and we mean it shall be the last. We speak too plain to write this kind of articles well, and can not consent to be again placed in a position to render it necessary.

PREMIUMS FOR VOLS. I AND II.

WE have waited a long time to ascertain what Temples were entitled to premiums No. 3 and 4, offered in the last part of volume I. But few Temples ever notified us that they were competitors for them. Among the list received, Kenton Temple, No. 4, of Kenton, Ohio, is entitled to premium No. 3, "for sending the greatest number of subscribers in proportion to its contributing members." Number sent, seventeen. Number of members, Aug. 1, 1851, twenty-four. Said Temple is entitled to a Bible, with name of Temple lettered, worth $5.00.

For Premium No. 4, a $10.00 Bible, "for sending the greatest number of subscribers without regard to number of members," Mt. Washington Temple, No. 55, at Mt. Washington, and Niagara, No. 41, at Smithfield, both in Ohio, are even—each having sent twenty-two subscribers. With the consent of the two Temples, we will decide in favor of the one standing highest on the list for this volume.

We have not yet received a notice from a single Temple, that they were competitors for premiums offered on second page of cover of this volume. Those interested, will please remember that they must notify us by the 20th inst., according to terms in the offer.

THE PRESS AND TEMPERANCE.

The *Banner of the Union*, a weekly paper devoted to Odd Fellowship, published in Philadelphia, has, in the number issued May 8, no less than three articles (one original, and two copied), the object of which is to throw odium on the temperance cause and its advocates. We do not profess to be well acquainted with all the principles of Odd Fellowship, but as benevolence is one of their leading features, we are somewhat surprised to see a journal claiming to be the advocate of their principles containing what may fairly be construed into opposition to this most important of all benevolent enterprises, the temperance reform.

Whether the editor, by publishing such articles, represents the views or consults the tastes of his readers, we leave them to decide.

The Token, another weekly paper devoted to Odd Fellowship, published in Pittsburg, we are glad to say, is a strong advocate of the temperance reform. We are more indebted to it for information in regard to the progress of our Order and the cause of temperance generally in the Keystone state, than to any other source. To Odd Fellows, who wish a paper of a high moral tone, we cannot commend the Token too highly. It is just entering its fourth volume: terms, $1 50 a year, strictly in advance.

The New York Dutchman, published weekly in the city of New York, and abounding with wit and humor, we are sorry to say, has lately put its wit to a very bad use, that of ridiculing the Maine Law. We used to exchange with it, but have not received the late numbers. Glad of it, it will save us the disagreeable necessity of being the first to "expunge."

The Boston Carpet Bag, one of the best, if not *the* best of its kind, is full of wit and humor, which it is not afraid to use in ridiculing the drinking customs of the day, as well as all other follies and vices to which frail human nature is liable.

To the friends of morality and sobriety, who desire a paper of this kind—and who does not wish

> "A little humor now and then,
> 'T is relished by the best of men"—

we say, take the Carpet Bag.

THE MAINE LAW.

Minesota.—A law prohibiting the sale of liquor, similar to that of Maine, passed the legislature of this territory some months ago, and was submitted to a vote of the people April 5, and adopted by a large majority. King alcohol is now driven from the north-east and north-west portions of our country, and we expect soon to hem him in on all sides, as hunters do wolves, and then attack him in the center and finish him off. It would be ungenerous to rout him in the center of the country first; he might in this way escape from the country and invade other nations. But let us surround him, so that there will be no possibility of escape, then make a grand rally and annihilate him in the interior.

Massachusetts. — The Maine Law was finally passed in the house of representatives of Massachusetts on Wednesday, May 5; yeas 187, nays 165—majority 22. The differences between the two houses had been referred to a committee of conference, which committee reported several amendments to the bill, making it in some instances even more stringent than when introduced. These were accepted and passed in the senate by a vote of twenty-two to eleven—and afterward in the house, as above stated.

The law goes into effect on the 19th of June; on the 21st, the people vote, by open ballot, on suspending the operations of the law for one year.

As a majority of the legal voters of this state petitioned the legislature for this law, there is but little danger of its being suspended.

May 19.—By telegraph, we learn the Governor has vetoed the above bill. May 22.—A later dispatch says the Governor has signed the bill; it goes into effect in thirty days.

Rhode Island.—From the Temperance Advocate, published in Providence, we learn that the legislature of this state is in session, and that twenty sections of the Maine Law are already adopted by a vote of two to one.

It has since passed both branches of the legislature. The vote in the house was forty-seven to twenty-three, more than two to one in favor of the law. In the senate it passed without a count by a large majority.

We think this is about as rapid progress as the friends of legal suasion could expect to make. In less than one year after the law went into operation in Maine, one territory and two states have followed suit. With these results the first year, what may we not expect the next?

CHAT WITH OUR READERS.

"The Doctor" has more "gossip" in this number. In a note accompanying it he says, "I have something for your *juvenile* department, if you have any: it is hardly *mature* enough for any other place."

Our readers may suppose that "the Doctor" is a venerable, bald-headed gentleman, but in this they are greatly mistaken. We will only say, in answer to his note, accompanying his article, that, had he been a father as long as we, and had been as much in contact with childhood's feelings and experiences, we think he would prefer an article fresh from the lively imagination of an intelligent child to the most finished production of a mature mind. There is something so true to nature in the reasoning and fancies of children, that we cannot help loving them. They will sometimes answer a most difficult question, in language the most simple, truthful and sublime. We have, on several occasions, heard Mr. Gough, in his lectures, illustrate this by relating the following, which, to be really appreciated, should be heard in his inimitable style:

Two boys, aged seven and nine, were at their play. The eldest had caught a fly, and, holding it up in his fingers to the light, said, "Jim, how does God make flies?" Jim, still whittling away at a stick he held in his hand, replied, "Why, God don't make flies as a *carpenter* makes things: he says, '*Let there be flies*,' and there *is* flies."

OUR NEXT NUMBER

May be delayed a few days, in consequence of the meeting of the National Temple. We expect to be absent a week, attending that meeting, and wish to publish its proceedings in our next. Whether this will cause any delay or not, we cannot now tell; if so, our readers will know the cause.

Officers of Grand Temples, who wish their proceedings published in the Magazine, will please forward them soon as possible. A part of the matter for the next number must be made up before we leave home, and the proceedings of the National Temple may occupy all the remaining room. Brief abstracts of the most important business are preferred to long articles.

THE BANNER TOWN.

Madison is yet the banner town in Indiana. New Albany has promised to equal, if not exceed it, and is now but *one* behind it in subscribers, and more coming. The brethren at Madison must stir themselves, or their sister town will come out ahead.

LIFE OF GEN. SAM. HOUSTON.

J. Letcher, M. C., and J. T. Tower, of Washington, D. C., publishers of a pamphlet of sixteen pages, with the above title, are under many obligations to *us* for taking the same out of the post office and *reading* it carefully. If the writer of this pamphlet had told us and other readers that General Houston was a good temperance man and an able advocate of the cause, which is a fact, the obligations might have been on the other side.

We expect the different aspirants for the presidency will each have as many *lives* published as a cat is said to have, or as "Plutarch" himself had. We intend to read them all, on the same conditions we have the one before us, viz., that the hero, compiler and publisher, shall each be under lasting obligations to us.

The above pamphlet is for sale by the publisher, at *one dollar per hundred*, and will be sent, for cash, to any part of the country, by mail or express.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

In the state of Ohio, there are, according to the late returns from Subordinate Temples, a little more than sixteen hundred Templars; and there have been one hundred and four expulsions the last term. This is about one for every sixteen members. In the same state we have four hundred and seventy-two subscribers to the Magazine, about four hundred of whom are members of the Order—this is one out of every four. In this list of one hundred and four names of expelled members, there are but *two who are subscribers to the Magazine.* Deducting the four hundred subscribers from the whole number, we have twelve hundred left, out of which the number expelled is as *one* to *twelve.* Out of the four hundred subscribers, it is only *one* in two hundred.

If there can be a stronger argument produced to show the beneficial effects of sustaining and reading publications devoted to the Order, we would like very much to be in possession of them. Further comments by us are not needed; we give our readers the facts, and wish them to make their own comments.

When we receive returns from the whole Order, we may give more facts of this kind.

ANOTHER "GOOD TIME COMING."

The Vineyard Gazette says that it is getting to be very fashionable to inclose a *gold dollar* with marriage notices, when sending them to the printer. How we wish everybody would get married.

We would like to have some one tell us when this good time will arrive here. We would almost be tempted to publish such notices and send a volume of the Magazine, too, as a "bridal present."

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

The passenger packets from St. Louis, Missouri, to Keokuk, Iowa, have determined to dispense with "bars" on their boats. This is a good move. Bars on *boats* too frequently lead to "bars" in the *bottom of the river*, and every boat dispensing with the former stands a much better chance of avoiding the latter.

FAIR PLAY.

The *Templar's Companion*, of Camden, Alabama, April 21st, copied the "Indian Templar, by W. Rounseville," from the March number of the Magazine without credit. As this is the first offense of this kind by Bro. Gilbert, we are willing to attribute it to the type or compositor, but will remind him that we pay for our original articles, and are perfectly willing others should use them, and think they evince good taste by doing so, but we insist on having credit for them.

FRATERNAL ITEMS.

ILLINOIS.—The Grand Temple of this state was organized in Peoria, on Wednesday, May 19, by Bro. Charles Woodward, G. W. R. of Indiana. The application for a charter was signed by representatives from nine Subordinate Temples. Within the last year, three Subordinate Temples have been chartered by the National Temple, and another application has, for some time, been waiting for the organization of the Grand Temple, which was probably granted. We have not yet received the names of the officers of the Grand Temple of Illinois, but hope to meet two of them in Indianapolis.

CANADA WEST.—May 12, an application and fee was received at this office for Victoria Temple, No. 2, to be located at Amherstburg. Bro. Thomas Anderson, G. W. V. T. of Michigan, organized the Temple May 14.

Hamilton Temple, No. 1, at Hamilton, in this province, is in a flourishing condition.

VERMONT.—May 5, J. B. Proctor, D. M. W. T., assisted by brethren from Green Mountain Temple, No. 1, instituted Parthenon Temple, No. 2, at Center Rutland. The charter was granted by the M. W. T., at Boston.

GEORGIA.—May 17, the brethren of Union Temple, No. 2, applied for and received the Social Degree work. The three Temples in this state are all in a flourishing condition.

MASSACHUSETTS. — May 6, Washington Temple, No. 5, was organized in Roxbury, by P. G. W. T., J. H. Osborne, G. W. R., G. E. Russell and others.

The annual session of the Grand Temple of this state was held in Boston, May 12. The Order in this state, though not numerous, is in a sound, healthy condition. Trimount Temple, No. 1, initiated thirty-five members the past term, and now has a membership of 122, most of whom are Third Degree members.

The officers of the Grand Temple for the ensuing year are, H. W. Swett, of Boston, G. W. T.; Jacob B. Hadley, of New Bedford, G. W. V. T.; George E. Russell, of Boston, G. W. R.; D. S. Tart, G. W. Tr.; Amasa Bullard, of New Bedford, G. W. U.; T. C. McDowell, of Saugus, G. W. G.; H. C. Tuttle, of Salem, G. W. Ch.

The Grand Temple passed a resolution reducing the charter fee for Subordinate Temples, in that state, from twenty to fifteen dollars.

OHIO.—April 28, an application was received and charter granted for a Temple at Andover, Ashtabula county. Bro. Ambler, G. W. T., has organized it before this, though we are uninformed as to the time.

April 29, Mt. Vernon Temple, No. 20, was opened in Mt. Vernon, Knox county, by Bro. Lakin and others, from Crystal Fount Temple, No. 43. Forty-four names were signed to the application, among which are some of the best citizens of the town.

This makes five Temples instituted in this state the past term, two more than the number in any term for two and a half years past.

Returns for the term just closed have been received, by the G. W. R., from thirty-three Subordinate Temples, leaving ten not reported (May 19), and two new ones, from which no returns will be received till November. In these, there have been one hundred and seventy-three initiations, seventy more than in the same Temples the preceding term.

CONNECTICUT.—The returns of the Grand Temple of this state have been received at this office, and the following account of the proceedings of the annual session is from Bro. Smith, G. W. R.:

OFFICE OF THE GRAND TEMPLE OF HONOR,
Ansonia, Conn., May 15, 1852.

The Grand Temple of Connecticut held its annual session at Bridgeport, on Wednesday, May 12, 1852, when the following officers were elected for the present year:

I. T. Grilley, G. W. T., Waterbury; John C. Lewis, G. W. V. T., New Haven; T. B. Smith, G. W. R., Ansonia; Wm. H. Raymond, G. W. Tr., Danbury; Walter Gilbert, G. W. Ch., Bridgeport; Wm. A. Maynard, G. W. U., Bridgeport; W. W. Lee, Sentinel, Ansonia.

Returns from Subordinate Temples show a large increase of members, and that the Order of Templars in this state is in a flourishing condition; the cause is onward and upward.

Any information will be freely given by addressing communications relative to the Order to I. T. Grilley, G. W. T., Waterbury, or T. B. Smith, G. W. R., Ansonia.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The American Temperance Magazine.—When this work was first commenced, we received a copy from its former publisher, Mr. Van Dien, with a request to "exchange." We noticed the work, with terms, &c., and received the first five numbers only, from Mr. Van Dien. We have sent our work regularly ever since, and have received only the April number from the present publisher. We hope its subscribers are served more regularly. We learn, from the April number, that the present publishers are prepared to supply all back and missing numbers to subscribers. They will please do the same for us, and send them regularly hereafter, provided they wish to exchange.

The Temperance Army—A temperance song, published by H. M. Addison, Cleveland, Ohio. The above is well printed, on small sheets, and will be sent by mail, post-paid; single copies, 6 cents; five copies, 25 cents; twenty-five copies, $1 00.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our readers will please notice the advertisement of the Little Miami Rail Road, the best route from this city to any portion of the East. On arriving at Dunkirk, passengers can have their choice of routes, both to Boston and New York city. To the former place, they can take the Erie road to New York city; from there to Boston, they have a choice of two or three good routes—or, they can go direct to Buffalo by the lake, thence by railroad through Albany to Boston. From Cleveland and Dunkirk they have a choice of a direct route, by the Erie railroad to New York, or by boat to Buffalo, by railroad to Albany, then by steamboat down the beautiful Hudson to New York. We are not posted up in regard to the best route beyond Cleveland and Dunkirk, but from here to either of the latter named places, we know the Little Miami, Columbus and Cleveland road to be safe, expeditious and pleasant.

We would also call attention to the card of W. P. Smith & Co., Bookbinders, in this city, which has been on the third page of the cover for several months, but to which we have not before referred. They do up all kinds of work in their line with neatness and dispatch, and at fair prices.

Our readers may be assured that no advertisement of any establishment we cannot recommend shall be inserted on the cover of the Magazine. We would also ask the attention of the friends of the Magazine to the advantages of advertising in it. It circulates in every state in the Union, except four, also in Canada, New Brunswick and England.

NATIONAL TEMPLE MEETING.

National Temple.—The National Temple of Honor of the United States will hold its seventh annual session, in *Indianapolis, Indiana,* commencing on Wednesday, June 16, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

J. Wadsworth, M. W. R.

MARRIED:

April 1, in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, by the Rev. S. H. Russle, Bro. George H. Ingles to Sister Harriet E. Hamilton, of Unity Social Degree—both of Uniontown.

DIED:

Lost at sea, on the morning of March 24, Bro. Humphrey Anthony, P. W. C. T. of Nazarite Temple, No. 6, of New Bedford, Massachusetts.

By this afflicting dispensation, the family and friends of the deceased have experienced an irreparable loss: but they mourn not as those without hope.

The Temple of which he was a worthy member passed appropriate resolutions.

THE

TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE.

CINCINNATI, JULY, 1852.

TEMPLE OF HONOR AND TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIAM R. STACY, M. W. T.

It is said that Empedocles wished the common people to believe that he was a god, having power to ascend to his throne in heaven without passing through the painful ordeal of death; and that he climbed a burning mountain and leaped into the glowing crater, to prevent his friends and followers finding out in what manner his life terminated. The sudden disappearance of the suicide excited the wonder of his neighbors, who began to build altars and worship the invisible spirit of their departed hero, when, one day, during an eruption, amid a shower of ashes, the brazen slippers were vomited from the volcano, and all the people knew that they were formerly worn by Empedocles, and that he had sacrificed his life to gratify his misguided ambition.

There are many like him at the present day, who wish their acquaintances to believe they have sufficient control over their appetites to keep at a safe distance from danger, while they venture to the verge of destruction, and, like him, they attempt to climb higher than the common people. They are ready to acknowledge that drunkenness is a vice, and abstinence a virtue, and the pledge a wise provision for the masses; but men of mind, they think, can tamper with this tempting devil, and yet escape the hell it lights up in the hearts of its victims. Hence we find not a few educated men indulging at first in the occasional, and afterward in the habitual, use of intoxicating drinks. At the foot of the burning mountain, where they take the first steps in the path to destruction, the grass is green, the flowers are gay, the trees are luxuriant with fruit, and birds of every plume pour forth their richest and sweetest notes, and the butterfly of pleasure they seek flits from flower to flower, almost within their grasp. They follow where it flies, beyond the carpet of grass and the canopy of leaves—over the barren ground excoriated by the burning rivers of lava: on, on they go, fearing not, though the thin crust gives way at every step, for their eyes are on the gilded insect fluttering in the sunlight. Soon, foot-sore and forsaken, they discover at last that they are on the verge of ruin, and stumble headlong into the blazing crater, while the phantom eludes their grasp.

The use of wine at weddings and social parties and pleasure excursions, the drinking customs of past and present times, have contributed to the black river of death which flows through our land, bearing in its bosom forty thousand victims per annum. We, like the Knight Templars of olden time, harness for the rescue, hoping to snatch some from the burning stream, and prevent the falling in of others. We invite, entreat, and, knowing the evils of intemperance, we persuade, men to escape to the mountain of safety, which is crowned with the Temple of Honor with the star of truth shining above. For the present and the future welfare of our fellow men, we unite in a band of brotherhood to advance the cause of temperance, to aid each other in adversity, to watch by the bedside in the trying hour of sickness, to extend the sphere of our social acquaintanceship, to mutually promote moral and mental culture. Ours is emphatically a head and a heart association; for the head is the temple of thought, and the heart of a true man is the seat of honor. We call our institution the Temple of Honor, and all who unite with us in that institution pledge solemnly and bindingly never to make, buy, sell or use, as a beverage, any spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider, or any other alcoholic beverage, whether enumerated or not. We furthermore pledge ourselves to use all honorable means to prevent their manufacture or use, or the traffic therein; and this we deem it our duty to keep inviolate till the close of life. Any man, of sound health and good reputation, of eighteen years of age and upward, is eligible to membership. Every argument that can be used in defense of any secret society, applies with full force to this: we have grips, signs, passwords and degrees; we have regular meetings for mutual improvement; we have a noble object in view to incite us to action; we give benefits to the afflicted, and they are entitled to our sympathy and support; we have the power to suspend a brother, should he so far forget himself as to use obscene or profane language, and we have the power to expel those who illicitly divulge the affairs of our Order, or those who propose for membership persons engaged in criminal or disgraceful occupations, and those who violate the solemn pledge we voluntarily take to abstain from alcoholic beverages. The Temple of Honor may, with perfect propriety, be termed a school, where men, who are not dull scholars and will avail themselves of its advantages, may learn invaluable lessons. They will learn how to preside with dignity and impartiality at public meetings, how to manage meetings according to parliamentary etiquette or usage, how to declaim and debate in public, how to keep accounts accurately, and many other important lessons, of untold value to every man who does not wish to live a cipher and die a blank in society.

There is something sublime and impressing in our beautiful ceremony, which never fails to attract the attention and elicit the admiration of all who can appreciate its simplicity, beauty and sublimity. Heretofore, it has been objected to secret societies, that we ungallantly closed our doors against the admission of ladies; but, in our Order, we have a Social Degree, where ladies and gentlemen, or, rather, shall I not say, sisters and brothers, meet to wage war against the bitterest foe to human happiness:

> "Sad task—yet argument
> Not less, but more heroic than the wrath
> Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued."

The sacred Bible is our statute book, and the God of the Bible is our God; and we invariably invoke his blessing at the beginning of our exercises—in all our ways we wish to acknowledge him, that he may direct our paths: his frown is adversity, his smile prosperity.

We have abundant reason to believe that he has smiled upon us, for we have now nearly thirty thousand members, constituting about four hundred Temples. With two exceptions, they are located in every state of our Union; we have Grand Temples organized in seventeen different states, all under the jurisdiction of the National Temple of Honor of the United States. During the past year our labors have extended beyond the boundaries of our own country, Temples have been established in New Brunswick, Canada West, and across the broad Atlantic, in Liverpool, England. Indeed, the whole fraternity is in a flourishing condition. Without instituting invidious comparisons between the Temple of Honor and other organizations formed for the same purpose, I feel confident in commending it as one of the most efficient organizations for the suppression of intemperance and the promotion of human happiness. Our ceremonies are of the highest moral character, and unexceptionable to the most fastidious mind—teaching, throughout, our duties to God, to our country, and to our fellow beings.

* * *

☞ To attempt to enchain a husband's affections, whether of body or mind, without the sense and the heart, which alone can preserve them, is about as wise as to try to form a garland of flowers only, without the stalks.

THE DARK DAY.

BY MRS. ELECTA M. SHELDON.

'T WAS morning — a lovely morning in May: the sunlight was soft and gladdening, like the smile of a beloved friend, and the south wind gently and lovingly fanned the young leaflets and kissed the fragile blossoms of the spring-time. Fleecy clouds floated in the cerulean expanse, and the lark, as he soared aloft warbling his matin song, appeared like a tiny speck borne here and there by the breath of heaven. All the feathered songsters of the grove were awake, and a gush of melody filled the air, an acceptable anthem of praise to the Creator. Intelligent humanity instinctively adored the God of the morning, and earth seemed returning to its original lovliness.

Scarcely had the first fresh hours of the morning passed, ere the soft south breeze strengthened into a gale, the white clouds were piled upon each other like huge snowdrifts, their towering heads glittering in the sunlight; borne swiftly on the wings of the wind, like chariots of angels hastening on some mission of love, they sped along the sky till each glory-crowned peak was lost amid the lofty arches of the distant East, and a thin, gauzy vail overspread the heavens, just obscuring the sunbeams, and tiny raindrops fell, like tears wept over the angels' departure. Another and another fold of sadness enshrouded the firmament, till the whole "heavens gathered blackness" and the gentle teardrops were changed to torrents of overflowing grief.

"What a perfect picture of my married life," exclaimed the still youthful Mrs. Loveland, who, amid the cares of her large household, had often stolen a look at nature's cheerful face; and, as for the last hour she had been endeavoring to soothe her unusually restless babe, watching the clouds and marking the gathering gloom, the similitude between that morning and her own life appeared so striking, that large tears, like those falling raindrops, coursed rapidly down her cheeks and fell upon the head of her now slumbering child.

Six years previous, only six short years, on just such a beautiful morning, Albert Loveland and Lucy Moreton had breathed the holy vows that made them one, without a single shadow falling on the pathway of their sunlit future:

> Yet even then, rested one little blot
> On his fair 'scutcheon, which too soon would dim
> Its brilliancy.

A thriving young merchant, already, by his connection with a wealthy firm, taking a position among the merchant princes of a large commercial city, and moving in the select circles of the "upper ten," he had been accustomed to sip delicious wines, and quaff flowing bumpers to the honor of those whom the world delighted to honor; and, in the six years intervening between that happy wedding-day and the present, Albert Loveland had thus become a fashionable tippler, a genteel inebriate. And it was the great contrast between that happy wedding-day and the present, which caused the bitter weeping of his loving wife.

"Only six brief hours of the long, happy day of life, we then so fondly pictured, has passed by," she murmured, "yet our sky is overshadowed, the storm clouds are gathering thick and dark, and already the raindrops of grief, the sad precursors of those storms that break the heart, are falling. Yet none dare breathe aught against the fair fame of Albert Loveland. These daily libations are but in accordance with the usages of polite society, and his being occasionally overcome is but considered an indiscretion; perhaps it is so, perhaps I am too sensitive; yet he is changed toward me, changed toward his child; he does not love home as well as he once did, and I fear for him. But I will not quite despair; I will again implore him to break the chains of habit ere it be too late."

A deep drawn sigh from the adjoining apartment roused the wife from her sad reverie, and gently laying her babe in his cradle, she hastened to her husband's bedside.

"Is it very late, Lucy?" exclaimed Loveland, starting up and averting his eyes, that he might not meet the sad, yet loving look which he knew rested on his wife's face; "Is it very late: why did n't you call me?"

"I thought it would be better for you to sleep," said Lucy, mildly; "but now, if you feel able to rise, I will have breakfast for you in a few moments."

"'Able to rise!' to be sure I do; what does the woman mean?"

How heart-sick Lucy felt, as she listened to those words of attempted bravado. She well knew it was no time for expostulation now. With tearful eyes, she withdrew to order his repast, nor could she command herself to meet him till her presence was required at the breakfast table. Then her husband's manner alarmed her; he had usually been gloomy and silent, and sometimes morose. But now, there seemed an unnatural excitement about him, he talked rapidly and laughed long and loud; he ate voraciously, and, after breakfast, asked for the babe, his "darling Charlie," as he fondly called him. Tremblingly his wife complied with his request, and placed her boy in its father's arms. She feared, she knew not what, and, drawing back, out of view, she stood with clasped hands and agonized heart, awaiting some fearful catastrophe.

Thank heaven for little children! The father gazed into the eyes of his child, and, for a few moments, the babe seemed frightened and put up its lips to cry; but presently its countenance changed, it clapped its baby hands and laughed and crowed. The father clasped his boy lovingly to his bosom and imprinted a long, burning kiss on his brow, laid him gently in his mother's arms, who had stepped forward, her face radiant with joy, and turned away and wept such bitter tears as manhood seldom weeps.

"No, Lucy, no!" he exclaimed, with mournful earnestness, as she laid her hand on his shoulder, her other arm still encircling her babe, "I know what you would say, but it may never be. I have tried to break the chains of this accursed habit—I have tried to reform—I know that I am breaking your heart—I know our child will be disgraced, but I cannot help it—I must be a drunkard. The love of strong drink with me is natural; my father was a drunkard, and my mother fostered the appetite by giving me alcohol in the nursery. I have always drank wine, and the time will come, ere long, when I shall always drink brandy; no, I shall even descend lower than that, I shall become a whisky drinker——and, at last, fill a drunkard's grave."

"Albert, dear Albert! do not talk so; you will not, you cannot become so debased! You are not well—you are excited to-day; only exert yourself, and you will be free. For my sake, for the sake of our darling boy, be yourself again! Now is the time—the world does not know, the finger of scorn is not pointed at you, you are respected, beloved—and you will be free, wont you, dear husband; wont you try?"

"'I tell you, Lucy, it is no use," replied Loveland, "I have tried. Do n't you recollect, two years ago, I was fully resolved to be free from this accursed habit. I secretly signed the pledge, and kept it—till the next temptation; I signed and resigned our family pledge for a whole year; I then joined the Sons. I remember how happy you were; and I did try, really try, to resist temptation, but I could not—I fell—was reinstated; again and again I fell, and was again and again received and forgiven, till, at last, those who have been true brothers, indeed, and kept my secret well, have given me over as lost, hopelessly lost."

"Can nothing be done?" asked Mrs. Loveland, in tones of anguish.

"There is but one thing that can be done which would reach my case, and that probably never will be done," replied her husband.

"What is it? O, tell me what it is?" said Mrs. Loveland, "it must, it can, it *shall* be done."

"Were the temptation entirely removed, the tempted would be free; but that will never be done, and I must die a drunkard," was Mr. Loveland's answer, in a sad, despairing tone.

"O, do n't say that, you'll break my heart!" pleaded his weeping wife.

"I shall break your heart sooner or later," was the fearful reply, as the wretched man rose and left the room.

Mrs. Loveland stood for a few moments after her husband left her as one transfixed, but the nestling of her babe, who began to feel uneasy in his unusual position, recalled her scattered senses. Ringing the bell for the nurse, she consigned the child to her care, and, in the privacy of her own chamber, she sought strength to bear her sorrows from that only Source whence sorrow's balm can flow. An hour passed, and the heart-stricken wife went forth to her duties with her usual calm, quiet look; her cheek was very pale, and there was a slight tremor in her voice at first, but with an effort even this trace of emotion was subdued, and before the dinner hour she was outwardly the same. The All-seeing Eye alone was cognizant of the weight on her heart, crushing her to the very earth. The parting words of her husband, "Were the temptation entirely removed, the tempted would be free," rung in her ears; vainly had she endeavored to devise some means by which this might be accomplished. And she experienced a sense of relief to find Mr. Loveland accompanied to dinner by his maternal uncle, an excellent man, but an eccentric genius, and familiarly known as "Uncle John." He was a stern temperance man, and perhaps he might aid her.

"I thought I should find you alone, to-day, Lucy, it storms so," said the old gentleman, as he seated himself by the cheerful fire, which the cold storm rendered necessary, "so I just invited myself home to dinner, with your better-half."

"Do n't say *better*-half, if you please, Uncle," said Mr. Loveland, with a sad smile.

"Well, bigger-half, then, Albert; I believe you are right," was the laughing compliance. "Why, how bright and happy everything looks here; I declare, I almost wish I were married! Where is my pet, Charlie? Ring for him, wont you, Lucy?"

"Wait till after dinner, Uncle, if you please," replied Lucy; "there is the dinner bell, now."

"This is what you call not being prepared for company, is it, Albert," said Uncle John, as they seated themselves at the well-supplied, but unostentatious table; "hereafter, I shall always come to see you on rainy days, Lucy."

"Come when you please, you are always welcome," was Mrs. Loveland's cordial answer.

"Do n't drink any wine to-day, Albert," said Uncle John, after the cloth was removed, and the desert with Mr. Loveland's never-failing bottle of wine were served:

"'Beware the bowl! though rich and bright
Its rubies flash upon the sight;
An adder coils its depths beneath,
Whose lure is wo, whose sting is death!'"

he added, solemnly.

A crimson flush mantled his nephew's face, succeeded by a deadly pallor, and, pushing the bottle from him, he said, "I will beware the bowl to-day, Uncle, but the temptation must be removed;" and he ordered the servant to remove the wine.

Just then a ray of sunlight, peering through a rift in the clouds, gleamed across Mrs. Loveland's face, fit emblem of the ray of hope that for a moment lighted up her soul. Alas! both the natural and the mental light were transitory, and the returning gloom seemed deeper.

"Uncle John, what do you think of the real, intrinsic value of the various temperance organizations?" asked Mr. Loveland, setting down the glass of water he had been sipping.

"Think of them? Why, I think they are doing a great deal of good; what else could I think?"

"In what respect are they doing good?" asked Mr. Loveland; "are there fewer drunkards, or is there less liquor sold than formerly?"

"Yes, both; far less has been done than should have been, yet much has been accomplished, not only in the reform of many, but in producing a better public sentiment; and the foundation has been, and is being, laid for the erection of a superstructure whose noble proportions will stand as a monument of the nation's redemption."

"And that monument will be erected over the ashes of thousands who might have been saved but for the supineness of the temperance men," remarked Mr. Loveland. "I tell you, Uncle John, the temperance men are rocking themselves to sleep with the idea that they are doing a great deal, when, in fact, they are doing almost nothing," he added, vehemently. "Just look at the thousands of Washingtonians, and Sons and Templars, what are they all doing? They are making it less fashionable to drink whisky, it is true—less reputable to sell it; they may be making men nominally temperance men, and now and then one is reformed, but what does it all avail? Nine-tenths of your temperance men will get a man drunk to obtain his vote; rum-sellers and their victims control our elections and make our laws, and the temperance men succumb to the rum influence, making no resistance except in long-winded speeches that avail nothing. Temptation assails the reformed man at every step, and with an appetite as strong within him as his very life, how can he resist? They who have never been enslaved, know nothing of the drunkard's appetite; and what is to become of hereditary drunkards, like me?"

"Albert! Albert!" exclaimed both uncle and wife, "you are not a drunkard!"

"I tell you I am a drunkard," replied the excited Loveland; "last night I came home drunk, and but for the blessed tears, called forth this morning by my child, I should now have been raving with *delirium tremens*. I am a drunkard, and there is no hope. I would fly to the most distant clime, could I be free from this baneful influence; but every spot on the whole surface of the earth, wherever the foot of civilized man has trod, is polluted with the curse of alcohol. Ah, you may well weep, Lucy," he added, gazing at his sobbing wife; "you are that despised object, a drunkard's wife, and the shame of a drunkard's child rests on the head of your only son," and pushing back from the table, he rushed from the room.

Uncle John was much disturbed. He paced up and down the room, pausing a moment as he came opposite the sofa, on which Lucy had flung herself almost convulsed with grief.

Poor old man! He had never witnessed such anguish before, and he was at a loss whether to offer words of sympathy and condolence, or let her grief expend itself undisturbed. His nephew's avowal astonished him. He knew his wine-drinking habits, and had heard of his being occasionally overcome; but he had not dreamed that the power of habit had become so strong as to alarm even its victim.

"Uncle, dear uncle, is there indeed no hope?" asked Lucy, raising her tearful face from the sofa pillow.

"There is always hope for those who trust in God," was the solemn reply.

"Is there no earthly hope, then? is Albert right? cannot he reform?"

"The obstacles in his path are very great, almost insurmountable," said Uncle John; "but his reform is possible, and I trust will yet be accomplished."

"But is it true that the temperance societies, the Sons and the Templars, are not doing all they can to destroy intemperance?" asked Lucy.

"It is, indeed, too true, my poor child; the thousands and tens of thousands of temperance voters, have the power to banish intemperance from the land, if they only would."

"Why, oh why do n't they do it then!" exclaimed Mrs. Loveland. "Oh, if they could endure, for one hour, the anguish that I have suffered to day, they would never rest till the last drop of intoxicating drinks was destroyed. How can they see their fellow-beings rushing into the vortex, when it is in their power to save? But, Uncle, I do n't understand this; I will try to be calm, if you will explain this fearful enigma: perhaps I may then excuse them."

"I have no *excuse* to offer for them, my child," said Uncle John, "but I may, perhaps, be able to tell you enough of the way elections are managed, to explain how these results obtain, disastrous as they are.

"You know that the voters of our country are divided into two great political parties, and the object of each is to elect its own candidates, and thus, of course, the other party is defeated. The first thing, then, to be done, is to nominate those men for office who are the most popular in the party. Now as it is true that the temperance men are the most active business men, with but little time for any thing but business, and the intemperate are the most idle, a large majority of the latter class doing nothing but to lounge around the grog-shop and talk politics, they are, of course, well posted in each man's popularity, and the number of votes he will draw. When the time comes to make the nominations, the loungers are on hand, and the temperance men are attending to their business, with right principles in the abstract, a large majority of them caring more for the money they would obtain by attention to business during that brief hour, than to secure the nomination of such men, to make and execute the laws, as should occupy those responsible positions. The few men of principle who are present at the caucus meetings are voted down, and the advocates of rumocracy obtain the nominations.

"The party press, devoted exclusively to party interests, lauds the nominees till one would suppose they were very demigods.

"When election day comes, the contest for victory swallows up every other feeling, and men will then stoop to acts that at any other time they would not tolerate, even in thought. Thousands and thousands of votes are bought with a treat; hence the difficulty of interesting political men in any measure that would effectually remove this great evil."

"Then there is, indeed, no hope," said Mrs. Loveland, "thousands of wives must be heart-broken, multitudes of children reduced to beggary and crime, because the emoluments of office require the sacrifice of many, very many, of the young, the noble and the gifted, of the nation's sons as fit incense to the Goddess of Liberty."

Gradually, from the low tones of despair, had the voice of Mrs. Loveland swelled in the deep, heartfelt utterance of her realization of the consequences of such direful want of principle, and her eye flashed, and every feature expressed bitter scorn, and the contempt of a true woman's heart, as the keen sarcasm of the last sentence fell from her lips. A moment she sat thus, but other thoughts came. The glow of indignation faded from her cheek; her eyes were suffused with tears.

"Dear, dear Albert," she murmured, "it will be a long, dark day to us."

"Years passed away, and still the dark day lasted. Little Charlie had a brother and a sister, but they and he were the children of a drunkard.

Albert Loveland, as he prophesied, had become a whisky drunkard. His property and his respectability were all gone, yet he lived on.

Kind old Uncle John was Lucy's only remaining friend. He comforted her, and aided the family, till all hope of Loveland's reform had left even his heart, and fearing the evil of those influences which the children of a drunkard cannot escape, he persuaded, expostulated, and finally almost compelled Lucy to come home to his bachelor abode, and cheer his last days with the prattle of little children, and the sunlight of woman's smile.

Poor, broken-hearted Lucy! her children were glad and happy; Uncle John romped and laughed with them, and seemed happy also; and the mother smiled sweetly yet sadly on them all; her heart's dearest affections were enshrined in a living tomb; the bright morning of her life was changed to a *long, long,* DARK DAY.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

TEMPERANCE ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF TEMPERANCE HALL, IN ST. CHARLES, JUNE 18, 1851.

BY WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—From time immemorial has it been the custom to dedicate an edifice, reared for a specific purpose, to the uses for which it was erected. Sacred as well as profane history furnishes examples of this custom, and sanctions it by the highest authority. When Israel's king had finished that beautiful temple, which was the admiration and wonder of the whole civilized world, he set it apart to the services of the Most High, by imposing ceremonies and costly rites. By prayer, by music and song, was the mighty edifice consecrated to its future uses; and, for a long series of years, it continued to echo the strains of devout worshipers of Jehovah, and served to form a nucleus around which the affections of the whole nation were gathered.

The first object the Jewish mother taught her child to admire, was the glorious temple where God revealed his real presence; and the last spot upon which the aged patriarch desired his eyes should rest, when the film of death was closing over them, was the house of God, where he had so long worshiped. The Jewish temple was a sacred place, where old and young might congregate, where rich and poor might mingle in equality, and feel that all were brothers, and that one God, even Jehovah, ruled over all; where they might be more easily convinced of the great leading fact in the scale of progress, that all have a common interest and should have a common sympathy for the poor and the unfortunate. It was a place toward which the thought of the Jew ever turned with pleasure and delight, as the location of his hope, his guide and his salvation.

There was, to the mind of the Jew, a kind of holy and blessed moral atmosphere surrounding that house where his prayers were wont to be offered up, and his happiest hours were spent, which did not prevail elsewhere and that did prevail there; even when the hoof of desolation had trodden down the holy place, and the holy Shekinah had passed away, no more to return to earth. And even now, after the lapse of so many years, the affections of the Jew still turn, from whatever place he may have adopted as his transient dwelling place, to Mount Sion; and though the ruthless hand of oppression has long forbade him to lift his voice in prayer from the holy place, yet, true as the needle to the pole, he prays *toward* the sanctum sanctorum, and he still hopes that the hand of the Most High shall overturn his enemies, cleanse the holy place from their desolating footsteps, and Judah be permitted to worship in prosperity and peace.

And to this unyielding love of the Jew for his ancient home, may be attributed that national character which, to this day, has not forsaken them. Though eighteen hundred years have passed since the Jew has been a wanderer upon the earth, and during that long period he has been scattered among all nations, and has been the sport of faction and the slave of tyranny, yet, whether he dwell amid the snows of Russia or the sands of Ethiopia, whether he pursue his wandering life

"By India's coral strand,"

or over the golden-ribbed mountains of California, wherever he is, in whatever situation he may be, he is a Jew still, and considers himself only a sojourner in the country he may choose to inhabit, and has a reversion in Mount Sion, where he hopes yet to sit calmly down and await the summons of the death angel to enter upon the journey to the bosom of Abraham. To this love for place and country and kindred, the Jew owes all that makes him a Jew. It has preserved him such for two thousand years—it has upheld him under persecution such as no other nation has ever passed through, and still holds over him an influence of which God only knows the full strength.

In dedicating this hall to the uses and benefit of temperance, morality and brotherly love, we would, in some degree, constitute it, to the members of this Temple and Division, what the Jewish temple was to that injured, oppressed and degraded people. We wish to make it a place around which the affections of every brother of the Order will cluster—a place in which he shall always feel, as did the Jew when he cast his opening or closing eyes upon the golden roof of the Temple of Solomon, that there, in a particular manner, his guardian spirit resided, and that there he was not forgotten, and there he could not be alone. We wish to create herein so holy an atmosphere of morality and love, that no evil thing can enter; we would so hallow these walls, that, whenever our thoughts recur to the place, they shall always be pure thoughts, and warm with love and good will to mankind; we would so consecrate this hall in the mind of every brother, that, when he enters the door, he shall feel he is treading on holy ground, and, in consequence, he shall put off the shoes of worldly hypocrisy, and be shod only with the purity of sincerity and truth.

There are many dark days yet in store for the philanthropist and the reformer. There is yet to be seen and felt the death struggle of the fiend of intemperance. We must stand by and see and feel, and guard against, these death throes, and be careful that they do not work injury to the cause of humanity and love. And, that we may not forget our duty, that we may not forget the object of our association, we would have the bond of a common sympathy which shall make us a distinct people in this point of view, and on this subject, as the Jews were, and still are, in their national capacity. We would have one spot on earth as sacred from the foul slime of the serpent of intemperance, as the holy of holies in Solomon's Temple was from sin—one place where all should be secure from its ravages. That glorious refuge we would find in this hall.

In every honorable and available way, we would throw around our common household hearth the spirit of sacredness and sanctity, that should utterly preclude the entrance of wrong or feud, of sin or sorrow, that it might be a refuge from the evils, difficulties and trials of life, where every brother might flee, when pressed by temptation, and be safe.

We would also make it a place of rational enjoyment. We have furnished it in a plain yet comfortable manner, and its decorations, though they do not dazzle by their splendor, or challenge admiration by their expensiveness, yet they satisfy unsophisticated minds, and please the eye by their chasteness and simplicity. The aim has been to render it a comfortable and pleasant resort, where the mechanic, after the labors of the day are closed, may meet a band of brothers and spend an hour in social converse, or in the cultivation of the higher faculties of his nature; where the merchant and the clerk may forget for a time the perplexing account books, and feel that amassing wealth is not the only duty of life; where the lawyer may for the time forget his briefs, and learn by experience that there is as much pleasure in social agreement as in unsocial litigation; where the clergyman may realize in some good degree the fulfillment of the future fact which he has so long hoped for, that men shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks—when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, and mankind shall learn war no more. We would make it the place where all can meet on a common level, and, forgetting for the time the strife and animosity without, greet each other as a band of brothers, and gradually be brought to feel, by the power of association, the force of that great truth, that is yet too little heeded among men, that we have all one Father and all are brethren.

By solemn ceremonies we have dedicated this hall to the uses of temperance, morality and brotherly love. With us they are no unmeaning ceremonies, they have a reality and an importance which ought to have a material effect upon the mind of every Son of Temperance and especially of every Templar. That star reminds us of the hope which sustained the founders of our Order when, amid the waves of intemperance which were roaring around them, they founded our superstructure and gave us liberty and opportunity to be the regenerators of mankind; and we regard it as a star of good portent, second only to that which, eighteen hundred years ago, shed its rays on the plains of Bethlehem. That fountain, from which the emblem of purity so gleefully leaps, reminds us that he who would enter this temple and engage in this work, must come with clean hands and a pure heart to perform such offices. That altar, containing on its sides the expressive motto of both the Orders who have so tastefully fitted up this hall, continually reminds us that we must never swerve from the truth, not even to save a brother—that our love must be unchanging, our purity unsullied and our fidelity beyond suspicion.

Even the colors of the drapery by which these chairs are surrounded, have not been chosen as a matter of taste, but as a means of instruction. That chair continually reminds us of the duty of fidelity to the principles of our Order. Blue was chosen by the ancients as the symbol of faithfulness and sincerity. Hence, when we behold that expressive emblem, we are exhorted by the strongest language that human ingenuity has invented to be faithful and true. This chair, the color of which is also selected according to the choice of the ancients, represents the first word of our motto, "*Love*," and teaches us that we should have love for our brothers in sickness and in health—love for the family of man, wherever found—love for all, of whatever grade or name—love unchanged by circumstances and subject to no diminution or wane.

So we have endeavored to make every portion of these decorations, not a mere thing of taste, but of rational instruction—a lesson standing out in bold relief, so that he who runs may read, and that we may have the advantage of these instructions constantly before us.

I know that the objection arises in the minds of some, that we are a secret institution; and an inquiry is made why this need be so. I have not time nor inclination, now, to enter into a defense of our Order on this ground. All I would say, is, that societies, not secret, have been organized by strong minds and warm hearts, under favorable circumstances, and yet we are now compelled to regret their want of success, either in the extent or the thoroughness of the reform they were designed to produce. They have done great good, it is true; but even their most zealous advocates confess there is something further wanting to render them effective in the cause of temperance. We are willing to be judged by our works; if these be not good, we must be condemned. When Jesus of Nazareth was on earth, he gave us a rule by which we should judge of the good or evil in man: "By their fruits ye shall know them." And by this rule, in this Christian community, we are willing to be judged. If we are not reformers in act as well as in word—if we do not save men from the slavery of intemperance—if we do no good, or, to give you all the advantage you can desire, if we do no more good than other organizations formed for the promotion of temperance—then condemn us, and we find no fault. But, if you can find habitual drinkers and drunkards that we have saved, after the old societies have labored in vain for their reform—if you can find families, now in easy and prosperous circumstances, whom you have vainly tried to elevate by your process, and those families made such by our exertions—if you are good men and true, if you are temperance men and honest men, you will bid us God-speed; yea, you will not only say, be ye warmed and be ye clothed, but you will both clothe and warm us.

By your obligations as citizens, as philanthropists, as Christians, you are bound to do this. If our system of measures is the most efficient, is doing the most good to mankind, by what right do you stand aloof, and, to gratify prejudice in your own mind, or envy in others, refuse to labor in conjunction with us?

But, whether you go with us or against us, we shall go on in our course, holding ourselves ready, at any hour and any moment, to co-operate in all the measures which are feasible and efficient to produce the reformation of the drunkard, or the salvation of the rising generation from the snares of the tempter. We are not so wedded to our own course that we cannot leave it for a better; but we have no more idea of abandoning it till we see a better, to please the whims and fancies of prejudice and ignorance, than the most degraded, besotted rumseller has of being a decent member of society.

I cannot close my remarks, without expressing the sincere wish, that the exercises of this night may have the effect to dispel the doubts of the wavering, confirm the weak in the faith, and bring many, now not of us, to the enjoyment of the laborer in the vineyard of Temperance, Truth, Love, Purity and Fidelity.

"O, PADDY, my boy!" exclaimed an Irishman, at Deer Island, as he threw his arms around an old acquaintance, "it's glad I am to see you." The embrace not being returned, the friend explained by saying that both his arms had been blown off while blasting rocks.

"O, well," said Pat, "no matter for the hug, give me your *hand*, my boy!"

TIT FOR TAT: A RESUME'.

BY THE DOCTOR.

"I think there be six Richmonds in the field."—RICH'D.

"Lo, here! this long usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Have I plucked off."—RICHMOND.

"Jane, put the baby to sleep with laudanum, and then bring me my parasol and revolver: I am going to attend a meeting for the amelioration of the condition of the human race."—ANONYMOUS.

SOME while back the readers of the Magazine were certainly edified, and I *had* hoped enlightened, with a brief unfolding of the Doctor's views of Woman's Rights as taught in the school of modern reform: sorry!—brim full of regret!—that your dreamy friend, Mons. Tallman, thus far wanders in the shadows and miths of a benighted philosophy. Ah! who shall lead us all to the pure fountains of truth, where are no bubblings of error, or prejudice, or bigotry? First of all, however, let me not forget the compliments of the gude wife to your correspondent, who takes especial delight in the assurance that there is indeed another Richmond in the field; and I believe she is now engaged in embroidering a scarf for the brave champion, whereon is the good old motto, *In hoc signo vinces.* Well, somehow, I feel somewhat pleased myself; for, in the five or six years that I have been an occasional scribbler for the magazines, this call to order, by Mr. Tallman, is the first honor I have had crowded upon me. Hail to the shade of Æsculapius!

Inasmuch as our friend has betaken himself to dreamland to combat dreams—I have a dread lest the strife might too much liken itself to the conflicts of Milton's shadows, and thereby endanger the probability of a speedy termination of hostilities. In great haste, therefore, I betake myself to the region of plain matter of fact and sober reality, while, with a sort of rollicking gossip, we chat over a sort of synopsis or rehersal of our views—not an extenuation or comprehensive consideration of the topic, that would be too tedious for the lively pages of the Templar.

First of all, I am not vastly troubled about the nick name of conservative, or, indeed, any other that does not carry, in its fair signification, dishonor! True progress is a glorious attribute to any people, or to any thinker; sham progress is not only disgusting in the sight of the right minded inquirer after truth, but is absolutely pernicious in its social effects. It creates a misty uncertainty and confusion in the thoughts, and impairs the simplicity and harmony of their healthy action. Of such nature I regard almost all that is said and done in these days with the special design to place woman in what is styled her proper sphere. It grows out of the wonderful itching, in our times, for hobby horses—to say nothing of the goodly number of feminine men and would-be-masculine women. I say this kind of stuff is what I call sham progress, and is not so respectable as the most obstinate old fashioned conservatism.

Secondly, that is only a hasty and ill judged view of the evils of society, which merely regards the wrongs of woman, and "dreams" of renewed beauty and Paradisical perfection to the whole social fabric when they are righted—ill judged but gallant. These wrongs arise, I fancy, more from general depraved human nature, than from any objectionable organization of human society. I hold, therefore, that no progression or change will offer a true remedy for these evils, for these wrongs, which society inflicts upon woman, but that true and healthy progress which affects the organization of the heart, which affects all human conduct.

I now call attention to the remedy proposed, by the most distinguished leaders in this female reform, for the restoration of woman to her proper station, right, and independence; and, you will perceive, I pay no attention to those indefinable longings—those glorious aspirations—that are as vague and unmeaning as the promises of a politician. Let us see, then. It is recommended to women, in selecting vocations for life, to choose *masculine employments* (this, with a view to better compensation as well as honor—but would a general adoption of this suggestion meet the leading object?) Also, her right to the elective franchise is earnestly and strenuously advocated. Let us bear this in mind, then—to acquire the elective franchise, and engage in masculine pursuits, these are to give to woman her due weight, independence, and influence in society.

It occurs to me that there is a false assumption in this proposition that at once destroys the force of the whole before we pass even the threshold of the argument. It supposes the conditions of *equality* and *sameness* to be synonymous in signification, which is really on its very frontlet absurd. Thus, we should have no two men equals in the social scale but such as are engaged in identical pursuits: and, with this view, men and women would only be equals in dignity and rank who are similarly employed. The republican idea, of equality universally inherent in the human family, entitling each to like privileges and common rights, is true—but is often sadly enough misinterpreted. A different genius, capacity and mental development, give peculiarity to each nation, tribe and family, of man. Each individual is almost as distinct in his disparity. Man is, truly, equal in privilege—how far from equal in power.

Another element of the proposition is alike unsound—which teaches that relative superiority and inferiority in the social scale are measured by the nature of the occupation. Thus, to suppose that man acquires a superior dignity by masculine pursuit, is just merely ridiculous—no more or less—and not worthy of deliberate discussion. One of the leading features of savageism makes women engage in the culture of the field and care of the crop—simply because these occupations are, in certain tribes, regarded as menial and beneath the dignity of man.

What then do I regard to be the truth in this matter? Simply this—as is plainly set forth in my chapter of gossip, on this topic, of a former date:

The man and woman are equal—in dignity, privilege and right—unless, indeed, the woman is the superior; and no where is woman so much and so truly regarded thus as in this Bible land of ours. But, being equals—not like, either in natures or vocation—God saw fit, in great wisdom, to adorn woman with an entirely diverse physical nature from that of man: delicate, beautiful, quick and sensitive, as to appearance and mental gifts; her unity distinct and peculiar from the unity of man. Now does not this argue a purpose? Manifestly, clearly. I contended that, for the greater comfort and happiness of mankind, the Creator had distinctly placed us in groups—as the family circle—wherein each had his allotted duty—each dependent on the rest for pleasure and necessity, and each contributing to the pleasures and necessities of the rest. And he that simply has regard to the delicacy of the female structure, as contrasted with the greater robustness and strength of man's frame, will scarce need the teachings of inspiration to point out what is the Divine plan. I believe they point out the woman as the guardian of all that is refined, delicate and beautiful; and that man is the *out door* representative of the family group. Can it be, that, from the beginning down through the long bleak ages of most five thousand years, the whole world has been groping in such thick darkness—such radical wrong! Is it reserved for the teachings of this reforming age to usher us at once, and thus suddenly, upon the full blaze of that peace, truth and glory, that pertain alone to the brightness of the millennial morn! "A little learning is a dangerous thing." Not less true is the danger of a hasty and ill judged spirit of progress—we are led into all manner of *change* indeed, not always into the paths of Divine truth;

"In media res, tutissima est."

☞A MAN made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire engine. In answer to the question, "What are the facilities for extinguishing fires?" he wrote, "*It rains sometimes.*"

☞DOBBS says that the first scoundrel that attempts to dissolve this glorious Union ought to be ground to death in a bark-mill without the privilege of "hollering." To protect the Constitution, Dobbs sleeps with it under his pillow every night.

TWO KINDS OF HONESTY.

Some few years ago, there resided in Long Acre an eccentric old Jew, named Jacob Benjamin: he kept a seed shop, in which he likewise carried on (not a common thing, we believe, in London) the sale of meal, and had risen from the lowest dregs of poverty, by industry and self-denial, till he grew to be an affluent tradesman. He was, indeed, a rich man; for, as he had neither wife nor child to spend his money, nor kith nor kin to borrow it of him, he had a great deal more than he knew what to do with. Lavish it on himself he could not, for his early habits stuck on him, and his wants were few. He was always clean and decent in his dress, but he had no taste for elegance or splendor in any form, nor had even the pleasures of the table any charms for him; so that, though he was no miser, his money kept on accumulating, while it occurred to him, now and then, to wonder what he should do with it hereafter. One would think he need not have wondered long, when there were so many people suffering from the want of what he abounded in; but Mr. Benjamin, honest man, had his crotchets, like other folks. In the first place, he had less sympathy with poverty than might have been expected, considering how poor he had once been himself; but he had a theory, just in the main, though by no means without its exceptions, that the indigent have generally themselves to thank for their privations. Judging from his own experience, he believed that there was bread for every body that would take the trouble of earning it; and, as he had little difficulty in resisting temptation himself, and was not philosopher enough to allow for the varieties of human character, he had small compassion for those who injured their prospects by yielding to it. Then he had found, on more than one occasion, that, even to the apparently well-doing, assistance was not always serviceable. Endeavor was relaxed, and gratuities, once received, were looked for again. Doubtless, part of this evil result was to be sought in Mr. Benjamin's own defective mode of proceeding; but, I repeat, he was no philosopher, and in matters of this sort he did not see much further than his nose, which was, however, a very long one.

To public charities he sometimes subscribed very liberally; but his hand was frequently withheld by a doubt regarding the judicious expenditure of the funds, and this doubt was especially fortified after chancing to see one day, as he was passing the Crown and Anchor tavern, a concourse of gentlemen turn out, with very flushed faces, who had been dining together for the benefit of some savages in the Southern Pacific Ocean, accused of devouring human flesh—a practice so abhorent to Mr. Benjamin, that he had subscribed for their conversion. But failing to perceive the connection betwixt the dinner and that desirable consummation, his name appeared henceforth less frequently in printed lists, and he felt more uncertain than before as to what branch of unknown posterity he should bequeath his fortune.

In the mean time, he kept on the even tenor of his way, standing behind his counter and serving his customers, assisted by a young woman called Leah Leet, who acted as his shop-woman, and in whom, on the whole, he felt more interest than in anybody else in the world, insomuch that it even sometimes glanced across his mind, whether he should not make her the heiress of all his wealth. He never, however, gave her the least reason to expect such a thing, being himself incapable of conceiving that, if he entertained the notion, he ought to prepare her by education for the good fortune that awaited her. But he neither perceived this necessity, nor, if he had, would he have liked to lose the services of a person he had been so long accustomed to.

At length, one day, a new idea struck him. He had been reading the story of his namesake, Benjamin, in the Old Testament, and the question occurred to him, how many among his purchasers of the poorer class—and all who came to his shop personally were of that class—would bring back a piece of money they might find among their meal, and he thought he should like to try a few of them that were his regular customers. The experiment would amuse his mind, and the money he might lose by it he did not care for. So he began with shillings, slipping one among the flour before he handed it to the purchaser. But the shillings never came back—perhaps people did not think so small a sum worth returning; so he went on to half-crowns and crowns, and, now and then, in very particular cases, he even ventured a guinea: but it was always with the same luck—and the longer he tried, the more he distrusted there being any honesty in the world, and the more disposed he felt to leave all his money to Leah Leet, who had lived with him so long, and, to his belief, had never wronged him of a penny.

"What 's this you have put into the gruel, Mary?" said a pale, sickly-looking man, one evening, taking something out of his mouth, which he held toward the feeble gleams emitted by a farthing rush light standing on the mantlepiece.

"What is it, father?" inquired a young girl, approaching him. "Is n't the gruel good?"

"It 's good enough," replied the man; "but here 's something in it: it 's a shilling, I believe."

"It 's a guinea, I declare!" exclaimed the girl, as she took the coin from his hand and examined it near the light.

"A guinea!" repeated the man; "well, that's the first bit of luck I 've had these seven years or more. It never could have come when I wanted it worse. Show it us here, Mary."

"But it 's not ours, father," said Mary. "I paid away the last shilling we had for meal, and here's the change."

"God has sent it us, girl! He saw our distress, and he sent it us in his mercy!" said the man, grasping the piece of gold with his thin, bony fingers.

"It must be Mr. Benjamin's returned she. "He must have dropped it into the meal tub that stands by the counter."

"How do you know that?" inquired the man with an impatient tone and half angry glance. "How can you tell how it came into the gruel? Perhaps it was lying at the bottom of the basin, or at the bottom of the sauce pan. Most likely it was."

"O no, father!" said Mary: "it is long since we had a guinea."

"A guinea that we knew of; but I 've had plenty in my time, and how do you know this is not one we had overlooked?"

"We 've wanted a guinea too much to overlook one," answered she. "But never mind, father; eat your gruel, and do n't think of it; your cheeks are getting quite red with talking so, and you won't be able to sleep when you go to bed."

"I do n't expect to sleep," said the man, peevishly; "I never do sleep."

"I think you will, after that nice gruel!" said Mary, throwing her arms round his neck and tenderly kissing his cheek.

"And a guinea in it to give a relish, too!" returned the father, with a faint smile and an expression of archness, betokening an inner nature very different from the exterior which sorrow and poverty had encrusted on it.

His daughter then proposed that he should go to bed; and, having assisted him to undress, and arranged her little household matters, she retired behind a tattered, drab-colored curtain, which shaded her own mattress, and laid herself down to rest.

The apartment in which the little scene occurred, was in the attic story of a main house, situated in one of the narrow courts or alleys betwixt the Strand and Drury-lane. The furniture it contained was of the poorest description; the cracked window panes were coated with dust; and the scanty fire in the grate, although the evening was cold enough to make a large one desirable, all combined to testify to the poverty of the inhabitants. It was a sorry retreat for declining years and sickness, and a sad and cheerless home for the fresh cheek and glad hopes of youth; and all the worse, that neither father nor daughter was "to the manor born;" for poor John Glegg had, as he said, had plenty of guineas in his time; at least, what should have been plenty, had they been wisely husbanded. But John, to describe the thing as he saw it himself, had alway "had luck against him." It did not signify what he undertook, his undertakings invariably turned out ill.

He was born in Scotland, and had passed a great portion of his life there; but, unfortunately for him, had no Scotch blood in his veins, or he might have been blessed with some small modicum of the caution for which that nation is said to be distinguished. His father had been a cooper, and, when quite a young man, John had succeeded to a well established business in Aberdeen. His principal commerce consisted in furnishing the retail dealers with casks, wherein to pack their dried fish; but, partly from good nature and partly from indolence, he allowed them to run up such long accounts, that they were apt to overlook the debt altogether in their calculations, and to take refuge in bankruptcy when the demand was pressed and the supply of goods witheld—his negligence thus proving, in its results, as injurious to them as to himself. Five hundred pounds embarked in a scheme projected by a too sanguine friend, for establishing a local newspaper, which "died ere it was born," and a fire occurring at a time that John had omitted to renew his insurance, had seriously damaged his resources, when some matter of business having taken him to the Isle of Man, he was agreeably surprised to find that his branch of trade, which had of late years been alarmingly declining in Aberdeen, was there in the most flourishing condition. Delighted with the prospect this state of affairs opened, and eager to quit the spot where misfortune had so unrelentingly pursued him, John, having first secured a house at Ramsay, returned to fetch his wife, children and merchandise, to this new home. Having freighted a small vessel for their conveyance, he expected to be deposited at his own door; but he had unhappily forgotten to ascertain the character of the captain, who, under pretense that, if he entered the harbor, he should probably be windbound for several weeks, persuaded them to go ashore in a small boat, promising to lie to till they had landed their goods; but the boat had no sooner returned to the ship, than, spreading her sails to the wind, she was soon out of sight, leaving John and his family on the beach, with, to recur to his own phraseology, "nothing but what they stood up in."

Having with some difficulty found shelter for the night, they proceeded, on the following morning, in a boat to Ramsay; but here it was found that, owing to some informality, the people who had possession of the house refused to give it up, and the wanderers were obliged to take refuge in an inn. The next thing was to pursue and recover the lost goods: but some weeks elapsed before an opportunity of doing so could be found; and at length, when John did reach Liverpool, the captain had left it, carrying away with him a considerable share of the property. With the remainder, John, after many expenses and delays, returned to the island and resumed his business. But he soon discovered, to his cost, that the calculations he had made were quite fallacious, owing to his having neglected to inquire whether the late prosperous season had been a normal or an exceptional one. Unfortunately, it was the latter; and several very unfavorable ones that succeeded reduced the family to great distress, and, finally, to utter ruin.

Relinquishing his shop and his goods to his creditors, John Glegg, heart sick and weary, sought a refuge in London—a proceeding to which he was urged by prudential motives, but rather by the desire to fly as far as possible from the scenes of his vexations and disappointments, and because he had heard that the metropolis was a place in which a man might conceal his poverty, and suffer and starve at his ease, untroubled by impertinent curiosity or officious benevolence; and, above all, believing it to be the spot where he was least likely to fall in with any of his former acquaintance.

But here a new calamity awaited him, worse than all the rest. A fever broke out in the closely populated neighborhood in which they had fixed their abode, and, first, two of his three children took it and died; and then himself and his wife—rendered meet subjects for infection by anxiety of mind and poor living—were attacked with the disease. He recovered; at least he survived, though with an enfeebled constitution, but he lost his wife, a wise and patient woman, who had been his comforter and sustainer through all his misfortunes—misfortunes which, after vainly endeavoring to avert, she supported with heroic and uncomplaining fortitude; but, dying, she left him a precious legacy in Mary, who, with a fine nature, and the benefit of her mother's precept and example, had been to him, ever since, a treasure of filial duty and tenderness.

A faint light dawned through the dirty window on the morning succeeding the little event with which we opened our story, when Mary rose softly from her humble couch, and, stepping lightly to where her father's clothes lay on a chair, at the foot of his bed, she put her hand into his waistcoat pocket, and extracting therefrom the guinea that had been found in the gruel the preceding evening, she transferred it to her own. She then dressed herself, and, having ascertained that her father still slept, she quietly left the room. The hour was yet so early, and the streets so deserted, that Mary almost trembled to find herself in them alone; but she was anxious to do what she considered her duty without the pain of contention. John Glegg was naturally an honest and well intentioned man, but the weakness that had blasted his life adhered to him still. They were, doubtless, in terrible need of the guinea, and since it was not by any means certain that the real owner would be found, he saw no great harm in appropriating it; but Mary wasted no casuistry on the matter. That the money was not legitimately theirs, and that they had no right to retain it, was all she saw; and so seeing, she acted unhesitatingly on her convictions.

She had bought the meal at Mr. Benjamin's, because her father complained of the quality of that she procured in the smaller shops, and on this occasion he had served her himself. From the earliness of the hour, however, though the shop was open, he was not in it when she arrived on her errand of restitution; but, addressing Leah Leet, who was dusting the counter, she mentioned the circumstance and tendered the guinea—which the other took and dropped into the till, without acknowledgment or remark. Now Mary had not restored the money with any view to praise or reward: the thought of either had not occurred to her—but she was, nevertheless, pained by the dry, cold, thankless manner with which the restitution was accepted, and she felt that a little civility would not have been out of place on such an occasion.

She was thinking of this on her way back, when she observed Mr. Benjamin on the opposite side of the street. The fact was, that he did not sleep at the shop, but in one of the suburbs of the metropolis, and he was now proceeding from his residence to Long Acre. When he caught her eye he was standing still on the pavement, and looking, as it appeared, at her, so she dropped him a courtesy and walked forward—while the old man said to himself, "That's the girl that got the guinea in her meal, yesterday. I wonder if she has been to return it!"

It was Mary's pure, innocent, but dejected countenance, that had induced him to make her the subject of one of his most costly experiments. He thought if there was such a thing as honesty in the world, that it would find a fit refuge in that young bosom; and the early hour, and the direction in which she was coming, led him to hope that he might sing *Eureka* at last. When he entered the shop, Leah stood behind the counter, as usual, looking very staid and demure; but all she said was, "Good morning." And when he inquired if any body had been there, she quietly answered, "No; nobody."

Mr. Benjumin was confirmed in his axiom; but he consoled himself with the idea, that as the girl was doubtless very poor, the guinea might be of some use to her. In the meantime, Mary was boiling the gruel for her father's breakfast, the only food she could afford him, till she got a few shillings that were owing to her for needle work.

"Well, father, dear, how are you this morning?"

"I scarce know, Mary. I've been dreaming; and it was so like reality, that I can hardly believe yet it was a dream;" and his eyes wandered over the room, as if looking for something.

"What is it, father?" Do you want your breakfast? It will be ready in five minutes."

"I've been dreaming of a roast fowl and other delicacies, Mary. I thought you came in with them in your hand, and said: 'See, father, this is what I've bought with the guinea we found in the meal!'"

"But I could n't do that, father, you know. It would'nt have been honest to spend other people's money."

"Nonsense!" answered John. "Whose money is it, I should like to know? What belongs to no one we may as well claim as any body else."

"But it must belong to somebody; and, as I knew it was not ours, I've carried it back to Mr. Benjamin."

"You have?" said Glegg, sitting up in bed.

"Yes, I have, father. Do n't be angry. I'm sure you won't when you think better of it."

But John *was* very angry indeed. He was dreadfully disappointed at losing the delicacies that his sick appetite hungered for, and which, he fancied, would do more to restore him than all the *doctors' stuff* in London; and, so far, he was perhaps right. He bitterly reproached Mary for want of sympathy with his sufferings, and was peevish and cross all day. At night, however, his better nature regained the ascendant; and when he saw the poor girl wipe the tears from her eyes, and her nimble needle flew through the seams of a shirt she was making for a cheap warehouse in the Strand, his heart relented, and, holding out his hand, he drew her fondly toward him.

"You're right, Mary," said he, "and I'm wrong; but I'm not myself with this long illness, and I often think if I had good food I should get well and be able to do something for myself. It falls hard upon you, my girl: and often when I see you slaving to support my useless life, I wish I was dead and out of the way; and then you could do very well for yourself, and I think that pretty face of yours would get you a husband, perhaps." And Mary flung her arms about his neck, and told him how willing she was to work for him, and how forlorn she should be without him, and desired she might never hear any more of such wicked wishes. Still she had an ardent desire to give him the fowl which he had longed for, for his next Sunday's dinner; but, alas! she could not compass it. But, on that very Sunday, the one that succeeded these little events, Leah Leet appeared with a smart new bonnet and gown, at a tea-party given by Mr. Benjamin to three or four of his intimate friends. He was in the habit of giving such small, inexpensive entertainments, and he made it a point to invite Leah; partly because she made the tea for him, and partly because he wished to keep her out of other society, lest she should get married and leave him—a thing he much deprecated on all accounts. He was accustomed to her, and, above all, she was so honest!

But there are various kinds of honesty. Mary Glegg's was of the pure sort; it was such as nature and her mother had instilled into her; it was the honesty of high principle. But Leah was honest, because she had been taught that honesty is the best policy; and, as she had her living to earn, it was extremely necessary that she should be guided by the axiom, or she might come to poverty and want bread, like others she saw, who lost good situations from failing in this particular.

Now, after all, this is but a sandy foundation for honesty; because a person who is not actuated by a higher motive, will naturally have no objection to a little peculation in a safe way—that is, when they think there is no possible chance of being found out. In short, such honesty is but a counterfeit, and, like all counterfeits, it will not stand the wear and tear of the genuine article. Such, however, was Leah's, who had been bred up by worldly-wise teachers, who neither taught nor knew any better. Entirely ignorant of Mr. Benjamin's eccentric method of seeking what, two thousand years ago, Diogenes thought it worth while to look for with a lantern, she considered that the guinea brought back by Mary was a waif, which might be appropriated without the smallest danger of being called to account for it. It had probably, she thought, been dropped into the meal-tub by some careless customer, who would not know how he had lost it; and, even if it were her master's, he must also be quite ignorant of the accident that had placed it where it was found. The girl was a stranger in the shop; she had never been there till the day before, and might never be there again; and, if she were, it was not likely she would speak to Mr. Benjamin. So there could be no risk, as far as she could see; and the money came just apropos to purchase some new attire that the change of season rendered desirable.

Many of us now alive can remember the beginning of what is called the sanitary movement, previous to which era, as nothing was said about the wretched dwellings of the poor, nobody thought of them, nor were the ill consequences of their dirty, crowded rooms and bad ventilation, at all appreciated. At length the idea struck somebody, who wrote a pamphlet about it, which the public did not read; but as the author sent it to the newspaper editors, they borrowed the hint and took up the subject, the importance of which by slow degrees, penetrated the London mind. Now, among the sources of wealth possessed by Mr. Benjamin were a great many houses, which, by having money at his command, he had bought cheap from those who could not afford to wait; and many of these were situated in squalid neighborhoods, and were inhabited by miserably poor people; but as these people did not fall under his eye, he had never thought of them—he had only thought of their rents, which he had received with more or less regularity through the hands of his agent. The sums due, however, were often deficient, for sometimes the tenants were unable to pay them, because they were so sick they could not work; and sometimes they died, leaving nothing behind them to seize for their debts. Mr. Benjamin had looked upon this evil as irremediable; but, when he heard of the sanitary movement, it occurred to him, that if he did something toward rendering his property more eligible and wholesome, he might let his rooms to a better class of tenants, and that greater certainty of payment, together with a little higher rent, would remunerate him for the expense of cleaning and repairs. The idea being agreeable both to his love of gain and his benevolence, he summoned his builder and proposed that he should accompany him over these tenements, in order that they might agree as to what should be done, and calculate the outlay; and the house inhabited by Glegg and his daughter happening to be one of them, the old gentleman, in the natural course of events, found himself paying an unexpected visit to the unconscious subject of his last experiment; for the last it was, and so it was likely to remain, though three months had elapsed since he made it; but its ill success had discouraged him. There was something about Mary that so evidently distinguished her from his usual customers; she looked so innocent, so modest, and withal so pretty, that he thought if he failed with her he was not likely to succeed with any body else.

"Who lives in the attics?" he inquired of Mr. Harker, the builder, as they were ascending the stair.

"There's a widow and her daughter, and son-in-law, with three children, in the back-room," answered Mr. Harker. "I believe the women go out charring, and the man's a bricklayer. In the front there's a man called Glegg and his daughter. I fancy they're people that have been better off at some time of their lives. He has been a tradesman — a cooper, he tells me; but things went badly with him; and, since he came here, his wife died of the fever, and he's been so weakly since he had it, that he can earn nothing. His daughter lives by her needle."

Mary was out; she had gone to take home some work, in hopes of getting immediate payment for it. A couple of shillings would purchase them coal and food, and they were much in need of both. John was sitting by the scanty fire, with his daughter's shawl over his shoulders, looking wan, wasted and desponding.

"Mr. Benjamin, the landlord, Mr. Glegg," said Harker.

John knew they owed a little rent, and was afraid they had come to demand it.

"I'm sorry my daughter is out, gentlemen," he said. "Will you be pleased to take a chair."

"Mr. Benjamin is going round his property," said Harker. "He is proposing to make a few repairs, and do a little painting and whitewashing, to make the rooms more airy and comfortable."

"That will be a good thing, sir," answered Glegg—"a very good thing; for I believe it is the closeness of the place that makes us country folks ill when we come to London. I'm sure I've never had a day's health since I've lived here."

"You've been very unlucky, indeed, Mr. Glegg," said Harker. "But you know, if we lay out money we shall look for a return. We must raise your rent."

"Ah, sir, I suppose so," answered John, with a sigh; "and how we're to pay it, I do n't know. If I could only get well, I should n't mind; for I'd rather break stones on the road, or sweep a crossing, than see my poor girl slaving from morning till night for such a pittance."

"If we were to throw down this partition, and open another window here," said Harker to Mr. Benjamin, "it would make a comfortable apartment of it. There would be room, then, for a bed in the recess."

Mr. Benjamin, however, was at that moment engaged in the contemplation of an ill-painted portrait of a girl, that was attached by a pin over the chimney-piece. It was without a frame, for the respectable gilt one that had formerly encircled it, had been taken off and sold to buy bread. Nothing could be coarser than the execution of the thing, but, as is not unfrequently the case with such productions, the likeness was striking; and Mr. Benjamin, being now in the habit of seeing Mary, who bought all the meal they used at his shop, recognized it at once.

"That's your daughter, is it?" he said.

"Yes, sir; she's often at your place for meal: and, if it was n't too great a liberty, I would ask you, sir, if you thought you could help her to some sort of employment that's better than sewing; for it's a hard life, sir, in this close place, for a young creature that was brought up in the country air; not that Mary minds work, but the worst is, there's so little to be got by the needle, and it's such close confinement."

Mr. Benjamin's mind, during the address of poor Glegg, was running on his guinea. He felt a distrust of her honesty—or rather of the honesty of both father and daughter; and yet, being far from a hard hearted person, their evident distress and the man's sickness disposed him to make allowance for them.

"They could n't know that the money belonged to me," thought he; adding, aloud, "Have you no friends here in London?"

"No, sir, none. I was unfortunate in business in the country, and came here hoping for better luck; but sickness overtook us, and we've never been able to do any good. But, Mary, my daughter, does n't want for education, sir; and a more honest girl never lived?"

"Honest, is she?" said Mr. Benjamin, looking Glegg in the face.

"I'll answer for her, sir," answered John, who thought the old gentleman was going to assist her to a situation. "You'll excuse me mentioning it, sir; but, perhaps, it is n't every body, distressed as we were, that would have carried back that money she found in the meal; but Mary *would* do it, even when I said perhaps it was n't yours, and that nobody might know whose it was; which was very wrong for me, no doubt; but one's mind gets weakened by illness and want, and I could n't help thinking of the food it would buy us; but Mary would n't hear of it. I'm sure you might trust Mary with untold gold, sir; and it would be real charity to help her to a situation, if you know of such a thing."

Little deemed Leah that morning, as she handed Mary her quart of meal and the change for her hard-earned shilling, that she had spoiled her own fortune, and that she would, ere night, be called upon to abdicate her stool behind the counter in favor of that humble customer; and yet so it was. Mr. Benjamin could not forgive her dereliction from honesty; and the more he had trusted her, the greater was the shock to his confidence. Moreover, his short-sighted views of human nature, and his incapacity for comprehending its infinite shades and varieties, caused him to extend his ill opinion further than the delinquent merited. In spite of her protestations, he could not believe that this was her first misdemeanor; but concluded that, like many other people in the world, she had only been reputed honest because she had not been found out.

Leah Leet soon found herself in the very dilemma she had deprecated, and the apprehension of which had kept her so long honest—without a situation and with a damaged character.

As Mary understood book-keeping, the duties of her new office were soon learned; and the only evil attending it was, that she could not take care of her father. But, determined not to lose her, Mr. Benjamin found means to reconcile the difficulty by giving them a room behind the shop, where they lived very comfortably, till Glegg, recovering some portion of health, was able to work a little at his trade.

In process of time, however, an infirmity began to disable Mr. Benjamin for the daily walks from his residence to his shop, he left the whole management of the business to the father and daughter, receiving every shilling of the profits, except the moderate salaries he gave them, which were sufficient to furnish them with all the necessaries of life, though nothing beyond. But, when the old gentleman died, and his will was opened, it was found that he had left every thing he possessed to Mary Glegg; except one guinea, which, without alleging any reason, he bequeathed to Leah Leet.

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☞Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength and estate; but her relation as a mother is as the sun when it goeth forth in its might; for it is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening.

☞He that never extends his view beyond the praises or rewards of men, will be dejected by neglect and envy or infatuated by honor and applause.

☞Power and liberty are like heat and moisture; where they are well mixed every thing prospers; where they are single they are often destructive.

ADDRESS TO TEMPLARS.

BY ANGELINE.

With truth for a motto go fearlessly on,
  Power and station will vainly oppose;
Battle in faith, and the cause will be won—
  Vain is each wind that resistingly blows.
Error must quail when Truth's banner ye wave;
Lift it on high the oppressed to save.

Love to the erring, and hope to the slave,
  Galled by the yoke of a tyrant too long;
A demon, who led to a suicide's grave
  The young and the gifted, the proud and the strong.
To such as are treading the slippery way,
That love is extended their footsteps to stay.

Purity gives to your motives a charm
  Such as the cold, selfish world cannot claim,
Shielding the tried and the tempted from harm;
  Free from all taint is your object and aim.
Pure be your actions till life shall be past,
And a home midst the pure be your portion at last.

Fidelity's name on your altar is seen—
  Proud may ye be of a motto like this;
On Fidelity's arm for support we may lean,
  And Truth, Love and Purity, perfect our bliss.
Be steadfast in purpose, and truthful and pure;
Till ye meet where Love's Temple shall ever endure.

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CLIPPINGS.

BY SCISSORS.

A Good One.—An individual residing in —— county, when under age, contracted a debt amounting to nearly sixteen dollars, which he refused to pay. He was sued and he employed an attorney of that place to defend the case.

"What is your defense?" demanded the counsel.

"Plead my minority when I contracted the debt," said the client, "for I have no other defense."

"Very well," replied the counsel.

They proceeded to the justice's court, where the plea was made, and succeded. The court decided in favor of the young man, and the creditor had to pay all the costs.

But this is not the best of the joke. A settlement had yet to be made between the client and counsel. This was soon brought about by a dun from the counsel.

"What do you charge for your services?"

"Twenty dollars, sir."

"Twenty dollars!" exclaimed the client, "why I was sued for sixteen dollars. I had better have paid that."

"So you had," replied the lawyer, "and for not doing so you shall now fork up to me twenty—so out with it sir, and learn to pay your honest debts in future."

The twenty was forked up, and the sufferer will, we hope, profit by his experience.

A **Lame Argument**.—One of the most common apparent arguments against the Maine Law, used by those who are trying to prevent its passage, is the assertion, that, under its operation, more liquor will be sold secretly than there is now openly. That the assertion is absurd, is apparent to any one who looks at the action of the liquor sellers in the matter. They are a shrewd set of men; they know full well what is for their own interest, and have investigated this subject. They know that if more liquor will be sold under the Law than without it, their interest demands its enactment, as their profits will be greater than now. Consequently, they will favor its passage. But if less will be sold, then their profits will be less, and the law opposes their interests. They generally oppose the law; therefore, in that way they give their opinions that it will restrain the traffic. W.

Very True.—"The taxes are indeed heavy," said Dr. Franklin on one occasion, "and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might easily discharge them; but we have many others. We are taxed as much for our idleness, three times as much for our pride, and four times as much for our folly, and from these the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing any abatement.

"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old Lady. "He has made a fiddle all out of his own head, and he has wood enough for another."

We have seen women not only too weak to bear food, but even too weak to bear contradiction.

A Georgia negro was riding a mule along and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped. "I'll bet you a quarter," said Jack, "I'll make you go ober de bridge," and with that struck the mule over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. "You take de bet, den?" said the negro, and he contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge.

"I won that quarter, any how," said Jack.

"But how will you get your money?" said a man who had been close by unperceived.

"To-morrow," said Jack, "massa gib me a dollar to get corn for the mule, and I take de quarter out."

A writer gives the following advice to wives: "Should you find it necessary, as you undoubtedly will, many of you, to chastise your husbands, you should perform this affectionate duty with the soft end of the broom, and not the handle."

Ellen.—"O, do n't teaze me to-day, Charley; I am not at all well."

Charley—[Twelve years old. A man of the world.] "I tell you what it is, you are in love. Now take the advice of a fellow who has seen a good deal of that sort of thing, and do n't give way to it!"

There is a man who says he has been at evening parties out West, where the boys and girls hug so hard that their sides cave in. He has had many of his own ribs broke in that way.

Not Bad.—"Where was I, ma," said a little urchin one day to his mother, as he stood gazing upon his drunken and prostrate pa; "where was I when you married pa? Why did n't you take me along? I could have picked out a better man than he is!"

An old sea captain used to say he did n't care how he dressed when abroad, "because nobody knew him." And he did n't care how he dressed when at home, "because every body knew him."

GRAND TEMPLE PROCEEDINGS.

TENNESSEE.

Bro. Wadsworth—Below, I send you a synopsis of the proceedings of the Grand Temple of Tennessee.

On Wednesday, the 19th, at 10 o'clock, the G. W. T. called the Grand Temple to order, and opened in due form. Officers all present.

The Committee on Credentials having reported the same correct, the Grand Temple proceeded to initiate those representatives who had not been previously inducted into our mysteries.

After the reading of the minutes, and the reports of the G. W. T. and G. W. R., they were referred to a special committee; the report of the G. W. Tr. was also read and referred to the Finance Committee.

The unfinished business of the November session was taken up and disposed of, sustaining the appeal of Bro. McDaniel, and postponing further action.

New business being called for, the Grand Temple proceeded to the nomination and election of officers for the year 1852–3, which resulted as follows:

Hugh Carroll, G. W. T., South Nashville; Charles E. Butler, G. W. V. T., Trenton; W. W. Robb, G. W. R., Nashville; A. P. Skipwith, G. W. Tr., South Nashville; N. J. Malone, G. W. U., Lynnville; L. B. W. Pettey, G. W. G., Murfreesborough; Isaac Paul, G. W. Chaplain, South Nashville. After which the Grand Temple took recess till 2 o'clock, P. M.

Two O'Clock.—The Grand Temple was called to order by T. M. L. Gordon, G. W. V. T., the G. W. T. not being present. After the usual formalities, the Grand Temple was declared ready for business. The Committee on the Act of Incorporation, as ordered at the November term, made a report, submitting an act of incorporation, as granted by the general assembly of Tennessee at its last session; received, and committee discharged.

The Committee on Printing the By-Laws of this Grand Temple made a report; received, and committee discharged.

No other committees being ready to report, the officers elect for the ensuing year were installed into office, P. G. W. T., Isaac Paul acting as D. M. W. T. After which the Grand Temple adjourned till Thursday morning, 9 o'clock, May 20.

Thursday Morning, May 20.—Grand Temple called to order by the G. W. T.—officers all present, and resumed the regular business. The several committees made their reports, which were acted on; submitting several important considerations, calculated to add much to the prosperity of the Order, but unnecessary to give in detail.

In the report of the Committee on Returns, a glowing description was given, presenting an exhibit of our Order, as far as heard from, which was of the most flattering character.

Resolution, No. 1, by Bro. Nelson, P. G. W. T., was read and, after amendment, adopted—to wit:

Resolved, That our representatives to the National Temple be requested to advocate a change in regard to public notices of expelled members.

Resolution, No. 2, by Bro. Skipwith, G. W. Tr., was read and adopted—to wit:

Resolved, That the representatives from this Grand Temple to the National Temple be requested to use their influence to so have the Constitution of Subordinate Temples amended, as to admit of no penalty or alternative for violating Article II, but expulsion.

Resolution, No. 3, by Bro. Cotton, representative of No. 20, was read and adopted—to wit:

Resolved, That our representatives to the National Temple be requested to use their influence to so amend the Constitution of Subordinate Temples, as to admit a brother possessing a withdrawal card, with all the honors and privileges he was in possession of when he obtained it, by paying regular dues to the Temple the card is deposited in from the time it was obtained.

Resolution, No. 4, by Bro. Frizzell, representative of No. 5, was read and adopted—to wit:

Resolved, That the following be added to Sec. 1, Art. IV, of By-Laws of this Grand Temple—to wit:

Sec. 5. A Committee "on the State of the Order," consisting of three members.

Sec. 6. The Committee "on the State of the Order" shall report upon all matters which may be referred to them, appertaining to the state and condition of the Order.

The Representatives to the National Temple were then elected for the ensuing Temple year, to wit:

Isaac Litton, P. G. W. T., Isaac Paul, P. G. W. T., Anson Nelson, P. G. W. T., Hugh Carroll, G. W. T., A. McDaniel, P. G. W. V. T., T. M. L. Gordon, P. G. W. V. T., C. E. Butler, G. W. V. T.

On motion, *Resolved*, That the semi-annual session of this Grand Temple be held in Lynnville, Tennessee, the third Wednesday in November, 1852.

Hugh Carroll, G. W. R.

Nashville, May 22, 1852.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Bro. Wadsworth—Last week I attended the session of the Grand Temple of Pennsylvania. The attendance was not so large as expected, but everything passed off well. Each one present was impressed with the importance of the great work to be accomplished, and a full determination to do his share of the work. The officers of the Grand Temple are as follows:

J. Patrick, G. W. T., Uniontown, Fayette county; R. F. Maul, G. W. V. T., Philadelphia; John P. Simons, G. W. R., Philadelphia; Wm. S. Stiles, G. W. Tr., Philadelphia; Joel Fales, G. W. U., Philadelphia; Thomas Hardin, G. W. G., West Philadelphia; James B. Baker, G. W. Chaplain, Philadelphia.

In November last, American Eagle Temple of Honor, No. 76, was organized, of which I am now P. W. C. T., and Thomas Hardin, W. C. T. We are doing as well as can be expected, are gradually increasing in membership, of good men and true. We keep up a continual agitation in our section on the Maine Law; we hold meetings every two weeks in the Commissioners' Hall, and, during the warm summer season, intend to hold them in the open air, so that there will be plenty of room for those who attend. We have, at present, some representatives in the legislature who opposed the Maine Law, but we are determined there shall be none there next session from this county. The agitation is working well.

Send me a few specimen copies of the Magazine of different dates, if you have them to spare, and I will make every effort to return you a list as speedily as possible.

With my best wishes for your prosperity, I remain yours ever, in T. L. P. and F.

Hiram C. Roberts, P. W. C. T.

West Philadelphia, May 24, 1852.

GRAND TEMPLE OF INDIANA.

The annual session of this body was held at Mt. Vernon, on Wednesday, May 26.

The session was one of great harmony; and, though the amount of business transacted was not large, yet every thing went off with the most cordial unanimity.

The following officers were elected for the present year:

Charles Woodward, Indianapolis, G. W. T.; John A. Mann, Mt. Vernon, G. W. V. T.; John H. Ohr, Indianapolis, G. W. R.; Elijah Sabin, New Albany, G. W. T.; Daniel McIntire, Princeton, G. W. C.; Robert Robson, New Harmony, G. W. U.; W. P. Robinson, Jeffersonville, G. W. G.

On Tuesday the Temple at Mt. Vernon had a celebration, and the Order turned out in regalia, with the members of the Social Degree and Sons of Temperance, and, after taking the circuit of the town repaired to one of the churches and listened to very interesting addresses from Bros. Shumard and Sabin.

On Friday we attended the meeting of their large Social Degree, and were much pleased with the promptness of its officers and the excellent proficiency of its members.

The ladies of Mt. Vernon Social Degree are not excelled in any place for their devotion to our noble Order.

On Thursday and Friday evenings the ladies invited us to a splendidly gotten up Fair, where we were introduced to the beauty of the town and enjoyed ourselves finely.

We shall long remember our visit to Mt. Vernon, and the generous hospitality with which we were treated by its citizens. Let them but close up the five filthy whisky shops they have in their midst, and they are excelled by but few towns in Indiana.—*Temperance Chart.*

MICHIGAN.

Bro. Wadsworth.—The Grand Temple of Honor of this state met on the 19th inst., and had one of the most animated sessions that I ever saw held by any body. The following are the officers elected for the ensuing year:

T. H. Armstrong, G. W. T.; E. A. Tribon, G. W. V. T.; G. P. Chapin, G. W. R.; Wm. Nixon, G. W. Treas.; L. B. Bowen, G. W. U.; E. L. Burton, G. W. G.

The Grand Temple adopted a resolution appointing a Grand Worthy Lecturer, which office has been conferred on the writer.

We had a session of about two days, and every delegate seemed to feel gratified by having been present. A great deal of business was done, and the Order now, in this state, stands on a solid foundation. The Temples number some twenty, and I hope, by next year, to see the number doubled. Lenawae Temple, No. 1, Tecumseh Temple, No. 6, and Detroit Temple, No. 13, are the three in the best working order. At Adrian and Tecumseh the Social Degree goes ahead, each Temple having some seventy or eighty members. Detroit Temple will work in the Social Degree next week.

Our Grand Temple adjourned to meet at Detroit on the 7th day of July next, at which time the great Mass convention is to be called. Can 't you come?

Fraternally yours,
Thomas Anderson.

Detroit, May 21, 1852.

NEW YORK.

The Annual Session of this Grand Temple was held at Utica, May 26 and 27.

Bro. Bull, G. W. R., informs us that the session was well attended and harmonious, and that a large amount of business was transacted calculated to advance the interests of the Order.

The officers elected for the current year are:

J. N. Elmore, G. W. T., of Temple No. 35, at Elmira; Thomas J. Francis, G. W. V. T., of Temple No. 39, at Utica; Reuben C. Bull, G. W. R., of Temple No. 1, N. York city; R. K. Conclin, G. W. Tr., of Temple No. 39, Utica; Jeremiah Hunt, G. W. U., of Temple No. 39, Utica; R. H. Francis, G. W. G., of Temple No. 39, Utica; Rev. G. Brown, G. W. Chaplain, of Temple No. 1, New York city.

OHIO.

The Grand Temple of this state held its annual session in Foster Hall, Cincinnati, May 25, 26 and 27.

The attendance was quite good, and some fifteen new members were admitted.

The officers reported five new Temples opened since the November session, and a charter was granted for another during the session. The financial affairs of Subordinate and Grand Temples were reported in a good condition.

Receipts of Subordinate Temples during the year, were $5185.56; paid for benefits, $1047.00; number initiated, 397; receipts of Grand Temples, $576.38.

The officers elected for the current year are:

C. W. B. Allison, G. W. T., of Bellefontaine Temple, No. 15; A. M. Scott, G. W. V. T., of Dayton Temple, No. 16; J. Wadsworth, G. W. R., of Cincinnati Temple, No. 1; H. R. Curry, G. W. Treas., of Cincinnati Temple, No. 1; W. R. Monroe, G. W. U., of Oliver Temple, No. 32; J. C. Wallace, G. W. G., of Cincinnati Temple, No. 1; J. Q. Lakin, G. W. Chaplain, of Crystal Fount, No. 43.

A code of By-Laws for the Grand Temple was reported by a committee, which, after some discussion and amendments, was adopted.

The G. W. R. was instructed to have a form of petition asking the Legislature to pass the "Maine Law" printed, and to forward ten copies to each Temple in the state for circulation — said petitions to contain only names not on petitions already sent to the present Legislature.

A by-law was adopted lessening the amount of charter fee $2.75, so that the $20.00 sent with application, now pays for

Degree Books and Degree Odes, and $20.00 is all that is now required for charter fee and all the necessary books.

The Grand Temple adjourned to meet in Springfield the second Tuesday of November, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

J. Wadsworth, G. W. R.

NATIONAL TEMPLE.

The seventh annual session of this body was held in Temple Hall, in the city of Indianapolis, Indiana, commencing June 16, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Officers present—W. R. Stacy, M. W. T., of Massachusetts; William Hannaman, M. W. V. T., of Indiana; J. Wadsworth, M. W. R., of Ohio; J. P. Simons, M. W. Tr., of Pennsylvania; I. Paul, M. W. U., pro tem., of Tennessee; W. H. Goddard, M. W. G., pro tem., of Kentucky; Alexander Van Hamm, P. M. W. T., of Ohio.

The Committee on Credentials reported those before them correct; which report was adopted.

The following named Representatives were announced in waiting by the M. W. U., and duly initiated: J. A. Mann, S. Abbott, C. Woodward and E. Hichens, of Indiana; J. C. Frost, of Kentucky; A. M. Scott, of Ohio; B. O'Connell, of Alabama; L. K. Flanders, of Illinois.

The reports of officers were then read and referred to a committee. Said reports show sixteen Subordinate and two Grand Temple Charters granted since the last session, and the Order generally in a prosperous condition.

The M. W. T. appointed the following committees:

On Appeals—Bros. Hannaman, of Indiana, Scott, of Ohio, and Paul, of Tennessee.

On the State of the Order—Bros. Van Hamm, of Ohio, Abbott, of Indiana, and Flanders, of Illinois.

On Constitutions—Bros. Thomson, of Ohio, Swett, of Massachusetts, and O'Connell, of Alabama.

On Returns—Bros. Mann and Hichens, of Indiana, and Beaver, of Ohio.

On Finance—Bros. Woodward, of Indiana, Beaver, of Ohio, and Frost, of Kentucky.

A large number of papers from Grand and Subordinate Temples were presented, and referred to the appropriate committees.

The National Temple then adjourned to 8 o'clock, to-morrow morning.

Thursday Morning, June 17.

National Temple met and opened for business.

Sundry papers were presented and referred to committees.

The Committee on Finance report the books, vouchers and other papers, of M. W. R. and M. W. Tr. correct; which was adopted.

The Committee on the State of the Order report, in reference to changes asked by G. Temple of Tennessee, in the manner of publishing names of expelled members: "That it is inexpedient to make any change in the rule requiring the M. W. R. to make out annually, and cause to be printed, a list of the names of all persons expelled from our Order—such list to be for the sole and private use of Subordinate Temples; and the rule is imperative, that they shall not be published in any other manner, either by Grand or Subordinate Temples or by individuals." Also, in reference to expulsion: "The only penalty for violation of the pledge, is expulsion. No person after being expelled can be reinstated. The only manner in which he can again enter, is to wait six months, and then be proposed and elected in the same manner as any other candidate."

In regard to making brothers beneficial who join a Temple by card, after having been members of the Order twelve months, your committee recommend that, Art. XIII, Constitution of Subordinate Temples, be amended by inserting "of the *Order*," after the word "member," in the second line. Also, that, Art. X, Sec. 2, second line, Constitution of Subordinate Temples, be amended by inserting, after the word "fee," "and the dues that may have accrued since obtaining such card, provided he shall not be charged with more than one year's dues." Report adopted.

Same committee report adversely to resolution, by Grand Temple of Maine, asking changes in Degree Work. Also, in favor of granting permission to Grand Temple of Kentucky to change the price of the Degrees of L. P. and F., said Grand Temple to report such action to this body. Adopted.

The Committee on Appeals, to whom was referred the appeal of W. H. Tarr, from Grand Temple of Maryland, report and offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That the appeal be dismissed. Adopted.

The Committee on Officers' Reports present a report and the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Committee on Publication prepare and have printed blank charters for Degree Temples and Social Degrees; and that the same be furnished to Grand Temples, in any quantity they desire, at a reasonable price—also to each Degree Temple and Social Degree under the immediate jurisdiction of the National Temple.

Resolved, That the same committee have the Social Degree Work published in book form, eight copies to constitute a set for one Degree.

Resolved, That, hereafter, the Charter Fee for Subordinate Temples chartered by this body be $15 00, including Subordinate and Degree Ritual and Odes and specimen Regalia.

Resolved, That we recommend to our brethren the Templar's Magazine, as a work well calculated to extend the influence of the Order, and every way worthy the confidence of the members.

Resolved, That the Committee on Publication be requested to procure, collate and publish, the proceedings of the first and fourth sessions of this body, together with such portions of the proceedings of the Grand Temple of N. York while that body exercised the supreme power of the Order, as may be of general interest. Adopted.

The National Temple then took a recess till half-past 2 o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

National Temple met and opened in due form.

The M. W. U. reported Bro. Wilson Millor, representative from Illinois, in waiting. Bro. Millor was examined, reported correct, introduced and initiated.

The Committee on Appeals report on the appeal of W. O'Hara, from the action of the Grand Temple of Kentucky, and offer a resolution, "That said action be sustained, and the appeal dismissed;" which was adopted.

Same committee report on a paper from W. H. Whitacre, purporting to be an appeal from the action of the Grand Temple of Alabama, "That they find nothing in said paper to justify the conclusion that it came from the Grand Temple of Alabama, but from a member of Crested Wave Temple, No. 11, and ask to be dismissed from the further consideration of the subject." Adopted.

Same committee, on appeal of Jacob Gossin from the action of the Grand Temple of Ohio, report, "That facts in the case are, Cincinnati Temple, No. 1, has a By-Law which limits appropriations from its treasury to benefits and actual expenses of the Temple. The By-Laws were submitted to the Grand Temple at its late session and approved, from which action Bro. Gossin appeals, on the ground that it conflicts with Art. XIV, Constitution Subordinate Temples. From a careful examination of said By-Law, we are of the opinion that it does *not* conflict with the Constitution; and, if said By-Law is objectionable to the members of said Temple, it can at any time be changed by a two-third vote. We offer the following resolution:

"*Resolved,* That the action of the Grand Temple of Ohio be confirmed." Adopted.

Committee on Finance report, in reference to per centage to be paid by Grand Temples, and offer a resolution that Constitution of National Temple, Part 8, be amended by inserting the word "entire" before "receipts."

Laid on the table; afterward taken up and amended so as to read, "ten per cent. on its receipts for charter fee, per centage, and dispensation fees," and adopted.

A resolution was also adopted, requiring the M. W. R. to correspond with Grand Temples and ascertain what amounts, if any, had been paid by them as per centage on receipts, for books, cards, &c., and report the same at our next annual session.

The National Temple then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing two years, which resulted as follows:

J. P. Simons, M. W. T., of Pennsylvania, on first ballot.

Isaac Paul, M. W. V. T., of Tennessee, on third ballot.

J. Wadsworth, M. W. R., of Ohio, on first ballot.

A. M. Scott, M. W. Tr., of Ohio, on first ballot.

Bernard O'Connell, M. W. U., of Alabama, on second ballot.

Wilson Millor, M. W. G., of Illinois, on first ballot.

Rev. Asa Drury, M. W. Ch., of Kentucky, on first ballot.

On motion, the National Temple then proceeded to fix the place of our next session. Pittsburg, Mobile, New York city and Frankfort, were named. Pittsburg and Frankfort were subsequently withdrawn. The vote being then taken on Mobile and New York, was carried in favor of New York.

Adjourned to to-morrow morning, at half-past 7 o'clock.

FRIDAY MORNING, June 18.

National Temple met and opened with appropriate ceremonies.

P. M. W. T. Alexander Van Hamm then proceeded to install the officers elect.

The Committee on Council Degrees, appointed at last session, submitted the work together with amendments to the several Constitutions of the Order, to adapt them to the Council Degrees. Laid on the table, and subsequently taken up; the work recommitted to Bros. Thomson and Van Hamm for further improvements, and a resolution adopted, that the Council Degrees be conferred on all members of this body who are present at our next session.

The amendments proposed in the Constitutions were ordered to be printed with the proceedings, and laid over for action at our next meeting.

Took a recess till 2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

National Temple met and opened with the usual ceremonies.

Committee appointed at last session to recommend such changes in our Constitutions as will enable those brothers who wish, to be relieved from contributions to the beneficial fund and have no claim on the same, report two plans (substantially the same as published in the May and June numbers of the Magazine), with a recommendation that the subject lie over till our next session, and that Grand Temples be requested to act on this subject at their annual sessions and report their action thereon at our next session. Recommendation of committee adopted, and whole report of committee ordered to be published with our proceedings.

Bro. Millor, of Illinois, offered a resolution, that each Grand Temple be recommended to appoint a day for public celebrations by all the Subordinate Temples in their respective jurisdictions. Adopted.

The committee appointed at last session to report on the propriety of purchasing the copy right, or making other arrangements with Bro. Parrott of Boston, so that this body would have entire control of the Diploma published by Bro. Parrot, report that, in their opinion, the finances of this body will not justify such arrangement at present; but, should this body be better prepared at some future time, they are in favor of such arrangement being made. Adopted.

Committee on the State of the Order report as follows. We have had before us communications from the Grand Temples of Pennsylvania and Alabama, asking "that the prices for Degrees may be fixed by Subordinate Temples." We believe that the present system of determining this matter is satisfactory to a large majority of Grand and Subordinate Temples, and report adversely to any change. We have also had before us a paper, from the same Grand Temples, asking for new charters. We recommend that they be granted: that for Pennsylvania, the locations to be Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and annual sessions to be held alternately in those places. The chartered locations of the Grand Temple of Alabama to be Mobile and Montgomery.

The Grand Temple of Ohio sends a copy of a by-law, adopted at its late annual session (subject to the approval of this body) as follows: "The annual and semi-annual sessions of this Grand Temple shall be held at such places as may be agreed on at the preceding annual session."

Your committee report that annual sessions of Grand Temples must be held at the original chartered location, or at such other places as the National Temple may fix as the chartered location. Semi-annual sessions may be held at such places within their jurisdiction as may be determined on at the annual session. We, therefore, report against the approval of said by-law and recommend that the National Temple allow the Grand Temple of Ohio, at its next annual session, to fix upon an additional chartered location, at some other point within its jurisdiction, in connection with its chartered location in Cincinnati, and that it be allowed to hold its annual sessions alternately in each place.

The Grand Temple of Pennsylvania asks that "the rule limiting the time of granting withdrawal cards, by Grand Temples to members of Temples that have forfeited or surrendered their charters, to twelve months be changed." We offer the following: *Resolved*, That power is hereby granted to Grand Temples, to grant withdrawal cards to worthy brothers in their jurisdiction, on which they may join any Temple of our Order; Provided, they require, in all cases, such brothers, before being received, to take the new obligation and conform in every respect to the rules which governed other members on the introduction of our present Ritual. Adopted.

Took a recess till 8 o'clock.

EVENING SESSION, 8 O'CLOCK.

N. Temple met and opened in due form.

The Committee on Constitutions made several reports, recommending alterations in the several Constitutions of the Order, most of which were adopted. The following is a list of those adopted:

Constitution of National Temple, part 4, sec. 1, line 13.—After the words "Subordinate Temples" insert "Degree Temples and Social Degrees."

Part 4, sec. 3.—Strike out the section as it stands and insert the following: "The M. W. T. shall have power to appoint Deputy M. W. T.s for states and territories having no Grand Temples, and such Deputies shall exercise a general supervision of the Order in the districts for which they may be appointed, if not removed, till the organization of a Grand Temple in said district, when their authority shall cease."

Part 4, sec. 4, line 4.—After the word "Temples" insert "Degree Temples, Social Degrees and officers."

Constitution of Grand Temples, rule 8, line 2.—Strike out the clause commencing "He shall receive," &c.

Rule 8, line 19.—After the word "Temples" insert "Degree Temples and Social Degrees."

Rule 16, line 1.—After the word "Temples" insert "Degree Temples and Social Degrees."

Rule 16, line 2.—After the word "body" insert "and all Temples, Degree Temples and Social Degrees, under this jurisdiction, shall have the right of appeal to the National Temple, from any action of this body against them.

Rule 18, line 1.—After the word "Temples" insert "Degree Temple or Social Degree."

Rule 18, line 4.—Strike out all after the word "therein."

Rule 20.—Transfer the clause commencing "Nor can any person," and make it section 2, to read as follows: "No person can be a member of two Subordinate or Degree Temples or Social Degrees, at the same time."

Constitution of Subordinate Temples, art. 9, sec. 2, line 3.—After the word "preside" insert "The senior P. W. C. T. present shall have precedence."

Art. 12, sec. 2, line 5.—After the word "members" insert "by the brethren in possession of the Degree, and in no case shall the applicant be present when the ballot is taken."

Art. 16, lines 1 and 2.—Strike out "violate the pledge."

Art. 17, sec. 2.—Add, at the close of the section, "Provided no part of this section shall be construed as applying to members violating Article 2."

Art. 18, sec. 3, line 1.—Strike out the words "two-thirds" and insert "a majority."

The yeas and nays were called for on this amendment and taken as follows: *Yeas*—Thomson, Flanders, O'Connell, Swett, Hichens, Paul, Woodward, Millor, Wadsworth and Simons, 10. *Nays*—Abbott, Hannaman, Stacy and Van Hamm, 4.

Art. 18, sec. 3, line 4.—At close of section add "otherwise he shall retain his former standing in the Order.

Art. 18, sec. 4.—Add at close of section "and in all cases black balls shall be cast by those in favor of expulsion."

Regulations for conferring *Social Degree*, Art. Membership, line four, strike out the word "are," and insert the words "have been;" and, in line five, add, after the word Temple, the words "for a term of six months."

In article "Propositions," line nine, strike out the word "is," and insert "has been;" and, at the end of the same line, add "for six months."

The Committee on the State of the Order report: We have had before us communications from Temples No. 2 and 3, Iowa, asking to be placed under the jurisdiction of the Grand Temple of Illinois. We report adversely to said request. The constitution of the National Temple provides that Temples so situated shall remain under its jurisdiction till a Grand Temple shall be organized in the state or territory. Also, a communication from the Temple at Hamilton, Canada West, asking a reduction in Degree fees. We deem it inexpedient to make any change in this respect, and report adversely to the request.

In regard to the change of name of this body, as suggested in the Report of the M. W. R., we recommend that it be changed from "National Temple of Honor of the United States" to "Supreme Council of the Templars of Honor and Temperance." Adopted.

Committee on Constitutions report on a number of constitutional questions submitted:

1. Is it right or legal to expel for non-payment of dues, fines and assessments? We believe there are circumstances where neglect or refusal to pay dues, fines, &c., amount to a violation of the rules and principles of the Order, and therefore answer: Yes, under peculiar circumstances. Adopted.

2. When a brother is suspended for a definite period, does he, without any action of his Temple, resume his position at the expiration of the period for which he was suspended; or must he be reinstated? If so, how? He resumes his former position without action by the Temple, upon his paying the dues accruing during his suspension. Adopted.

3. Has a Subordinate Temple the right to refuse admission to members of a Temple that has forfeited its charter, they being in possession of the P. and K? Yes. Adopted.

4. Does the forfeiture of a charter by a Subordinate Temple also forfeit the charter of a Social Degree connected with said forfeited Temple? Yes. For when a Templar ceases to be a member of a Subordinate Temple, he also ceases to be a member of the Social Degree. Adopted.

5. Is a W. C. T. of a Temple that forfeits its charter, who joins another Temple, eligible to an election to the Grand Temple? No; because he does not serve the full term of his office. Adopted.

6. The Grand Temple of Massachusetts asks this body to define the meaning of the words, "and balloted for as in election of members," in Art. 12, sec. 2, line 5, Constitution of Subordinate Temples. We believe that it refers as well to the number of balls necessary to reject a candidate, as to the manner of balloting. Adopted.

Adjourned to half-past 7 o'clock, to-morrow morning.

SATURDAY MORNING, June 19.

National Temple met and opened in due form.

Bro. O'Connell offered the following:

Resolved, That the Supporters of the W. V. T. are the proper persons to deliver the charge laid down in the Ritual. Adopted.

The Committee on Constitutions report on the following questions, asked by the Grand Temple of Louisiana:

When a brother changes his location, can he withdraw from the Social Degree of one Temple and join that of another? and if so, is a card to be furnished him? We answer, Yes, to both questions. In the absence of a card authorized by the National Temple, a written one, properly attested, shall suffice. Adopted.

Bro. Hannaman offered the following:

Resolved, That this Supreme Council will not hereafter recognize or act on any business sent to us from Grand and Subordinate Temples, unless it comes properly authenticated. Adopted.

Bro. Woodward offered the following:

Resolved, That the name, "National Temple of Honor of the United States," wherever it occurs in our Constitutions or other documents, be changed so as to recognize the name now adopted, and that all documents now in use shall be legal till new ones shall be issued. Adopted.

The M. W. T. appointed Bros. Thomson, Wadsworth and Drury, Committee of Publication for one year.

Bro. Swett offered the following:

Resolved, That the next session of the Supreme Council be held on Thurday, June 16, 1853, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Bro. Van Hamm offered the following:

Resolved, That all the changes made in the Constitutions and Rules of the Order take effect on the reception of the printed proceedings, issued by the Committee of Publication. Adopted.

On motion, the Supreme Council then adjourned to meet in New York city on Thursday, June 16, 1853, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

FIRE!

On Tuesday, the 22d of June, while quietly seated in our sanctum writing the foregoing abstract, with all the proceedings of the late session spread before us, the alarm of fire was raised. On looking out, we perceived the opposite end of our dwelling wrapped in flames. A fire had been kindled in the kitchen, situated at the part of the dwelling furthest from our office, from which the chimney took fire and the sparks kindled in the roof. No one being in that part of the house, it was not discovered for about ten minutes. Hearing the alarm and smelling the smoke at the same time, we rushed down stairs, through two rooms, and opened the door to the kitchen. The smoke and flames nearly suffocated us. We quickly shut the door, to check the progress of the flames as long as possible—then took a moment to deliberate. It was evident that, if the engines did not arrive in a very few minutes, the whole house would be consumed; and it was most probable, in any event, that the whole house would be deluged with water. On one hand, our own property was all in danger, and part already in the flames; on the other, the whole proceedings of the National Temple and all the Work of the Order were exposed to fire, water, and the crowd that might rush in. We went back to our office, and first gathered up the proceedings and books of the National and Grand Temples and carefully locked them in a trunk. We then locked trunks and book cases containing the Work of the Order, handed them to brethren who had begun to gather in, and requested them to take care of them. Our neighbors and friends had by this time safely removed most of the furniture, except what was in the kitchen. The gallant firemen had now arrived, and the fire was soon extinguished. The kitchen and all its contents were consumed; the adjoining room and its contents were slightly injured. Not a paper, document or book, was injured or lost by being removed. This was singularly fortunate, considering the hurry and confusion of the moment. Our own property that had been removed was but little injured; and our whole loss will not exceed a hundred dollars. Loss to the Order, nothing.

This accident will cause some delay in answering the numerous letters and attending to Orders lately sent. But we expect to have things righted up again in a few days, and will attend to these matters as speedily as possible.

We are happy to inform our friends that all the back numbers of the present volume of the Magazine were saved, and we are still able to supply them in any quantity. A few subscriptions for the second volume, just now, would be particularly acceptable.

☞ One of the many penalties we have to pay for longevity is the loss of those who have been dear to us in our pilgrimage.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE TRIP TO INDIANAPOLIS.

On Monday, the 14th of June, in company with Bros. Stacy, of Boston, Simons, of Philadelphia, and Thomson and Van Hamm, of Ohio, we left the Queen City, to attend the seventh annual session of the National Temple. We had the good fortune to take the Louisville mail-boat Ben. Franklin, Captain Blair Summons, and a more gentlemanly captain and better boat can not be found. During the passage to Madison, the Captain saw the Magazine, and subscribed for it. We insisted on putting him on the "free list," but of no avail. He wanted the work, and would pay for it; and, he being in command, we had to obey.

We arrived at Madison at six o'clock, and in the evening attended the Social Degree in connection with the Temple there. But few were in attendance; yet they seemed the right kind of members. Tuesday morning, at seven o'clock, we took the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad, and arrived at the latter place at half-past twelve o'clock, P. M.

Tuesday evening, the Social Degree, in connection with Oliver Temple, held its regular meeting, which was well attended. The Degree had two or three initiations, and the officers performed their parts well. The Sisters of this Degree are mostly young ladies, and are devoted to the Order.

On Wednesday, at two o'clock, the National Temple met for business. The meeting was as large as could be expected, and the Representatives from the different states gave cheering accounts of the Order, and the cause generally, in their respective locations.

On Wednesday evening the Social Degree gave a party to the Representatives to the National Temple and the friends of temperance in Indianapolis, in Masonic Hall. The large Hall was full enough for comfort, and every thing passed off satisfactorily to all. The members of the Social Degree deserve great credit for the taste displayed in decorating the Hall and their excellent arrangements for entertaining their guests.

Much business was transacted by the National Temple, an abstract of which is contained in this number of the Magazine. We could not find room for full reports of committees, and have only published their conclusions. In some places we have published several reports from the same committee all together, to save room. Several reports and resolutions, not of general interest, are omitted entirely, for want of room.

The votes for the nominees for office were, in some cases, very close; but in no case did we observe any manifestation of dissatisfaction with the result. The M. W. T. elect stated that "his highest ambition was to leave the office with as much credit as his predecessor."

The business of the session was conducted with harmony, and the members separated well pleased with the proceedings, and with new zeal for the Order and the cause.

NATIONAL DIVISION S. OF T.

This body held its annual session at Richmond, Va., commencing June 3. A large number of Representatives were present from twenty-one states, two British Provinces and the District of Columbia. Hon. J. B. O'Neal, of South Carolina, was elected M. W. P., Neal Dow, of Maine, M. W. A., and F. A. Fickardt, of Pennsylvania, M. W. S.

A proposition was submitted to establish a *Social Degree* similar to that in the Temple Order, and the subject was laid over till the next session. This looks a little like "using *our* thunder," as politicians say. But never mind, brethren. If you can use it to further the cause of temperance, take it and welcome.

The next annual session is to be held in Chicago, Ill., the second Wednesday of June, 1853.

CHAT WITH OUR READERS.

THIS number contains an article from the pen of Mrs. Sheldon, which we know will please our readers. The proceedings of Grand and National Temples occupy considerable space, and of course we cannot present the usual variety of matter this month. "Fraternal Items" and some other interesting matter must lie over till next month.

Our friends will please bear in mind, that one more number completes this volume, when nearly all their subscriptions expire. We shall continue the work, and wish to know, before *commencing* the next volume, just how many copies to publish. On the first volume, we missed it by not publishing enough. We determined not to lose in the same way again, and commenced the second with a much larger edition, and still have a large number on hand. On the third, we wish to publish just enough and no more, and intend to issue but very few copies more than enough to supply those who renew before issuing No. 1, of Vol. III. All, therefore, who wish to secure all the numbers of next volume, are requested to send on their subscriptions soon as convenient, so that we may know what to depend on.

We have but few agents, and must depend principally on the exertions of our friends for subscribers. They are entitled to thanks for past favors, and we think we can depend on them in future. Let some one take hold of this matter in earnest in every Temple, and let such a list be sent for next volume as will enable us to improve the work, and make it more worthy the Order whose name it bears.

THE BANNER OF THE UNION.

MR. BULLOCK, the editor of the above named paper, foams, like a certain mad quadruped bearing the same name, about some remarks made in our last, in reference to "Temperance and the Press." Some five months since, he noticed the Templar's Magazine, and said it was "an interesting work devoted to *Masonry;*" and, three months later, in another notice, he says he "finds in it much interesting and useful information." In his issue of June 12, he calls it "the one idea press," and says, "we have kept the insignificant Magazine on our list, out of sympathy for the cause in which it is professedly engaged, not from any advantages to be derived from a perusal of its columns."

You have *kept* it on your list, have you? How did it get there? You solicited an exchange first, and we have sent it at your own request.

If any "one idea" is more prominent than another in the Banner, it is that of butting over and trying to demolish every publication that in any way crosses its path. For example, we refer to its course toward the "Gazette of the Union," a weekly paper also devoted to Odd Fellowship; and, had not our article, at which he takes offense, contained a notice of another Odd Fellows' paper, which is an able advocate of temperance, he would not have been so easily excited.

We fear the editor's stock of "sympathy for the cause" will be exhausted on the Magazine, and advise him to erase it from his list, and bestow his sympathy where it is *needed.*

His fling at our fidelity to the cause of temperance would better become a pot-house politician than an editor professing to disseminate the principles of "Friendship, Love and—" we came near saying "Truth." Our experience has taught us to beware of the man who speaks evil of another without *knowing* aught against him.

DIED:

At Newtown, Hamilton county, Ohio, June 1, Bro. WM. C. TOWNSEND, a charter member of Mt. Washington Temple, No. 55. His remains were escorted to the tomb with the usual ceremonies by the Order, also by a large number of friends and neighbors. He lived respected, and died lamented, by all who knew him. S.

The Temple of which he was a member passed appropriate resolutions.

THE
TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE.

CINCINNATI, AUGUST, 1852.

ADDRESS

Delivered before the Social Degree *of Dudley Temple of Honor, at New Albany, Indiana, at the Installation of the Officers,* 1851.

BY REV. BRO. H. GILLMORE.

Ladies and Gentlemen—Public opinion is said to be the lever which moves the world: and every one should feel it his duty to aid in wielding that lever in such a manner as to move the world in the right direction. The world, for ages, has been wrong on the subject of *temperance;* and a few noble-hearted spirits have long been toiling against the force of habit and public opinion to place it in a proper position.

For this purpose, this and kindred institutions were organized; for this purpose, we convene to-night; for this purpose, these officers are installed; for this purpose, though notified at a late hour, I appear before you as an advocate of temperance.

The only *apology* that I will now inflict upon you, may be viewed in the same light as Bishop Watson's Apology for the Bible; that is, a *defense.*

In what manner, or with what success, I may perform this duty, others are left to judge, and time must determine. But, if I can contribute a single mite toward molding public opinion correctly and turning it in favor of the cause we advocate, no regret shall succeed the labors of this hour.

The temperance cause has a variety of foes to contend with, and a variety of means and talent must be brought into requisition in order to overcome them.

The man of *fashion,* carried onward by the tide of popular influence, must be shown the great impropriety of following the multitude to do evil. Principle must not be sacrificed, vile habits must not be indulged in, because the adherents of vice are numerous. Far better for us to stand alone in a good cause, than to be surrounded and applauded by thousands of companions in crime.

The man of *passion,* with vitiated taste and intemperate habits, must be taught the necessity of controlling his appetite and "circumscribing his desires."

The *ignorant* must be instructed in relation to their duty and the destructive influence of alcoholic drinks upon man's physical, mental and moral constitution.

The *selfish* must be brought to feel the great inconsistency and sinfulness of living to themselves alone, or of engaging in a work or traffic which enervates the body, dethrones reason, increases taxation, and fills the world with wretchedness and wo!

The foolish are to be made wise—the inebriate, sober—the miserable, happy—and the temperate, thoughtful and kind-hearted, roused to a greater sense of *duty, obligation* and *efficiency.*

In the last category alone would we wish to be placed. Then must our principles be pure, our efforts untiring and our conduct blameless. Then must we gird on the armor, and, with firm step and unabating zeal, meet the common foe. Neutral ground, in these days of light and of violent opposition, must not, cannot, be occupied. The vigilant eye of public opinion is upon us, and will show us our true position and place us precisely where our own works and characters place us, in spite of all our wishes and efforts to keep up a compromise with all parties. It may in truth be said, that all who profess to occupy neutral ground on the subject of temperance are, at least, suspected as enemies. It were much better to be suspected as being a little ultra in the promulgation and defense of its sacred principles. But on this subject there is not so much room for complaint.

The time was, when all the efforts made for the suppression of the vice of intemperance were made by individuals, or by a comparatively small company in an unorganized capacity; consequently, the period that gave rise to *organized* effort was an important and momentous period in the history of the temperance reformation. And efforts through this instrumentality have been watched by friends and foes, with an eagle eye and unabating solicitude. The first temperance associations were looked upon by many as unnecessary, or as a sectarian or political movement. But, amid opposition and discouragements, the friends of the cause pursued their glorious calling, while the blessed fruits of their labors were seen and felt throughout the land. But the desolating influence of intemperance was still abroad, known and read of by all men. Disease and orphanage, taxation and crime, followed in the train of the hydra-headed monster! Disappointed hopes, broken vows, withered prospects, inscribed upon the page of history a tale of wo which caused the cheek to redden with shame and the heart to sicken and bleed with anguish! The same sad spectacle, as seen in other years, of fortunes wrecked, blighted hopes and broken hearts, "of all that is exalted and honorable and manly, prostrate in the dust"!

The friends of temperance looked upon what they *had* accomplished with thankful hearts. The desolating tide had been staid in a measure, the banner of triumph still fluttered in the breeze. But the heart grew sad, and the voice of triumph faltered, as the Bacchanalian song came floating along the hills and vales, from a host of the devotees of the infernal god of wine, more numerous and destructive than swarms of Egyptian locusts.

What Washingtonians had done, paralyzed their energies and hushed their songs of revelry for a season; but soon they roused to redoubled action, to complete their work of slaughter and death. The monster had been maimed, and we fondly hoped the wound had been mortal; but after a few paroxysms and tremendous groans, his fiery, rolling eyes and *increased circulation*, gave evidence that life was not extinct, and that other blows, well directed and oft repeated, were still requisite to stop the monster's poisonous breath! The prospect was truly gloomy—the moral heavens were shrouded in darkness, and the all destroying tide rolled back upon us. With trembling solicitude, the friends of temperance asked: What shall be our next hope? Can no barrier be formed with strength enough to check this rapid, overwhelming tide? Or must it sweep onward, dashing down in its mad career all those social, domestic and moral influences arrayed against it, till it buries beneath its dark and desolating waters the fairest hopes and brightest prospects of Adam's race?

A few noble spirits, moved by sympathy and love for mankind, answered, No! And soon, amid the general darkness, disappointment and distress, another *star* is seen. Slowly and steadily it advances, till its beautifully variegated colors of *crimson*, *white* and *blue*, express the influence which radiates from its lustrous beams! Then, afar off, we behold a multitude appear, all buoyant with hope and fresh with renewed vigor! Clad in the panoply of *Love*, *Purity* and *Fidelity*, with a silken banner waving in triumph, they fly to the rescue of the thousands who see no other ground of hope! And the memorable period of September, 1842, at Teetotalers' Hall, 71 Division street, New York, will not soon be forgotten.

There, sixteen benevolent souls met, adopted a constitution, and took measures to commence and carry into operation a more efficient and durable plan to counteract the evils of intemperance. There, the granite rock was smitten by the hand of benevolence, which caused the waters to gush forth, and the famishing multitudes were called upon to bathe their weary limbs and quench their burning thirst. A tree was there planted which has taken deep root, spread forth its branches, displayed its luxuriant foliage and borne abundant fruit. A chord was there touched that has vibrated through all the length and breadth of the land.

But, in due time, still another glorious star appeared! A star which produced *heat* as well as light—a star of the *first magnitude.* A monumental pile of rough ashlars was reared by the *Washingtonians*—a few burnished columns were reared by the noble-hearted *Sons*—but it remained for others to rear and complete the *Temple*, with its mansions, pillars, spires and lofty dome, dedicated to Love, Purity, Fidelity and Truth, and the cultivation of the *social* feelings of the heart. And, as it was found not good for man to be *alone*, this Temple has been adorned with *female* virtue, an influence much to the gratification of all the lovers of peace and good order, and to the chagrin and discomfiture of the sons of Bacchus.

The *emblems* of the Temple are not merely ornamental, or gewgaws of children. They have their significant application, and constitute a striking medium of useful instruction. They are an imitation of God's own method of employing objects of sense for the purpose of imparting lasting and useful lessons to the mind. And he that will deny their lawfulness or utility, should never boast of our star-spangled banner or rest beneath the wide-spread wings of the American eagle!

The *secrets* of the Temple do not constitute it a secret society in an offensive sense. Such one is "a secret society, whose objects of pursuit are secret and hidden from the public, and whose principles are often so impure and aim so directly at the overthrow of all good government, that it becomes necessary for such a society, in self-defense, to conceal not only its principles, but also its designs and objects." Under some of the ancient governments such secret associations existed, and were found in France and Germany at a later period. And it was evidently to such secret societies that Washington made allusion in his farewell address to his countrymen. But none of these things can be charged against the members of this institution: their principles and objects are proclaimed upon the mountain top and in the valley—they are breathed in our prayers, carolled in our songs, proclaimed in our records and addresses, and illustrated by our works.

Our *pass-word* is the key by which we gain admission into our Temple; our *grips* are *signs* of recognition, and our ceremonies of initiation and degrees are designed to fasten upon the mind a sense of obligation, and the objects and principles of the Order. Nothing is withheld from the public that would be of any advantage to them; nothing revealed but what commends itself to every candid mind. Hence, we may rank among our enemies, *ignorance, prejudice* and *intemperance.*

Whatever may contribute to arrest the stream of intemperance that is pouring its burning curses upon the world, should have our warmest and constant support, till it can be shown that the means employed in this enterprise is of such a character, that all the good accomplished is neutralized by a greater amount of evil.

The ignorant should seek information on this subject, and, when obtained, their enmity will soon disappear. And does not our institution court investigation? Has she ever shunned the eye of criticism? Let men read, listen, ponder, and then judge! If they are willfully ignorant, the responsibility rests upon their own heads, and their friendship would be of but small account.

With the self-conceited, prejudiced bigot, everything is already as perfect as it may be. Progress or improvement, especially in the temperance cause, is entirely out of the question. As their fathers did, so do they; as their fathers believed, so do they! Their deeply rooted prejudices prevent them from investigating the grounds on which we claim a fair hearing, or to be ranked among the benevolent societies of the age. Prejudice never could see anything in its proper light, and, consequently, will never yield to the force of facts or argument. But this enemy of the temperance reformation is on the rack, and ere long we shall be called upon to sing his funeral dirge! Intemperance is the great sworn enemy to the cause for which we plead. The manufacturer, from self-interest, prepares the liquid fire; the vender, from self-interest, distributes it; and the drinker, from self-interest, is a faithful agent in giving to it an application. Who, then, could suppose that the cause supported by this threefold agency can look with any degree of approbation upon a system of total abstinence?

But the war is proclaimed against this deadly foe, a war of extermination; and the time *will* come, when the shout of victory will go up from our consolidated columns: "We *met*, we *fought*, we CONQUERED!"

But has the cause in which we are engaged a sufficiency of influence to overcome this great evil and promote the happiness of mankind? We think it has. For all must see that good, great good, has already been accomplished through this instrumentality. A favorable influence is exerted upon the finances of our country. An annual tax of nearly $96,000,000 is levied upon this Union for the support of intemperance, which amounts to about $12 a year, on an average, for each citizen. Besides, we are deprived of the labor and influence, not only of 60,000 drunkards who die annually, but also of 560,000 persons confined in prisons and poor-houses by the same cause. Now, if the temperance reformation goes on (and go on it must), this intolerable tax will certainly be prevented—these lives will be saved—these prisoners will be released, and our country will be made to rejoice! And it cannot be concealed, that the finances of the country are improving through the efficient agency of temperance associations.

The *morals* of society will also be greatly improved. The world has witnessed the degrading vices attendant on the march of intemperance—and, if the *cause* is removed, the effects must surely cease.

The purity of our *politics* and our national *piety* depend greatly upon the influence of temperance principles.

What self-aggrandizement, what dishonesty, what sacrifice of principle, what purchasing of men's suffrages with ardent spirits, are found among the demagogues of our country! What flinching and wincing, what evasion and injustice, are frequently found in our courts of justice and legislative halls, when the *people* call for legislation on the subject of temperance. And wherefore? Because some of our *rulers* are exceedingly fond of *drams themselves!* And because they are fearful that they may become unpopular with their intemperate, rum-loving constituents.

We are glad to learn that, within a few years past, there has been great improvement on this subject. The temperance cause has produced it: and when all our rulers shall strictly adhere to principles so dear to many, they will enforce them by precept and example upon the ruled. Laws will be enacted that will punish, with severe penalty, all who deal out to men, wholesale or retail, the streams of liquid death! And who does not see that such a state of things would, instrumentally, purify the politics and greatly improve the piety of our beloved country? "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a disgrace to any people."

Many drunkards have been raised up from the sink of moral degradation and placed in respectable society and happy homes. And the time will doubtless come, when not an inebriate can be found to disgrace the walks of life. Only let our principles prevail, and the work is done.

Our social and domestic joys shall also be greatly increased by the temperance reformation, and especially through the instrumentality of this beautiful Temple.

How many social ties have been broken by the hand of black intemperance! How often domestic peace has yielded to the corroding, scalding, turbulent streams sent out by the agents of perdition! The most infernal evil sent forth from Pandora's box, has fallen upon the domestic hearth, the social band!

"No foe, like that of intemperance, wars so ruthlessly upon home, and all that sacred circle of interests of which home is the center. Back of all the visible ravages of intemperance, and deeper than all these, there lies a field of devastation which has never been fully explored, and can never be more than partially reported. It is the wasted realm of the social affections, the violated sanctuary of domestic peace. From the under world of suppressed wretchedness, there comes up to the ear of human pity many a piercing cry of those who writhe under the slow torments of a desolate heart and dying hope. Yet all this which meets the eye and pains the ear, is but the overflow of misery; this is what inadvertently escapes through chasms violently rent open, and it tells sadly of the sea of anguish that is stifled forever in its secret recesses. But we are not only led to contemplate the innumerable hearts that have long silently bled over the ruin of all their dearest hopes, till they can bleed in silence no more; but also the visible results of the liquor traffic on all the dearest interests of mankind—its handiwork written out in wo and desolation on the whole face of society!"

But the smile of domestic joy and the gladness of the social circle shall return, wherever the music of the Temple is heard, wherever its healing waters flow.

CONCLUSION.—But to conclude, let me say to the ladies present, Do not forget the power of *female influence*—and let that influence be exerted in the suppression of vice and the inculcation of the principles of temperance. "It is not yours to mingle in the rough and thorny scenes of life, and by masculine authority control the destinies of the world; but in the nursery, at the domestic fire-side, in the social circle and other retired and gentle scenes, it is yours to give the first direction and impulse to thought, to give to the heart an abiding impress, and give to character its hue and texture. You are imparting a lasting flavor to those mountain springs, which are destined to send forth their pure or polluted waters into various and extended regions. You have the molding of the feelings, the habits, the principles of communities. Your instrumentality materially affects the destinies of empires. Universal consent has invested you with peculiar prerogatives. You can speak and act when others cannot; you can reprove when others dare not. The combined influence of your loveliness, beauty and affection, gives terror to your frowns and resistless power to your smiles; it imparts force to your arguments, pungency to your rebukes, and renders successful your expostulations. Your influence, though soft and gentle as the zephyr which impresses its kisses on the flowery landscape, is still powerful as the rushing wind which raises into mountain waves the surface of the ocean. I speak not to flatter, but give you credit for nothing more than God allows you to claim, without subjecting yourselves to the imputation of vanity." How, then, shall this influence be exerted? Will not every benevolent heart respond, In the defense of man's best interests, in purifying the fountains of domestic bliss and national prosperity, in strengthening the social bonds that unite the virtuous and the good. Let your influence come down upon society in dews of celestial mercy, and allure the erring from the paths of danger. None have suffered more from the pestilential breath of alcohol, and none can accomplish more in driving him from the face of the earth! On this subject, you can control even the "lords of creation," and give evidence to the world that, either by smiles, rebukes or tears,

"The very *last man* shall the very *last woman obey!*"

And what shall I say to these valiant hearted Templars? Can you grow weary in this glorious warfare, when victory is certain? Will you not stand to your arms, when the foe is nigh, well panoplied for the fight? Will you forsake the field when the battle is well nigh fought? Will you grow disheartened because, now and then, one proves coward and turns apostate? Look at your past conquests; look at your magnificent Temple; look at your floating banners; look at the death-like struggles of the invading foe; look at your pledges, arms and aims, and take courage! Let *Love* to your Maker and fellow men, let *Purity* of principle and motive, let *Fidelity* to your cause and each other, let *Truth* in the inward parts, govern you in all you do and say. So shall you stand as strong and finished pillars in the glorious Temple of Honor, to go no more out forever!

"To this determination we call consideration,
And without hesitation invite co-operation;
Not doubting imitation will raise your estimation,

And by continuation afford you consolation.
For, in participation with this association,
You may, by meditation, insure the preservation
Of a future generation from all contamination;
And may each indication of such regeneration
Be the theme of exultation, till its final consummation."

MY UNCLE SOLON.

BY JAMES PUMMILL, ESQ.

Although my uncle Solon is a bachelor, I know of no one who passes his time more pleasantly. His country residence is always in trim order, and beautifully surrounded with choice shade trees. But my uncle is an unflinching conservative, in every sense of the word. If you visit his house, you cannot avoid wondering at the old-fashionedness of everything around you. The building in which he dwells is one of those quaint pieces of architecture which we may suppose to have been prevalent in the days of Chaucer, the poet. The furniture of his house is of the same fantastic mold; and my uncle's conversation is also of the old English character, insomuch that none but his relatives and friends are able to comprehend the worthy gentleman in conversation. You feel, when you approach into his presence and converse with him, as if you were enjoying the society of an embodied anachronism. Every thought of his, every action of his limbs, every twinkle of his big, gray eye, every shake of his silvery head, carries you two or three centuries into the past. I do not think you can look upon his calm brow and clear eye without feeling veneration and awe creeping over your spirit. There even seems to be a sort of wisdom diffusing itself throughout his capacious waistcoat and knee-buckles of obsolete fashion, that cannot but strike the beholder at first glance.

I recollect the last time I visited my uncle. It was a beautiful day in summer, and the old gentleman had wheeled his arm-chair under the shade of a monster elm, and, seated comfortably between its capacious arms, was reading Burton; for, be it known, my uncle has a sincere hatred of modern authors. His spirit delights in those simple pictures that were painted ere this generation, or the one before it, knew there was such a blessed thing as life. He pretends not to understand the "shilly-shally" of modern wranglers for fame. The fiery eloquence of Byron and the golden wisdom of Wordsworth are puling nonsense to him. There are gems in Chaucer and Spenser and Burton over which he dreams in bliss, and even Cowley is not devoid of interest; but chaste Goldsmith and iron-minded Johnson are meaningless as phantoms.

My uncle was seated in his big arm-chair when I visited him. He greeted me with a hospitable smile, as I seated myself on the grass near him, and, laying aside Burton, opened out into conversation at once. My uncle is a good talker; he loves to tell the history of the various pieces of furniture in his possession. You cannot give him greater pleasure than to listen while he relates the past history of his favorites. Knowing his predilection, I requested a history of the arm-chair in which he sat; and, as he was pleased to give it me, perhaps the reader will pardon me if I give a slight sketch of Old Solon's Arm-Chair.

The arm-chair in which old Solon usually reclines is more venerable than old Solon's self. In what age or by what mechanic it was first manufactured, old Solon knoweth not. It is a quaint specimen of furniture, with curious illustrations of battle and hunting scenes, carved in its ample seat and back by some careful and industrious, though not very refined, artist. Solon believes this chair was first introduced into the family by Jeremiah Shingle, his respected great-grandfather, who flourished as an English country squire, in the palmy days of Addison, Pope and Samuel Johnson. There is a legend existing in the family of the Shingles, that the pleasant-hearted Addison has reclined at ease in this same chair, by the winter fire, and scribbled some of his immortal thoughts. On account of this circumstance, old Solon venerates the heavy, clumsy creature to an interesting degree. Not for the title and perquisites of a king, would he part with the curious relic of his ancestors. The hawks, with extended beaks, carved inelegantly upon each end of its two huge arms, have become household loves to old Solon. The goggle-eyes of the great hunter, who stands on the topmost part of its back, with bow and arrows, are friends as dear to old Solon as are

> "The ruddy drops that visit his glad heart."

So are the hounds and horses and stags, with enormous antlers, and huntsmen, and all the paraphernalia of a country hunter, which are inscribed in ineffaceable characters upon its seat and back. Solon so adores this chair, that he verily believes he shall desire to be buried, in some hermit, sequestered place, when he dies, with his body braced in its giant arms.

Jeremiah Shingle — the story, handed down from father to son, informs us—was a man of unbounded benevolence. The exciting and vicious pleasures of the chase, in which he was so fond of indulging, did not appear to destroy that natural kindness of heart which seems to have always been a hereditary characteristic of the race of Shingles. This cherished arm-chair, on the cold winter nights, was kept empty by the comfortable sitting-room fire, in the full blaze of the livid brightness that warmed up the sturdy hearth, for the benefit of any cheerless wayfarer who might beg a night's rest. And it was a holy delight to see the sunny-hearted fox-hunter, as he sat in the presence of his happy family, telling pleasant stories or singing some rough and roystering hunting melody, with his mellow eye constantly fixed upon the loved arm-chair, as if praying and longing for the presence of some poor stranger. Yes, it was a holy delight to see him thus. The brightest angels might linger near that scene of social beauty, and bless the honest squire.

It was one of the stormiest and fitfullest of all stormy and fitful January nights, when the old squire, with his smiling family around him, and in the midst of a wild bust of hunter music, was disturbed by a loud knock at the door. He paused in his song, went to the door and admitted one who craved hospitality. Old Solon's great-grandfather started back with somewhat of surprise and fear, as the countenance of the stranger broke upon his view. The wildest, dismalest of nightmare visions could not have formed a countenance so fearful to look upon. The stranger's hair, long and of an iron-gray, straggled around his haggard and blood-shot eyes in fugitive confusion. His face was of a deathly paleness, and filled with an unutterable expression of grief and remorse. Had one of the dead spoken to Jeremiah Shingle, the voice could not have sent a more terrible thrill through his heart than did the voice of that wild being. Guttural, and dismal as grave-yard winds it was—hollow, and giving but dull intimations of human life. But the benevolent Jeremiah, uncouth as was his visitor, invited him in, and placed him in the favorite chair in the presence of the playful and dancing fire. No smile crept upon the face of the stranger in token of his approbation of the charitable fervor of the coals. Out of his eye, out of his withered and compressed lips, out of his livid face, came a ghastly and flickering expression of gratitude—nothing more. His heart within seemed to be so buried in wretchedness, that it would not wake to the quiet enjoyments of that hallowed place. There he sat, long, long in the night, silent and grim, drearily glaring into the fire, till he almost seemed a necessary attribute of the giant and fantastical fabric in which he sat. The children of the old squire looked upon him as some horrible vision, and soon withdrew from his sight to their bed-chambers, to talk and dream about him. Mrs. Shingle followed them, with a strange feeling pressing down like lead upon her heart, and old Solon's great-grandfather and the stranger were left alone together.

Then, for the first time, the stranger's heavy eye turned from the fire and gazed upon the old squire. He gazed upon him with his heavy eye, and thanked him for his kindness and care for him—for him, a forsaken, soul-cursed stranger. Such were the words he used. O, wonderful and startling was the conversation he held with Jeremiah Shingle on that January night! Not all the sweet drugs of earth, nor all the prayers of holy men, nor all the comforts of a blessed fire-side like that, he said, could assuage the madness of his mind.

He told the honest fox-hunter, in his hurried and stormy manner, of a dear friend that he had once loved, as man never loved man before; of how that friend once saved him from death; and how they grew together, from that time, in friendship, till their affections, their opinions, their actions, were knit in the same frame. What was it that wrought in his brain the ungodly thought of injuring that friend? They became acquainted, and fell in love, with the same woman — a lovely creature, whose heart was the dwelling-place of the purest virtues, whose mind was cultivated above all that man could wish. They, the two friends, with affections of the same mold, fell in love with this cultivated and virtuous being. No jarring discord existed between them on this account. They mutually agreed that their rivalry for her hand should be of a pleasant and peaceable character. But one night they met together at her house. The stranger thought that his friend was treated with more kindness by the lady than himself; and, as his love was a passionate torrent which he could not force from its current, the thought waked a half-hatred in his breast against his unknowing friend.

That night they started home from the house together. The stranger, on the way home, in ill humor from the lady's neglect, taunted his friend with endeavoring, by unfair means, to supersede him in her affections. The friend retorted, and they proceeded to high words. They were just passing through an open field, when the stranger, in a sudden burst of passion, seized some heavy substance from the ground and struck his rival upon the forehead. The stricken man gave but one groan, and fell to the earth. An immediate fear, and the old love for his friend, rushed upon the stranger's heart. He bent over him—he called upon his name—he looked lovingly and anguishingly into his silent and bleeding face: but that kind-hearted friend stirred not. There he lay, in that broad field, stiffening in the quiet breeze of heaven—his dull eyes looking up, as it were, reproachfully into the face of his murderer.

What was the love of woman to the living rival, then? What was the whole universal world of love that gleamed and gladdened throughout the blue sky to him, then? It was such a night as when heaven and earth seem in the honey-moon of wedlock, they smiled so lovingly upon each other. Yet the joy of heaven and the joy of earth mocked him with a torturing mockery.

But in the midst of his grief, a fear of the consequences of his rash action came to him. Suppose the body of his friend should be found? No, no; it must not be. He would hide that form in some unvisited spot. He placed the murdered man on his shoulder, and fled with him to a desolate place among the rocks, amid stunted trees, near the sea-shore. He dug, with his hands, in the soft dirt between two great rocks, a grave deep enough to hide the body, buried his poor friend, and hurried away with an everlasting gloom upon his soul. He wandered all that hideous night by the seashore, looking on the ocean that stretched away before him, without a speck upon its bosom, and moaning forever to the silent and unheeding sky. O, how like him seemed that sorrowful sea! Lonely, and forsaken of all things, as if it had committed some remorseful deed.

Since that night—the stranger told old Solon's great-grandfather—sleep had never visited his eyes. He had sought pleasure in the gayest haunts of mankind. But in the midst of the brightest scenes, a reproachful, bleeding face would look into his eyes. He had retired, like an anchorite, to the woods, and prayed, night and day, to his God for pardon; but no peace came. The stillness of the forest had often echoed the last groan of his dead friend. In the quiet brooks, and in the trees, and in the forest flowers, and in the solemn midnight sky, there dwelt one eternal eye of reproach, there looked forth one bleeding and beloved face.

The honest squire looked pityingly upon the unfortunate man when he had finished his dreadful narrative, and inwardly forgave him of the deed he had committed. His kind heart shuddered at the thought of treating so melancholy a man with disrespect. He invited him to retire for the night, and take rest. But, no; the stranger would rather sit by the fire all night. He could not rest in a bed—indeed he could not. So the honest squire wished him a "good night," and retired. And all that moaning January night, the old fox-hunter tossed and tumbled in his bed, dreaming over the wonderful story he had heard, and praying the merciful God, in his sleep, to forgive the wretched murderer.

Next morning he awoke early, and hurried to the room in which he had left his remorseful guest. A dim light glimmered throughout the apartment, made by some few dying embers that remained upon the hearth. The room was chilly and still. The old squire wondered why the stranger should permit the fire to go down on so cold a night. But the stranger seemed to be heedless of the chill that groped about the room. In the ghostly glimmer, he was seen with his head bent down upon a table before him, and his hand grasping one of the hawks that graces the arm-chair. Old Solon's great-grandfather struck a light, and called the stranger. But no answer came: the cold room drearily echoed his voice. That was the only answer he received. And fearfully, in that dull morning, came the echo to the old fox-hunter's ears. It was as if the dead had spoken to him.

He drew near the reclining stranger, and lifted him up. O, what a ghastly look was turned upon him! The stranger was dead. It appeared as if he had died with some indescribable vision haunting him; for there was a look of terror still lingering in his rayless eyes, and his hand seemed to have clutched convulsively, in his last horror, one arm of the hospitable chair.

* * * * * *

Thus passed one era of my uncle Solon's chair. It became a thing of dread to the children, and the old fox-hunter concealed it in some lumber-room in the upper part of the house. There it lay for many years, amid dust and cobwebs, when old Solon's father, looking into the lumber-room, one day—long after the chair's original owner's kind heart had been stilled by death—saw it, was pleased with its high, straight back, its giant arms and ample seat, and brought it once more to light and usefulness.

Old Solon's father bequeathed it to his only son, varnished and beautified, and placed on brazen wheels—and that only son idolizes it. So much did he love it, that he brought it from his old home in England to this beautiful land, and well did he care for it in his ocean journey. By the winter fire, he gossips and reads and dreams away the hours of his life pleasantly in it, with his feeble feet upon the fender. In spring, summer and autumn, he has it wheeled out upon the grass-plat before his door, and enjoys the flavor of the sweet-scented grass; or looks at the peaceful woods before him, and listens to the birds; or reads his books in it, as of old.

THE MUTE TEMPLAR.

One of the most interesting scenes I ever witnessed, was the initiation of Miss Mary Ellen Orchard, a deaf mute, into the Social Degree of Dudley Temple of Honor, No. 7.

Although the meeting was a called one (she having been previously elected), most of the members were present. The initiation of one who could neither speak nor hear was a novel thing, and excited quite a curiosity to see how it would be done.

At the proper time, Miss Orchard, accompanied by our G. W. T., Bro. Jocelyn (who is sufficiently acquainted with the sign language to interpret our ritual and ceremonies), entered the room, and was received in due form. As she thus, for the first time, stood near our mystic Temple, an involuntary cry of pleasant surprise escaped her unconscious lips, and her large, full eye beamed with intelligent delight as, with a slight sign from Bro. Jocelyn, she fully comprehended its design.

The officers performed their parts well, and never did our beautiful ceremony appear half so beautiful as then. It was surprising, how readily the lovely mute comprehended all she saw, and when, in the closing part of the ceremony, we surrounded the altar and signs and symbols that need no words to convey their meaning were used, her face beamed with a bright smile, and a tear of joy dimmed her speaking eye. *There* she found her own dialect, and the exchange of symbols spoke a language that her soul could hear and appreciate.

After the initiation was over, and she had received the congratulations of the members, at their request, she gave a specimen of the manner in which the mutes talk. The "*Death of Abel*" was the theme chosen, and while Bro. Jocelyn, in a low, distinct voice, interpreted for her, she gave it in the sign language. She told the whole story, and you saw before you the brothers—their altars—the sacrifices—the anger of Cain and the joy of Abel. And when she portrayed the scene in the field, where Abel, kneeling, besought his brother not to kill him, so vivid, so life-like, so full of earnest entreaty did her speaking features make the mute appeal, that tears came into the eyes of every one present. Never was the eloquence of expression and gesture more beautifully and powerfully exhibited. Indeed, so great was the impression that, for several moments after she sat down, a silence as unbroken as that of the tomb pervaded the hall.

The remainder of the evening was spent in pleasant converse, and none that were there will soon forget the initiation of the deaf mute.

Miss Mary E. Orchard is a graduate of our asylum. She is handsome, talented and accomplished. Modest and graceful in all her actions, she wins the respect and admiration of all who become acquainted with her. She frequently visits various parts of our state, to awaken a deeper interest in behalf of the poor mutes, and to show them and their friends that the books of science and revelation are no longer sealed books, and that the voices of nature no longer fall upon ears entirely closed. She stands before them, a living evidence that scientific benevolence has in part unstopped the ears of the deaf and loosed the tongues of the dumb.

She carries with her a card granted by our Degree, with the warmest wishes of the members, and I trust that wherever she may find Templars of the Social Degree, she will find those who will strive to increase her happiness. May her journey through life be pleasant, its pathway strewn with flowers and redolent of perfume; may all her associations be joyful: and when the journey is ended, may she worship and adore in God's eternal Temple of Purity, and *hear* and *sing* the Song of the Redeemed.

New Albany, June, 1852. B.

THE DARK DAY.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER II.

"AT evening-time it shall be light."—HOLY WRIT.

"A beam of comfort, like the moon through clouds,
Gilds the black horror and directs my way."—DRYDEN.

"THE fools are not all dead yet," bawled out Bill Carker, looking in at the door of a low groggery in the city of A———, one pleasant afternoon, in June, 1851.

"Hurrah, Bill! what's the news?" shouted half-a-dozen voices from different parts of the dingy apartment.

"News enough," said Bill, stalking into the room. "They are just saying, 'away down East,' that a man sha n't get drunk when he's a mind to."

"Poh! none of your nonsense; if you've got any news, say so: if not, what's the use of fooling," muttered John Smith from a corner.

"I say, surly John," replied Carker, "it's no nonsense, but sober truth that I'm telling you. Down in the state of Maine, the governor has just approved the law, that not a drop of liquor shall be sold, except for medicine, or for mechanical purposes."

"It'll be dreadful sickly down there," muttered a wiseacre.

"And liquor'll be necessary to whet penknives," said another.

Albert Loveland, whose intemperance had driven his family from him three years previous, sat on a rude settle in that miserable den, his slouched hat drawn down over his eyes, his head sunk on his bosom, and his hands convulsively clutching the arm of the seat for support. The words of Bill Carker fell on his ear, but slowly did their meaning reach his stupefied senses. The repetition of the assertion, that there was one place under heaven where rum could not be sold, under the protecting banner of the law, gave to the hitherto dim uncertainty a form and a reality that, for a moment, roused his dormant energies, and, rising to his feet, he vehemently exclaimed:

"What's that you said, Carker; 'Can't sell rum in Maine?'"

"Yes; that's the news by telegraph," replied Carker. "Aint you glad you do n't live in Maine, old fellow?"

"No; I wish I was there. I'll go, to-morrow;" and, sinking down again, the poor sot was soon snoring away, under the influence of his potations. It was then about five o'clock, and he slept on, in that heavy, drunken sleep, till the keeper of the den roused him to turn him into the street for the night.

"Halloo, here, Loveland!" exclaimed the grog-seller, shaking him roughly, "wake up, and pack yourself off; can't have drunken fools snoring here all night."

"'Drunken fool!' I aint a drunken fool," muttered the poor wretch; "if I am, who made me so, eh?"

"You made yourself so, you old curse. When you lived in that great house, and felt yourself above common folks, you made yourself so, with your nice wines and choice brandy. Now, do n't blame anybody else—but be off with yourself. Come, start!" and, seizing Loveland by the collar, the grog-seller jerked him to his feet, and, with a kick and a push, sent him across the room. Loveland caught hold of the door-post, and, looking back, asked:

"Did n't Bill Carker say rum was n't sold in Maine?"

"Yes; and you had better go there: it's the best place for you," replied the rum-seller, with an oath.

"Believe I will," said the wretched man, passing out at the door.

It was a beautiful night. The moon and the stars looked down lovingly upon the earth: and the presence of guardian angels, and of Him who watcheth over all, could be more fully realized than in the broad glare of day. The time had been when Albert Loveland could appreciate this—but not now.

"The moon shines. It is n't cold; I can sleep anywhere," said he; and this was all the idea of the beautiful left him now. Alas, how fallen!

"Here's a nice place to sleep: kind o' cozy like—most as good as the bed I used to have," muttered the poor wretch, as he staggered around the corner into a little alley, and threw himself on a heap of rags and other refuse, accumulated there. "Wonder if it's true, they do n't sell rum in Maine?"—and he was asleep.

The once happy Loveland awoke at sunrise, sober—but O, how wretched! The esteem of friends, self-respect, and home and wife and children, exchanged for disgrace and brutal degradation, to gratify a depraved appetite! How he abhorred himself in that hour of self-communing, as he paced with unsteady steps along the street.

"If there's any truth in what Bill Carker said, I'll go to Maine," he exclaimed, stopping suddenly and pressing his hand on his fevered brow. "I've no money," he continued; "but I'll work, or beg, or starve—I *will* go to Maine, if they do n't sell rum there."

Just then a news-boy came along with one of the morning papers. What would not he have given for one; but he had no money—not a cent. He would have begged one, but he knew the boy was so poor; so he passed on. A little further up the street, he saw an elderly man just folding up a paper, over which he had been rapidly glancing. Loveland hastened forward, reached out his trembling hand, and begged to look at the paper a moment.

"Take it, and welcome," said the gentleman; "but what did you particularly wish to know?"

"Have they passed a law that they won't

sell rum in Maine?" asked Loveland, with nervous eagerness.

"Yes, that act of the legislature has become a law, the paper says," replied the gentleman, fixing his keen eye inquiringly on the wreck of manhood before him: "here, look for yourself," said he, reaching out the paper and pointing to the paragraph.

Loveland seized the paper, and eagerly read those few brief sentences; yet, what a whole future of hope or despair to him did they contain.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed he, fervently, handing back the paper.

"No, no; keep it, my friend, said the gentleman. "But may I ask why you are so much interested?"

"I am going to Maine, sir; it is my only hope," replied Loveland, with emotion.

"Have you the means to get there?" was gently inquired.

"No; but I can work, or beg, if need be: I *must* go to Maine."

"Come with me," said the gentleman.

Loveland followed, almost mechanically, and was surprised to find himself ushered into the counting-room of one of the merchant-princes of the city, whom he had formerly known, and now recognized in his new friend. Fearing the recognition would be mutual (yet how could it be, and he so changed), he avoided meeting the eye of his benefactor, and cautiously avoided relating anything in his own history that might lead to the discovery of his former self. An hour passed, and Loveland came forth decently clad, with ten dollars in his pocket, and more hope in his heart than had found place there for years. An hour more, and he was *en route* for Maine.

CHAPTER III.

"Yes, let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom;
But ties around that heart were spun,
Which would not, could not be undone."

[Campbell.

Did Lucy Loveland forget the husband of her youth, during the long years of her estrangement from him—had she ceased to remember the early, happy days of her espousals—those first bright years in her elegant home? Surrounded as she again was by the comforts and luxuries of life, did she shut out the reflection, that the father of her children might be suffering from hunger? Let every true woman's heart answer; let the prayers that ascended daily in his behalf bear testimony. Vile and degraded as he had become, she felt that he was more sinned against than sinning; that upon the heads of the voters and legislators of the land, on the respectable and honored, was the greater guilt—and she found it much harder to pray, "Father, forgive them," than to ask for blessings on her erring husband.

For some time she had kept herself informed of his course, but as he sunk lower and lower, and his haunts became more and more vile, she was obliged to yield herself to the only consolation of a breaking heart, earnest, importunate prayer.

More than two years had elapsed since she last heard from him, when, one evening, as she sat in her chamber, sadly musing of the past and scarcely daring to hope aught for the future, a gentle rap was heard at the door, and the next moment the kind face of uncle John appeared.

"May I come in, Lucy?" he asked.

"O yes, do come. I was getting lonely, and was just going down: take this rocking chair, dear uncle."

The old man sat down, and began to fumble in his pockets. He drew out his handkerchief, wiped his spectacles, adjusted them carefully astride his nose and spread his handkerchief across his knee, pulled out two or three newspapers from his capacious pockets, examined their titles and replaced them. At length he took his pocket-book from a side-pocket, opened it carefully, and, taking out a letter, threw it into Mrs. Loveland's lap, saying:

"There's a letter for you, Lucy."

That hand-writing, how well she knew it! and what a thrill of joy filled her heart as she glanced at the postmark: "Portland, Maine." Eagerly she grasped the precious missive, clasped it convulsively to her bosom, and, raising her streaming eyes to heaven, murmured, "My God, I thank thee! Thy promises are sure!"

Uncle John wiped his eyes, and moved about uneasily in his chair, and finally muttered, as if thinking aloud:

"Must go; letter is too good to read to me, I suppose."

"Dear uncle, forgive me," said Lucy, "this was so unexpected;" and, breaking the seal, she read as follows:

"PORTLAND, Maine, June 1, 1852.

"MY DEAR WIFE—My heart tells me I may still address you by that fond title, though I have so sadly forfeited all claims to such an endearing relationship.

"I will not dwell on the sad past, nor repeat any of those protestations and regrets which in former years you found so untrustworthy. I feel assured you have forgiven me, and know you will rejoice to learn that I am in Maine, that great asylum for the wretched inebriate. I am a sober man, and I trust, by the mercy of God, a Christian, also.

"One year ago, I left the city of A——, clothed and provided with money by the benevolence of Mr. B—— (heaven reward him)! and since that time not one drop of the poison has passed my lips. O, how I struggled with my appetite, till I got beyond the bounds of the accursed traffic! I think I could not have held out much longer.

"When I reached Portland, I could hardly restrain myself from falling down in the street and kissing the very paving stones of a *free* city. I felt like a free man, indeed. Yet here I was, a poor, bloated, rum-disfigured stranger, without money or friends; what should I do for a subsistance? After pondering awhile, I bethought me that Neal Dow must have a heart to feel for the drunkard, so I resolved to make a bold push, and call on 'His Honor, the Mayor.'

"Neal Dow is a gentleman of very pleasing appearance; there is a kindliness in his manner that wins the heart at once. 'If his eye is indeed the window of his soul, that soul must be full of *best affections*,' thought I, as I met his pleasant glance. I told him my history, what I had been, just how degraded I had become, why I came to Maine, and asked him if he thought it would be possible for such a rum-polluted object to obtain employment.

"He said he had noticed an advertisement, the day before, for hod-carriers, and asked me if I would accept such a situation.

"I told him yes, gladly; anything, that I might become a sober man.

"He wished me to call again at two o'clock that day. You may be sure I was punctual to my appointment, and was introduced to Mr. J——, a most excellent man, who immediately employed me as a junior clerk in his extensive mercantile establishment.

"I have remained with him since, and my salary has been increased from month to month, till it is now sufficient to enable me to ask you if you will again share my fortunes, my humble home. Dear Lucy, will you come to Portland? Dare you trust your Albert again? Those precious children, are they all living? I know you have not taught them to despise their father.

"Consult uncle John, and decide as you feel is your duty. Much as I desire your presence, I would not wish you to depart from your own convictions of right. I feel that I have no claims upon you other than your affections.

"I think I am strong enough to spend a week or two in A——, without danger; but for worlds I would not live there. I hope to see you about the 15th of this month, but must return to Portland previous to the 4th of July.

"How anxious I am to see you all, and to know your decision, my precious, abused wife. Can you ever forgive the cruel past!

"Kiss the dear children for their long-lost father. Tell uncle John language is not strong enough to express my gratitude to him. If you should come, do you think he would share our humble home with us?

"I must stop, or I shall betray too much of my own selfish heart's wishes. Adieu!

"Your unworthy husband,

"ALBERT LOVELAND."

"Will you go to Maine with us, uncle John?" asked Mrs. Loveland, when she had finished reading.

"Humph! that's a queer way to consult

me whether *you* had better go or not," said he, laughing.

"Well, what do you think about my going, then?"

"Why, I think you will go, of course, Lucy; it 's your duty, I suppose."

"Won't you go, too, uncle John; I can 't do without you," said Mrs. Loveland, laying her hand affectionately on his arm. "You have been everything to me; won't you go with us?"

"I 'll see, I 'll see," said the old gentleman, rising and marching quickly out of the room.

Mrs. Loveland had taught her children to love their father; she had loved to dwell on his many virtues, and the happiness of her early married life, and had often described the elegance of their first home. Charlie, the eldest, remembered his father's inebriety, but he had been taught to look upon the debasing habit as a disease, which, once contracted, soon becomes too strong to be resisted—and all the strong sympathies of childhood were enlisted for one whom "mother" loved.

There was great joy in the household when the contents of the letter were made known, and eagerly was each successive day welcomed, for "dear papa would sooner be here."

Mrs. Loveland immediately began to make preparations for removal, and uncle John said he would go and spend the summer with them, but he did n't know about forsaking one's own city entirely.

We will not attempt to describe the meeting between the long-lost Albert Loveland and his family, the full and perfect reunion, and their speedy departure for Maine, that land of refuge.

Mr. Loveland did not leave his native city till he had, in a series of public lectures, faithfully warned the voters and the law-makers of their great sin. He charged upon their heads the ruin of his happiness for years, and the more complete and utter ruin of thousands who were every year passing down to a drunkard's grave in their midst.

Was his position a true one? Are the temperate and respectable part of community to blame for the evil deeds of others? Must the guilt of the rum-sellers and rum-drinkers be laid to their charge? By no means: but the temperance men of every community know full well that they have the moral and legal power to put an end to this accursed traffic. And will they not, at the last day, hear the fearful denunciation: "Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."

* * * * *

It is the Fourth of July, 1852—and it is also the holy Sabbath: and, with a clairvoyant's privilege, we will just look in upon our friends in their new home, before we bid them adieu.

A neat little dwelling, on a retired street in the city of Portland, had presented quite a bustling scene for a few days—repairing, painting and papering had been done—and on Saturday, July 3, a very happy looking family had become its occupants. Who else could they be than our old friends, the Lovelands?

It is Sabbath evening now, and the gleesome children can scarcely restrain their shouts, for 't is Independence Day.

"Come, children, let us have some singing," says the fond father, as he seats himself on the sofa, with Charlie and Willie on each side, while little pet, Eva, claims a seat on "papa's knee."

The happy, smiling mother sits at the piano (uncle John's gift), near which is uncle John, in his easy chair, wiping his spectacles, looking through them at the children and their father, then at their mother, then turning over the leaves of the little Anniversary hymn-book in his hand, and then rubbing his spectacles again, and wiping his eyes, as if his vision was strangely obscured—so it is, the old man is very, very happy, and tears of joy will come up to blind him.

See how Mrs. Loveland's fingers fly over the piano keys, as if the glad emotions of her heart would thus find expression. And does not the same feeling give tone and cadence to Mr. Loveland's deep, sonorous voice? How sweetly it harmonizes with those soft, childish notes!

Think you the benevolent merchant who gave the ten dollars (since repaid) that a poor inebriate might be free, think you he would not consider one glance at this home-scene an abundant reward?

Could Neal Dow, journeying westward, as he now is, on a mission of love to his fellow men—could he hear one verse of those sweet hymns, would he not greatly rejoice that he had labored for years to give an asylum for the wretched, and to restore his fallen brother, man, to the image of his Creator? Would one voter, in all the state of Maine, regret that he had exerted a freeman's right to such a noble purpose?

But will the Loveland's continue thus happy? Will Albert Loveland maintain his integrity? Yes! He is in Maine; the tempter has no power there, the curse is banished, and Albert Loveland is a free man, indeed!

A glorious Independence Day is this to him! and, as the shades of evening gather slowly around them, the little nodding head of Eva is laid gently on the sofa-pillow, and father and brothers, and the fond mother, kneel beside her and the whole reunited family pour out joyful thanksgiving to that Being who has to them fulfilled the promise: "AT EVENING-TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

BY MISS V. F. TOWNSEND.

"SHE was a stern, hard woman! But far away, up a great many pairs of winding stairs in her heart, was a door, easily passed by, and on that door was written—'WOMAN.'"—BOZ.

"And so it is with the drunkard. Far away, up a great many pairs of winding stairs in his heart, is a door, and on that door is written—'MAN;' and we must knock at that door once, twice, seven times—yea, seventy times seven—that it may open unto us."—JOHN B. GOUGH.

HE was an old man. Not so old, either; for the wrinkles that marred his cadaverous visage were not the autograph that Time's fingers had laid there: and the hand that placed upon the low table the well-drained glass, did not tremble so with the weakness that age induces. Yet very old and very wretched looked the sole occupant of that narrow room, with its red curtains and floor stained with tobacco juice, and an atmosphere abundantly seasoned by the bar-room, into which it opened. A hat (it must have been intended for one) half concealed the owner's uncombed locks, and unmistakeable evidence of a familiar acquaintance with "brickbats and the gutter," did that same hat produce. Then there was a coat, out of whose sleeves peeped a pair of elbows, in rejoicing consciousness that they "could afford to be out." Add to these a shabby pair of faded pants, and you have, reader, the *tout ensemble* of the wretched being who had just commenced his daily potations in the only grog-shop he was allowed to frequent. And yet the wretched, friendless creature that sat there, half stupefied with the effects of his morning dram, had a heart; and far up a great many pairs of winding stairs in that heart was a door, easily passed by, and on that door, covered with cobwebs and dust, of Time and Sin, was written, "MAN!" But nobody dreamed of this, and when the "temperance men" had gone to him with the pledge, and promised him employment and respectability if he would sign it; and others, well-meaning men, too, had rated him soundly for his evil ways, and he had turned a deaf ear to all these things, and gone back with blind pertinacity to his cups again, everybody said old Billy Strong's case was a hopeless one.

Ah! none of these had patiently groped their way up the heart's winding stairs and read the inscription on the hidden door there. But while the unhappy man sat by the pine table that morning, the bar-keeper suddenly entered, followed by a lady with a pale, high brow, mild, hazel eyes, and a strangely winning expression on her pensive face. The old man looked up with a vacant stare of astonishment, as the bar-keeper offered the lady a chair, and pointed to the occupant of the other, saying:

"That 's Billy Strong, ma'am;" and with a lingering glance of curiosity, left that gentlewoman alone with the astonished and now thoroughly sobered man.

The soft eyes of the lady wandered, with a sad, pitying expression, over old Bill's features, and then in a low, sweet voice, she asked:

"Am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?"

Ah! with those words, the lady had got farther up the winding stairs, nearer the hidden door, than all who had gone before her.

"Yes, that is my name, ma'am," said old Bill, and he glanced down at his shabby attire, and actually tried to hide the elbow which was peeping out furthest, for it was a long time since he had been addressed by that name, and somehow it sounded very pleasant to him.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong," said the lady. "I have heard my father speak of you so often, and of the days when you and he were boys together, that I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten Charles Morrison?"

"No, no! Charlie and I used to be old cronies," said old Bill, with sudden animation, and a light in his eye, such as had not been there for many a day, except when rum lent it a fitful brilliancy.

Ah! the lady did not know, as perhaps the angels did, that she had mounted the stairs, and was softly feeling for that unseen door, so she went on:

"I almost feel as if I could see the old spot upon which your homestead stood, Mr. Strong, I have heard my father describe it so often. The hill, with its crown of old oaks, at the back of your house, and the field of golden harvest grain, that waved in front. Then there was the green grass-plat before the front-door, and the huge old apple tree that threw its shadows across it, and the great, old-fashioned portico, and the grape-vine that crept around the pillars, and the rosebush that looked in at the bed-room window, and the spring that went shining and singing through the bed of mint at the side of the house."

Old Bill moved uneasily in his chair, and the muscles around his mouth twitched occasionally; but, unmindful of this, in the same low, melting tones, the lady kept on:

"'Many and many were the hours,' so father would say, 'Willie and I used to pass under the shadow of that old apple tree; playing at hide-and-seek, or lolling on the grass, telling each other the wonders we would achieve when we became men; and, when the sunset laid its crown of gold on the top of the oaks on the hill, I can see Willie's mother standing in the front-door, with her white cap and check apron, and the pleasant smile that always lay around her lips, and hear her cheerful voice calling, "Come, boys, come to supper."

One after another the big, warm, blessed tears came rolling down old Bill's pale cheeks. Ah! the lady had found the door, then.

"'I was always at home at Willie's,' father would say, 'and used to have my bowl of fresh milk, and bread, too; and when these had disappeared, Willie would draw his stool to his mother's feet, lay his head on her lap, and she would tell us some pleasant story, it might be of Joseph or David, or of some good child who afterward became a great man, and then she would part Willie's brown curls from his forehead, and, in a voice I can never forget, say, "Promise me, Willie, when you go out from your home into the world and its temptations, and your mother has laid down with her gray hairs to sleep in the church-yard, yonder, promise, my child, that the memory of her prayers and counsels shall keep you from all evil ways?" And Willie would raise his head, lift his blue eyes proudly to his mother, and answer, "I promise you, I will make a first-rate man, mother." And after he had said his evening prayer, we would go, happy as the birds that nestled in the branches of the apple tree, to rest; and then, just as we were sinking to sleep, we would hear a well-known footfall on the stairs, and a loving face would bend over us to see if we were nicely tucked up. It is a long time,' father would say, after a pause, 'since I have heard from Willie—but sure I am, that he has never fallen into any evil ways. The memory of his mother would keep him from that."

Rap, rap, rap! went the words of the lady at the door in that old man's heart. Creak, creak, creak, went the door on its rusty hinges (angels of God, hold ye not your breaths to listen)! The lady could only see the subdued man bury his face in his hands, and while his whole frame shook like an aspen leaf, she heard him murmur, amid childlike sobs:

"My mother, O, my mother!"

And she knew the tears, that were washing those wrinkled cheeks, were washing out, also, many a dark page in the record of old Bill's past life, that stood against him. So, with a silent prayer of thankfulness, she resumed:

"But there was one scene my father loved to talk of better than all the rest. It was of the morning you were married, Mr. Strong. 'It was enough to do one's eyes good,' he would say, 'to look at them, as they walked up to the old church aisle—he, with his proud, manly tread, and she, a delicate, fragile creature, fair as the orange blossoms that trembled in her hair. I remember how clear and firm his voice echoed through the old church, as he promised to love, protect and to cherish the gentle being at his side; and I know he thought, as he looked down fondly upon her, that the very winds of heaven should not visit her face too roughly.' And then, my father would tell us of a home made very bright by watchful affection, and of the dark-eyed boy, and of the fair-haired girl, who came, after a while, to gladden it; and then, you know, he removed to the West, and lost sight of you, Mr. Strong."

Once, again, the lady paused, for the agony of the strong man before her was fearful to behold; and when she spoke again, it was in a lower and more mournful tone:

"I promised my father, previous to his death, that, if I ever visited his native state, I would seek out his old friend. But when I inquired for you, they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong: they told me of a broken and desolate household; of a dark-eyed boy who left his home in disgust and dispair, for one on the homeless seas; of the gentle and uncomplaining wife who went down, with a prayer on her lips for her erring husband, broken-hearted, to the grave; of the fair-haired girl they placed by her side in a little while. O, it is a sad, sad story, I have heard of my father's old friend!"

"It was I! it was I that did it all! I killed them!" said old Bill, in a voice hoarse with emotion, as he lifted his head from his clasped hands and looked upon the lady, every feature wearing such a look of agonizing remorse and helpless despair, that she shuddered to behold it.

Wide, wide open, stood the door, then, and the lady hastened to pass in. A small, fair hand was laid gently upon old Bill's arm, and a sweet voice murmured:

"Even for all this there is redemption, and you well know in what manner. In the name of the mother that loved you, in the name of your dying wife, and of the child that sleeps beside her, I ask you, will you sign the pledge?"

"I will," said old Bill, and he brought down his hand with such force on the pine table, that its rheumatic limbs with difficulty maintained their equilibrium, and then eagerly seized the pen and pledge the lady placed before him, and when he returned them to her, the name of *William Strong* lay in broad, legible characters upon the paper.

There was an expression, ludicrous from its intensity of curiosity, on the bar-keeper's physiognomy, as the lady passed quietly through the "shop," after her long interview with old Bill; and the expression was in no degree lessened, when, a few moments after, old Bill followed her without stopping, as usual, to take a "second glass"—and *he never passed over the threshold again.*

Reader of mine, if you are of those whose true, earnest souls bear ever about them one great desire to benefit their fellow men, if your heart is yearning over some erring brother man, whom you would gladly raise from the depths of degradation and misery, and point to the highway of peace and virtue, remember that somewhere in his heart must be a door, which, when rightly applied to, will open unto you. See to it that ye find it.—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

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WHEN we are alone we have our thoughts to watch—in our families our tempers, and in society our tongues.

THE MAINE LAW.

BY MISS R. A. RHEES.

“Maine, from her furthest border, gives the first exulting shout,”
And, from the far and fertile West, an answering cry rings out;
From Minesota's sunny plains, her free and happy homes,
One thrilling shout of joy ascends, one peal of triumph comes;
And Massachusetts answers back—from East to West it flies,
And West to East replies again, in tones that reach the skies—
And from her holy Pilgrim Rock, her hill where Warren fell,
Go forth such words of calm resolve as make the bosom swell;
Ay, swell and throb with holy love and pride, to think that we
May claim her as our sister still, degenerate though we be.
Who next? Rhode Island's voice replies, and bless her little heart,
She 's worthy of all honor, for she acts a noble part!
Hark! how her joyous cry resounds; and (though 'twixt you and me
I 'm half ashamed), we 'll answer her huzza with three times three.
Who next? who next? Alas! of all our sisterhood of states,
No other answers to the call, no voice the heart elates;
For they, whose fathers' blood and God's sublime behest made free,
Are bowing still before the shrine of shameful tyranny;
And broken hearts, and shattered minds, and desolated homes,
Are found amid our brightest scenes, beside our proudest domes.
O! George of England never wrought the fearful weight of wo
That those intemperance enthralls are doomed to feel and know;
And the foes who fell at Trenton, or at Yorktown's bloody fray,
Were not such enemies by far, as those who aid its sway;
They only could the body kill, but this destroys the soul,
And swells its surge of agony while endless ages roll.
Up! brethren of our Union! Up! people of our land!
Up! in your majesty and might—the world show where you stand—
Cast out the vile usurper, for what right hath he to be
Enthroned, when men can rule themselves, enthroned amid the free?
None—none. To him we 'll ne'er submit, the Lord is on our side,
And He who led our armies, will again our forces guide.
It may a long, fierce conflict be, but the vict'ry sure is ours,
And we the land of him will rid, and all his crushing powers.
O, noble Christain nations! O, fearless sister states!
The rushing tide of victory a moment for you waits!
Who next will conquer boldly? who next will win the day?
Who next will follow on where Maine so nobly led the way?
All! all! Ye will, ye cannot fail, ye cannot falter now,
Ye cannot hesitate to wipe the stains from off your brow;
To win yourselves the blessing of the fettered soul set free,
And weeping wives and children, who shall join the jubilee!
It is no wild, Utopian scheme, it is what may be done—
Our sister, Maine, has proved it, and the noble work begun:
And we trust the day is near when, no single state enthralled,
Each to each shall proudly answer when the temperance roll is called:
“Maine?” “Here!” Hurrah for Maine! and all honor to Neal Dow!
And “Minesota?” “Here!” She 's our second sister, now!
“Old Massachusetts?” “Here!” God bless the noble old Bay state!
“Rhode Island?” “Here!” The little one; I 'd like to see her mate!
Ah, sad to tell! the roll ends here—but, friends, there 'll soon ring out,
From Saco to Francisco's bay, the same exulting shout;
No single orb be missing from our starry coronal,
And the law of Maine and Minie be the chosen law of all!
We will, from small beginnings the best results shall rise,
And we, if true to principle, have hope beyond the skies.
The Lord of Hosts is with us—we are clad in coats of mail,
And in a glorious cause like ours, there 's no such word as fail!
Then up and at them, brethren! we 'll end as we begun,
With a cheer whose sound shall echo from the rise to set of sun:
Huzza for Massachusetts, for Maine, who led the rest,
Huzza for little Rhoda, and for Minie of the West.

[*Jour. Amer. Temperance Union.*

THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

“Mr. President,” said a short, stout man, with a good-humored countenance and a florid complexion, rising, as the last speaker took his seat, “I have been a grog-seller.”

At this announcement, there was a movement throughout the whole room, and an expression of increased interest.

“Yes, Mr. President,” he went on, “I have been a grog-seller, and many a glass I have sold to you, and to the secretary there, and to a dozen of others that I see here,” glancing around upon the company.

“That 's a fact,” broke in the President; “many a gin-toddy and brandy-punch have I taken at your bar. But times are changed now, and we have begun to carry the war into the enemy's camp. And our war has not been altogether unsuccessful, for we have taken prisoner one of the rum-sellers' bravest generals. But go on, friend W., let us have your experience."

"As to my experience, Mr. President," the ex-bar-keeper resumed, "in rum-selling and drinking (for I have done a great deal of both in my time), that would be rather too long to tell to-night, and one that I had much rather forget than relate. It makes me tremble and sick at heart, whenever I look upon the evil that I have done; I, therefore, usually look ahead, with the hope of doing some good to my fellow man.

"But there is one incident I will relate. For the last five years, a hard-working mechanic, with a wife and seven small children, came regularly, almost every night, to my place, and spent the evening in my bar-room. He came to drink, of course, and many a dollar of his hard earnings went into my till. At last he became a perfect sot, working scarcely one-fourth of the time, and spending all he earned in liquor. His poor wife had to take in washing to support herself and children, while he spent his time and the little he could earn at my bar. But his appetite for liquor was so strong, that his week's earnings were usually gone by Tuesday or Wednesday, and then I had to chalk up a score against him, to be paid off when Saturday night came.

"This score gradually increased, till it amounted to three or four dollars over his Saturday night's pay, when I refused to sell him any more liquor till it was settled. On the day after I had thus refused him, he came in with a neat mourning breast-pin, inclosing some hair, I thought, of a deceased relative. This he offered in payment for what he owed. I accepted it, for the pin I saw at once was worth double the amount of my bill. I did not think, nor indeed care, about the question, whether he owned it or not; I wanted my own, and in my selfish eagerness to get it, I hesitated not to take a little more than my own.

"I laid the breast-pin away, and all things went on smoothly for awhile. But he gradually got behind. This time he brought me a pair of brass andirons and a pair of brass candlesticks, and I took them and wiped off the score against him. At last he brought a large, family Bible; I took that, too—thinking, no doubt, I could sell it for something.

"On the Sunday afterward, having nothing to do (for I used to shut my bar on Sundays, thinking it was not *respectable* to sell liquor), I opened this poor drunkard's Bible, scarcely thinking of what I was doing. The first place I turned to was the family record. There it was stated that, on a certain day, he had been married to Emily ——. I had known Emily ——, when I was a young man, very well; and had once thought seriously of offering myself to her in marriage. I remembered her happy young face, and seemed suddenly to hear a tone of her merry laughter.

"'Poor creature!' I sighed, involuntarily, as a thought of her present condition crossed my mind, and, with no pleasant feelings, I turned over another leaf. There was the record of the birth of her four children; the last had been made recently, and was in the mother's hand.

"I never had such strange feelings as now came over me. I felt that I had no business with this book; but I tried to stifle my feelings, and turned over several leaves quickly. As I suffered my eyes to rest upon an open page, these words arrested my attention:

"'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; whoso is deceived thereby is not wise.'

"This was just the subject that, under the feelings I then had, I wished to avoid, and so I referred to another place. There I read:

"'Who hath wo? who hath sorrow? who hath wounds? who hath babbling? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine. At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'

"I felt like throwing the book from me; but once more I turned the leaves, and my eyes rested upon these words:

"'Wo unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that puttest the bottle to him and maketh him drunk.'

"I closed the book suddenly, and threw it down. Then, for half an hour, I paced the room backward and forward, in a state of mind I never before experienced. I had become painfully conscious of the direful evils resulting from intemperance, and still more painfully conscious that I had been a willing instrument in the spread of these evils. I cannot tell how much I suffered during that day and night, nor describe the fearful conflict that took place in my mind, between a selfish love of the gains of my calling and the plain dictates of truth and humanity. It was about nine o'clock, I think, on the same evening, that I opened the drunkard's Bible again, with a kind of despairing hope that I should meet there with something to direct me.

"I opened at the Psalms and read two or three chapters. As I read on without finding anything directly to my case, I felt an increasing desire to abandon my calling, because it was injurious to my fellow men.

"After I had read the Bible, I retired to bed, but could not sleep. I am sure that, during that night, I thought of every drunken man to whom I had sold liquor, and of all their beggared families. In the brief sleep that I obtained, I dreamed that I saw a long line of tottering drunkards with their wives and children in rags. And a loud voice said:

"'Who hath done this?'

"The answer, in a still louder voice, directly, I felt, to me, smote upon my ear like a peal of thunder:

"'Thou art the man!'

"From this troubled slumber I awoke to sleep no more that night. In the morning, the last and most powerful conflict came. The question to be decided, was:

"'Shall I open my bar, or at once abandon the dreadful traffic in liquid poison?'

"Happily, I decided never to put to any man's lips the cup of confusion. My next step was to turn the spicket of every keg or barrel of spirits, wine, beer or cider, and let the contents escape on the floor. My bottles and decanters were likewise emptied. Then I signed your total abstinence pledge; and, what is better, never rested till I had persuaded the man, whose Bible had been of so much use to me, to sign the pledge likewise.

"And now, Mr. President, I am keeping a temperance grocery, and am making restitution as fast as possible. There are at least half-a-dozen families, to whom I furnish a small quantity of groceries every week, in many places equal to the amount that used to be spent at my bar for liquor. Four of my oldest and best customers have already signed the pledge by my persuasion, and I am not going to rest till every man I helped to ruin is restored to himself, his family, and society."

A round of hearty applause followed this address, and then another of the reformed drinkers took the floor.—*Exchange.*

TWO IN A GRAVE.

OLD Tom R. was a man of good feeling and no little wit, and yet a terrible drunkard. An awful spectacle he was when I last saw him—but I'll not think of that. Let me rather relate an adventure that befel him.

"Pretty well over the bay," as usual, Tom was one Saturday night heading for home, when he took a lee lurch and brought up in the grave-yard. Now, it is not my opinion that Tom went there for the purpose of meditation, for he was not much given that way. In fact he always declared that the only part of him that ever *reflected* was his nose; and it certainly was a great and shining light in its way. Tom found the land more billowy here than in the road, and instead of looking upon the last earthly tenements of the departed as incentives to serious thought, only found them stumbling blocks in his way. Now it happened that the sexton had that day dug a grave for old widow P., who was to be buried on the morrow. This he had left uncovered, not supposing that any one "would seek a lodging *there*." After tumbling about for some time, Tom found himself at the bottom of this grave, "struck all of a heap." "Down among the dead men," sure enough, said he, quoting a part of the chorus of an old song. After some ineffectual attempts to rise, "Well," he continued, "I suppose I shall rise when the rest do," and, with this, he settled himself to rest in his narrow bed.

Now it fell out, that old Johnny Jones, who kept a bit of a shop on Fore street, was, about this time, wending his way to his fireside and his wife. Johnny had the reputation of being a very "snug man," and, well knowing that time is money, he was in the habit of saving a minute or two by striking across the grave-yard on his way home. On this occasion he had with him a new pair of boots, which he had been to the extravagance of procuring for the morrow's wear. On he went, over the graves, thinking only of his gains when he should have been considering his *ways*, till, not suspecting any pit-falls, he pitched head foremost into the open grave, much to the discomfiture of our hero, who considered himself the lawful tenant by right of prediscovery. Raising himself, therefore, with an effort, he hiccoughed forth, with much drunken indignation:

"*For God's sake* (*hic*), *can't you let the dead rest?*"

If Johnny had been discomposed by his fall, he was horrified by this interrogation. Disturbing the dead was the last thing he desired to be guilty of. How he got out of the grave he never knew, nor how he got home—but when he recovered himself, he replied to his wife's interrogations by exclaiming:

"*Captain B. came out of his grave, as I passed by, and swore at me like a pirate!*"

As for Tom, he awoke next morning a sober if not wiser man; and, finding a nice pair of boots at his feet, appropriated them, and went his way, well satisfied with his dealings with the dead.—*Portland Transcript.*

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THE YOUNG LOVERS.

To a man who is little of a philosopher, and a bachelor to boot, and who, by dint of some experience in the follies of life, begins to look with a learned eye upon the ways of men and eke of women—to such a man, I say, there is something in noticing a pair of young lovers. I have, therefore, derived much pleasure, since my arrival at the hall, from observing the fair Julia and her lover. She has all the delightful, blushing consciousness of an artless girl, inexperienced in coquetry, who has made her first conquest; while the captain regards her with a mixture of fondness and exultation with which a youthful lover is apt to contemplate so beauteous a prize. I observed them yesterday in the garden, advancing along one of the retired walks. The sun was shining with delicious warmth, making great masses of bright verdure and blue shades. The cuckoo, that harbinger of spring, was faintly heard from a distance; the thrush piped from the hawthorn, and the yellow butterfly sported and toyed and fluttered in the air. The fair Julia was leaning on her lover's arm, listening to his conversation, with her eyes cast down, a soft blush upon her cheek, and a quiet smile upon her lips, while in her hand that hung negligently by her side was a bunch of flowers. In this way, they were sauntering slowly along, when I considered them and the scene in which they were moving. I could not but think it a thousand pities that the season should ever grow older, or that blossoms should ever give way to fruit, or that lovers should ever get married.—*Washington Irving.*

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CROAKERS about the Maine law will please bear in mind, that the Portland Argus, of July 7, says: "There was *not a single committal to the watch-house during the night of the Independence celebration;* an event unheard of since we were a city, and long before!" A fact like this is worth a volume of assertions.

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WE were tickled with the reply of an "old rummy" to a landlord, who ejected him and emphatically told him to "go to the devil!" Said he, "take me in again, then, honey, for John says your house is the highway there."

CLIPPINGS.

BY SCISSORS.

Indian Maine Law.—The Hon. Waddy Thompson, says the *Christian Observer*, has recently visited the Cherokees, and in an account of his visit, he says:

"I was three weeks in the nation, and did not see a ragged, a dirty or a *drunken* Indian. The temperance laws are extremely stringent. It being a penal offense to keep ardent spirits, aided by a general public opinion, these laws have entirely extirpated that vice so pernicious elsewhere, but especially to the Indians. The leading features of the Cherokee law are essentially the same as those of the Maine law, it being lawful for any Indian to seize and destroy any liquors kept for sale."

Quaker Rapartee.—A day or two ago, a Quaker and a hot-headed youth were quarreling in the street. The broad-brimmed Friend kept his temper most equably, which seemed but to increase the anger of the other.

"Fellow," said the latter in passion, "I do n't know a bigger fool than you," finishing the expression with an oath.

"Stop, friend!" replied the Quaker, "thou forgetest thyself."

Joe R., who was an incredulous dog, was listening to a wonderful story told by old B., in which his daughter Mary bore a conspicuous part. Joe looked wise and doubtful.

"If you do n't believe it, you may go to the house and take it from her own lips."

Joe took him at his word: the old man followed on to see the result, and found Joe kissing Mary sweetly.

"What on earth are you about?"

"O, taking that awful tough story from her own lips—but I 'm satisfied now!"

An old lady, who had been reading the famous moon story very attentively, remarked, with emphasis, that the idea of the moon being inhabited was incredible to believe: "for," said she, "what becomes of the people in the new moon, when there is nothing left of it but a little streak?"

A Hunker—so the papers say—being asked, the other day, whether he was in favor of the Maine Liquor Law, replied:

"Partly; I go for the liquor, 'bating the two ends, 'Maine' and 'law.'"

This reminds us of the man who said he was partly in favor of Grahamism: omitting the first and last syllables of the word. He went in strong for ham.

Beware, young ladies, of men who are always chewing cloves, cinnamon or other aromatics, to disguise their breath. Should they propose marriage, do not trust your happiness in their keeping, you will bitterly repent the experiment.

Worthy of a Legislator.—"Tom," said a ragged little newsboy to his comrade, yesterday, "do you know what makes a man?"

"No."

"Well, it 's to put the brick in the hod, and not in your hat."

Punch says: "It may be proper to state, that the distinguished individual known among the ancients as Cupid, has recently changed his name to Cupidity; and will hereafter devote his attention to matters of money as well as matrimony."

Pardonable Mistake. — An Irishman being in a church where the collection apparatus resembled election boxes, on its being handed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized and could not vote!

On a casual view of the world, it appears as if there were a great many souls originally made, and destined for human bodies, but that, in the distribution of them, some got three or four, and some none at all.

I have seen persons who gathered for the parlor their choicest flowers, just as they begin to open in full bloom and fragrance, lest some passer-by should tear them from the bush and destroy them. Does not God sometimes gather into heaven young and innocent children for the same reason, lest some rude hand may despoil them of their beauty?

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE STATE OF THE CAUSE.

From the North, the East, the West and the South, we have the most cheering news of the progress of the temperance cause. The voice of the people is heard in thunder tones, not to be misunderstood, asking for laws to prohibit the traffic in intoxicating beverages.

In less than one year after the prohibitory law of Maine went into effect, three other states have passed similar laws. In Maine, Minesota, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the traffic is now outlawed. With the same increase the next year, one-half the states of the Union will be free from the curse of the liquor traffic. And, judging the future by the past, may we not reasonably hope for as great progress the coming year?

A temperance convention was held in Worcester, Massachusetts, June 23 and 24, which was one of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings ever convened in that state. The friends of the law there assembled, resolved that the law should be strictly enforced—and we believe them. We have confidence, that men who have labored so diligently for a wholesome and popular law, will not let it remain a dead letter on the statute book. The eyes of the friends of temperance, everywhere, are turned toward the states having this law; and its benficial operation will do much to encourage its friends elsewhere.

The friends of the cause lately held a large and enthusiastic convention in Detroit, Michigan. Neal Dow and other distinguished advocates of the cause were there. Resolutions were unanimously passed, approving the Maine law. We think the peninsular state may safely be set down for a Maine law state in one year.

In Indiana, temperance camp-meetings are being held in different portions of the state, and it is believed that a large majority of the citizens are in favor of the Maine law, though the legislature at its late session refused to enact it. The Rev. E. G. Wood, of Fairfield, in a prayer, after asking Heaven's blessing on the general government, thus prayed for the legislature of Indiana:

"And the Lord have mercy on our legislature. Spare their lives till they may return to their homes, and then put it into the hearts of the people to keep them there, and return men of temperance habits and sentiments who will do some good."

There is some point, and something practical, in such a prayer. It would be difficult to utter one that would call forth more hearty "Amens!" We wish every pulpit in Christendom were filled with such pastors.

The friends of temperance in the "Old Dominion" have lately come out in favor of prohibitory laws. At a session of the Grand Division Sons of Temperance, held in that state not long ago, resolutions were passed against taking any action in regard to laws prohibiting the traffic. But since the session of the National Division, held in Richmond, June 3, quite a change has come "o'er the spirit of their dreams." The Southern Era, an able weekly paper published in Richmond, is now out strongly in favor of the Maine law; and we learn from its columns that active measures are being taken to petition the legislature at its next session for the law.

Vermont, Connecticut, N. Hampshire, and in fact most of the states of the Union, are actively at work. The "Maine law" is now the watch-word with the friends of the cause everywhere; and, with this for our motto, and its beneficial effects to point at in states where it has been adopted, we have every encouragement to persevere.

CHAT WITH OUR READERS.

This number completes the second volume of the Magazine, and with it nearly all the subscriptions on our books expire. For two years, we have labored for the temperance cause, and for our Order as an efficient instrument in promoting that cause, with what fidelity we leave our readers to decide. During that time, we have had many cheering words of encouragement from our patrons and substantial evidences that our efforts to advance the temperance reform have been appreciated.

Our subscription list for the first and second volumes has been as large as we could reasonably expect, though not large enough to justify any great expense in paying for original articles. We have expended as much on the work as the receipts would warrant, and we think our readers will admit that all our promises have been faithfully kept.

The first volume was commenced with too small an edition, and, in consequence, did not pay as well as if more copies had been printed. We still have quite a number of copies of the *second* volume on hand; a part of which will probably be disposed of hereafter, the rest will be a loss. We wish to publish just as many of volume three as will be wanted, and no more. We accordingly ask, as an especial favor, of all our subscribers who intend to continue, that they forward their subscriptions as soon as practicable. We wish to know as nearly as possible, before printing the first form of number one of next volume, how many copies to publish. To give all sufficient time to send their subscriptions, we have concluded not to publish a number in September, and to issue number one, of volume three, the 15th of October. Our friends may depend on its being mailed by that time; and if our list for the next volume come pretty near what it is for this, in time to get it out by the 1st of October, it will be done.

We have already received a number of names for the next volume, and we have a still larger number who commenced with the middle of this, and whose time will not be out till the middle of volume three. These will please excuse us for the month's delay. Did we not think the work would be benefited by such delay, it would not occur. Those who have only paid to the end of this volume, cannot complain.

We trust no one who expects to continue on our list, will delay sending his subscription on account of the month's delay in the publishing. To do so, would defeat the very object we have in view. Let some one take hold of this matter in every Temple, and see what can be done. Let the list from every post-office be increased. We know it can be done, and we believe it will.

We ask every subscriber, individually, if he is pleased with the work, to renew his subscription at once; and, if possible, obtain at least one *new* subscriber.

Subscribers sometimes tell us they "wish to be considered life subscribers," or "they will take the work as long as it is published." We hope they will, and assure them that, as long as they forward one dollar annually, and we publish the work, they will receive it regularly. We commenced on the *cash system*, and, believing it the best both for subscriber and publisher, must adhere to it strictly. In a few cases, under peculiar circumstances, we sent volumes one and two without the pay. These few cases have caused more trouble than all our other subscribers, and we shall take care that no trouble arises from such a source hereafter.

We make out a new mail-book at the beginning of each volume, and enter no name on it that is not paid for one year, or six months.

We ask a critical examination of the matter in this number, mostly original and of a high literary character and moral tone. We know our readers will be pleased with the conclusion of the "Dark Day," by that excellent writer, Mrs. Sheldon, of Detroit. The "Mute Templar" is a sketch of an interesting incident connected with the Social Degree. The address in the beginning of the number is an able one. Our readers will also find in this number a variety of interesting selections.

A MAN has no more right to say an uncivil thing, than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another, than to knock him down.

FRATERNAL ITEMS.

Missouri.—July 24, an application was received at this office for Louisiana Temple, No. 1, to be located at Louisiana, a flourishing town on the Mississippi, some seventy-five miles above St. Louis.

Ohio.—July 1, an application was received and charter granted for —— Temple, No. 23, at Tiffin. The same has since been organized by Bro. Allison, G. W. T.

July 3, an application was received and charter granted for Jefferson Temple, No. 28, at New Paris, Preble county. The books and documents have been forwarded to Bro. W. A. Bloomfield, D. G. W. T., at Eaton.

July 8, an application was received and a charter granted for Chilicothe Temple, No. 59, at Chilicothe, the residence of Bro. Alex. Van Hamm, P. M. W. T.

June 3, the brethren of Fulton Mechanics' Temple, No. 19, at Fulton, applied for and received the Social Degree Work, and the Degree is now in a very flourishing condition.

July 2, an application was received from the brethren of Painesville Temple, No. 8, for the Social Degree Work—which was sent.

July 2, the brethren of Neptune Temple, No. 34, at Salem, and the Social Degree connected with the same, had a public celebration. Large delegations were present from Pittsburg, Alleghany City, Freedom, Bridgewater, New Brighton, Canfield, Clarksville, Mercer and New Castle, Pennsylvania, and from Wellsville, New Lisbon and Warren, Ohio.

In the afternoon a procession was formed, composed of the brethren and sisters of the Order, which, after marching through the streets, proceeded to the Methodist Church, where an address was delivered by H. Ambler, Esq., P. G. W. T. of Ohio.

In the evening a social party was given by the sisters of the Social Degree, in the town hall, where refreshments were served up, speeches made, &c. Everything passed off pleasantly, and all were highly pleased with the day and evening's entertainment.

Alabama.—July 1, —— Temple, No. 34, was organized in Summerfield, Dallas county. A. G. Ferguson was elected W. C. T., and R. J. C. Hale, W. R.

Illinois.—June 28, Mount Olive Temple, No. 12, was organized at Chilicothe, Peoria county, by C. H. Deane, G. W. R. D. J. Grosh was elected W. C. T., and Levi Booth, W. R.

July 1, the same brother organized Emblem Temple, No. 13, at Bloomington, McLean county. Franklin Price was elected W. C. T., and I. W. Rogers, W. R. Both these Temples start under the most favorable auspices.

July 7, Social Temple, No. 14, was organized by the same brother, in Hennepin.

The Order is doing well in this state, under the new Grand Temple.

Tennessee.—We learn from the "Organ," at Nashville, that a new Temple was lately organized at Gallatin in this state, but do not learn the particulars.

Pennsylvania.—Olive Grove Social Degree was lately organized at Birmingham, opposite Pittsburg. The sisters and brothers of Mount Olive and Friendship Social Degrees, in Alleghany City and Pittsburg, assisted in the organization, and the newly iniated sisters and brothers were highly pleased with the Degree.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Why I signed the Pledge," contains very good ideas, clothed in too many words. If the same circumstances had been related in about one-half the space it would have been inserted. It is at the author's disposal.

"Address to Silver Wave Temple," is on file for insertion in another number. On its reception, we had a similar one, delivered before another Temple, ready for insertion in this number.

"The Prodigal," a poem, by Jane E. L., of Boston, is under consideration.

"William Johnson, the Defeated Candidate," by Wm. Rounseville, will appear in our next.

"Resolutions, by Franklin Temple, Louisville, Kentucky," approving the Magazine, are received; but as so many resolutions, by National, Grand and Subordinate Temples, have been published, we think the space they would occupy can be better employed.

One subscriber is better, and goes further in paying for paper and printing, than *ten resolutions.*

ENCOURAGING.

Amid the cares and perplexities of editorial life, we frequently receive a word of encouragement to cheer us on in our labors. One subscriber writes: "I am highly pleased with your Magazine. My 'better half' decidedly prefers it to any of the *three dollar magazines.* You may look for my subscription to be renewed."

A young lady from the "sunny South," not a member of the Order, and with whom we never had any acquaintance, who has, ever since we commenced the work, sent us annually a gold dollar neatly inclosed in a polite note, has just forwarded a dollar for volume three, and says: "I noticed, in your last number, a request that all who wish to continue their subscriptions would forward them early. Wishing to be of that number, I inclose a dollar for volume three. Though not a member of the Order, you have my best wishes for success, and it would afford me much pleasure to aid you more in circulating your valuable magazine."

We generally find the ladies the most careful readers and the best paying subscribers, and would much rather, at any time, receive a dozen *lady* subscribers than *one* gentleman.

END OF THE VOLUME.

Our readers will perceive this is the last number of volume two. We are sometimes requested by subscribers to let them know when their subscription expires. We think there can be but little difficulty in each ascertaining this for himself. Every one can tell whether he commenced with this volume, and paid one dollar; if so, his time expires with this number. The time of those who began with No. 7, and paid fifty cents, is also out. All subscriptions expire with this number except those that commenced with No. 7, and paid one dollar. Every one can decide for himself whether he is of this number or not.

We again urge all, who wish to continue, to send on early. No names but those who renew, and those who have paid for half of next volume, will be entered on our new book.

PREMIUMS.

Some months ago, we announced that Niagara Temple, No. 41, and Mt. Washington, No. 55, were even competitors for premium No. 4, offered in Volume I, and proposed, with the consent of the Temples, to decide in favor of the one sending the most subscribers for this volume. No objections were made by either, which we construe into consent.

Niagara, No. 41, is ahead on this volume, and is entitled to premium No. 4, offered in the first volume—a Bible worth ten dollars, or a Grand Temple Regalia of the same value.

Crested Wave Temple, No. 11, of Mobile, Alabama, is entitled to premium No. 3, offered in this volume. The Temple has fifty-four members, and has sent thirty-nine subscribers to this volume. All these subscribers are entitled to Volume III, gratis. Bro. Cortright, our efficient agent there, will please forward the names of subscribers who are members of this Temple, as we can not tell them from the others in that city.

THE NEW YORK ORGAN.

"The Templar's Magazine, published at Cincinnati, Ohio, is a useful publication for Templars. The July number contains a full report of the proceedings of the National Temple, at Indianapolis, June 16. The editor of this magazine made an unbrotherly attack on the Organ sometime ago, because we had not puffed his publication when he had issued but five or six numbers. We suffered that to pass, and now that we think his magazine has merits, we are quite willing to say so, and recommend it to our Temple brethren accordingly."

We cut the above from the New York Organ of July 10. The editor is greatly mistaken in thinking we wished him "to *puff* our publication." We never wished any paper to do more than to *notice* the Magazine, stating its objects, terms, and place of publication. When we commenced the work, and it was not generally known even to members of the Order, a mere notice was of great use to it. With the exception of the Organ, every temperance paper, and many others with which we exchanged, noticed it soon after it was started. Why the Organ was so studiously silent, excited some surprise with us and many of our friends, especially as, at the time we commenced the work, we were a paying subscriber to the Organ, and exchanged with it from the start.

The Temple Order had become an important temperance organization—the Magazine was the only publication devoted to the Order, had been approved by the National, most of the Grand and many of the Subordinate Temples, and, as the only organ of the Order, was entitled to some consideration, even though it did not possess any great intrinsic merit. Under these circumstances, we gave, in the Magazine, what we thought were the reasons why the course of the Organ was so different from other temperance papers.

The editor says, "now that we think the paper has merits, we are willing to say so." Other temperance, and many literary, papers, in their notices, thought they discovered merits in it from the start, and the Organ either places its standard of excellence higher than most other papers, or it has been a long time discovering what others saw at once.

He says, "it is a useful publication for *Templars*." As but a small portion of the Magazine is devoted to the Order, and as the work "now has merits," we ask, in all simplicity, why the Magazine is not as useful to any temperance man not a Templar, as the Organ is to one not a Son of Temperance?

On the whole, the Organ is a good paper, useful for *any temperance man* or his family; and, barring what we think a little disposition not to give quite an equal chance to other temperance publications, it is just about what it ought to be.

THE BANNER OF THE UNION.

THE editor of the above paper, in his issue of July 10, copies our last article in reference to the Banner, accompanied with the number of abusive epithets he usually employs against those who happen not to agree with him. We advise him to keep cool. Too much excitement is not good for the *physical* constitution this warm weather. His *mental* constitution is in no danger—it cannot be much injured.

When he will substitute argument and good sense for vituperation and abuse, we will reply to him. Till then, we can find better use for our columns.

A very good book that we sometimes read, and by which we wish to be guided, says: "Dispute not with a rude man, lest thine ancestors be disgraced."

NOTICE TO GRAND TEMPLE OFFICERS.

THE Proceedings of the Seventh Annual Session of the National Temple are printed, and have been sent to all Grand Temples from which we have received orders and to those where we knew how many were wanted and how to send them. Officers of Grand Temples, that have *not* received them, will please let us know how many they want and how to send them. If sent by mail, the postage must be *prepaid;* and when sent to Grand Temples, in quantities, we must charge them with the postage.

The Odes for the Social Degree, and suitable charters for Social Degrees and Degree Temples, will be published sometime in the month of August, and sent to such Grand

Temples only as order them. Grand Temples wishing these charters with the name of their Grand Temple *printed*, will please give us early notice.

Subordinate Temples, under the immediate jurisdiction of the Supreme Council, are informed that two copies of the Proceedings and one copy of the names of persons expelled from the Order, the past year, have been mailed to them, and a copy of the Proceedings to each Deputy for such Temples. If any have been overlooked, they will be supplied on giving us notice.

J. Wadsworth, M. W. R.

MARRIED:

In Mt. Vernon, Ohio, May 30, by Rev. J. B. Sackett, Bro. J. Berry, of Crystal Fount Temple, No. 43, Columbus, Ohio, to Miss Eliza W. Sprague, of Mt. Vernon.

DIED:

In Cincinnati, June 21st, Sister Mary Parsells, one of the oldest members of the Social Degree in connection with Temples No. 1 and 2, in this city. Sister Parsells was also a worthy member of the Daughters of Temperance and the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her loss will be deeply felt by all these associations and by her surviving husband and friends.

In Catlettsburg, Kentucky, May 30, Bro. Caleb H. Smith, a member of Gallipolis Temple, No. 33.

His remains were brought to Gallipolis, Ohio, and interred by the brethren of that Temple.

Grand Temple of Honor, state of Ala.,
Montgomery, June 29, 1852.

Brother—The following preamble and resolutions were adopted by the Grand Temple of Honor at its annual session, May 25, 1852.

To the Officers and Members of the Grand Temple: The Committee appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the feelings of this Grand Temple relative to the death of Bro. Aaron Ready, submit the following:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in the wise dispensation of his Providence, to visit this Grand Body with the rod of affliction, during the last year, by removing from among us, and the scenes of earthly life, one of our worthy and highly esteemed brothers, P. G. W. T. Aaron Ready; and, whereas, the high official distinction he had enjoyed, and his long connection with our Order, has occasioned a vacancy in our ranks which we mourn with deepest sorrow; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Grand Temple deeply feel the loss it has sustained in the death of our worthy and highly esteemed brother; but while we regret the loss of his wisdom, intelligence and virtuous examples in all the various relations of life, we have reason to rejoice in the belief that one more has been added to the Grand Temple above—and that, though dead, he yet speaketh to all who knew him in life, by the purity of his precepts and example.

Resolved, That this Grand Temple would convey to the friends and relatives of our deceased brother, his afflicted widow and orphan children, the sympathizing expression of our condolence, and tender them the warmest assurance of a Templar's sympathy in this sad hour of their bereavement, and humbly pray that "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" may sanctify their affliction to their good.

Resolved, That, as a token of respect, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

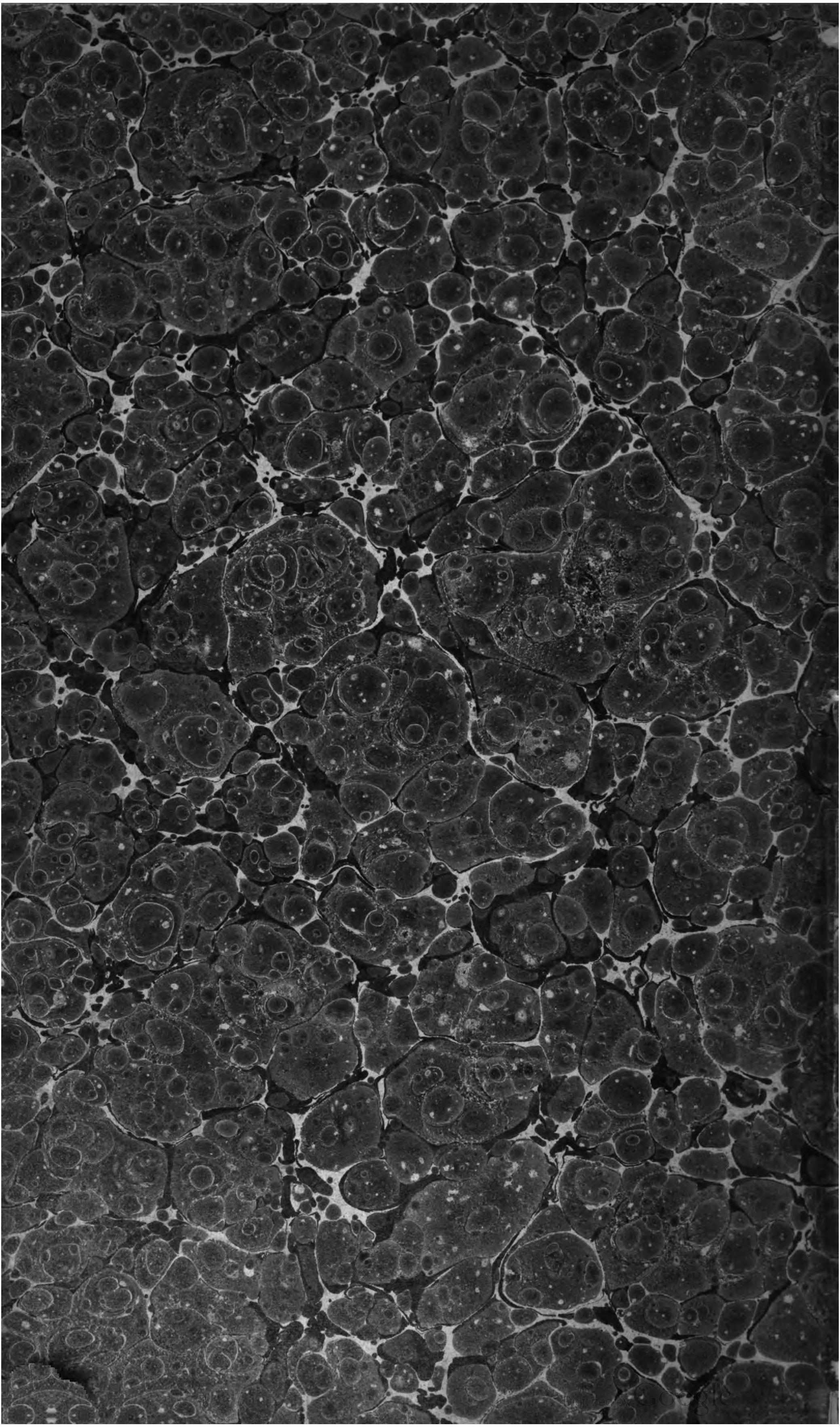
Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the Grand Temple, and a copy forwarded, by the G. W. R., to the family of the deceased; a copy furnished the Templar's Magazine, the Templar's Companion and the Crystal Fount, with a request that they be published.

Submitted in T. L. P. and F.

John Hardy,
B. O'Connell,
B. Williamson, Committee.

True copy from the minutes.

R. Fraser, G. W. R.



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